

THE MUNSEY



M A Y

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Munsey's Magazine

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' permission.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1902.

Crowning the King —illustrated	GEORGE A. FITZGERALD	169
In the Public Eye —illustrated	179
Twentieth Century Miracles—Secretary Long and His Successor—Prince Henry's Hostesses—A Strong Man of the Senate—A King of Wall Street.		
Daughters of the Cabinet —illustrated	KATHERINE HOFFMAN	191
To an Abandoned Ship , A Poem	ETHEL W. MUMFORD	198
A Son of Anak , A Short Story—illustrated	HERMAN WHITAKER	199
At the Ford , A Poem	ALOYSIUS COLL	208
The Clansmen of Scotland —illustrated in colors	DOUGLAS STORY	209
Respite , A Poem	HALLAM LEE	220
Concerning Clever Women	JAMES L. FORD	221
The Sweets o' Noon , A Poem	MARY T. WAGGAMAN	223
A Possible Prime Minister —illustrated	HAROLD PARKER	224
Ingratitude , A Poem	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	227
The Capital City —illustrated	JOHN BRENT	228
The Rosicrucian's Ring , A Short Story—illustrated	CHARLES MICHELSON	238
Solitude Interpreted , A Poem	JAMES BUCKHAM	244
The Circlet of Flame , A Serial Story, Chaps. XV-XIX	FRANCIS W. VAN PRAAG	245
The Education of a Prince —illustrated	S. M. WILLIAMS	256
Storiettes —illustrated.		
A Man of the Service	HAROLD KRAMER	267
The Doings of David	EDWARD BOLTWOOD	268
A Boomerang Hold Up	ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE	273
Mothers and Fathers	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS	275
The Jolly Roger	EDWARD S. HOLLOWAY	276
Literary Chat	278
The Benevolence of Montana Bill	ARTHUR J. STRINGER	287
A Short Story—illustrated.		
The Stage —illustrated	293
Lincoln—Garfield—McKinley	R. H. TITHERINGTON	306
The Shadow of the Law	ERNEST W. HORNUNG	308
A Serial Story, Chapters XXIII-XXVI.		
The Lightship , A Poem	FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN	320

IMPORTANT

through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.

ISSUED MONTHLY by THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, . . . 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Do not subscribe to THE MUNSEY through agents unknown to you personally. If you do, you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people who have subscribed to THE MUNSEY

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

MAY, 1902.

No. 2.

CROWNING THE KING.

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER FITZGERALD.

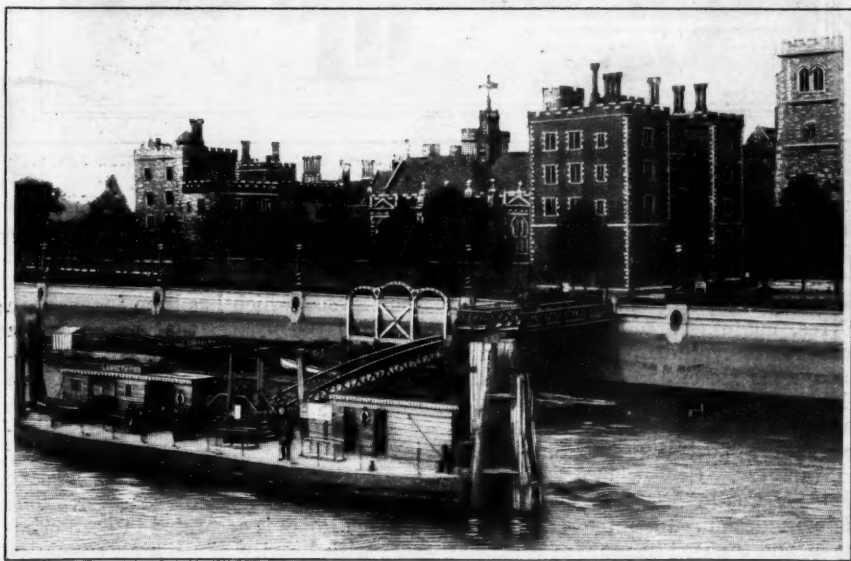
THE PALACES, THE STREETS, AND THE HISTORIC ABBEY ASSOCIATED WITH THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII—THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CEREMONY, AND ITS OLD TIME OBSERVANCES.

FOR the moment London has ceased to be the foggy metropolis of a commercial nation. It is the stage on which one of the great pageants of history is about to be set. The British capital has given itself over to the glorification of its king.

The stage on which the pageant will be presented is little suited to the needs of the occasion. It is contracted, circumscribed, lacking in the wide freedom that accords best with scenes of mediæval splendor. King Edward's coronation itself takes place in a building in-

capable of accommodating one tithe of the people entitled to be present. Yet are the annals of the neighborhood such as justify investigation.

The palace farthest from the culminating scene of the coronation is Windsor Castle, twenty three miles from London, on the Thames. Dating from its foundation by William the Conqueror, the castle has for most of its nine hundred years been used as a royal residence. The private apartments are extensive and well situated, overlooking the great park. They open on to the



LAMBETH PALACE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WHO WILL ANOINT THE KING.

Grand Corridor of five hundred feet in length—the art gallery of the castle.

This corridor has been used as a species of museum. On its walls are hung historical paintings recording great events in the history of the royal family. On its floor are set many

In the heart of London is Buckingham Palace, a modern building, unsightly, unredeemed by aught save the glorious gardens that hide their spring freshness from the passer by. Overlooking the Green Park, where Charles II and the women of his court prome-



THE HORSE GUARDS, BY WHICH THE CORONATION PROCESSION WILL PASS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

cabinets displaying magnificent old china, rare Rose du Barri vases, Sèvres, Worcester, and Crown Derby china.

In the drawingrooms is more china, including the George IV collection from Sèvres, manufactured for Louis XVI, but bought by the First Gentleman of Europe for more than a million dollars. The private diningroom is an octagon paneled with carved oak. On its walls are family portraits and rare Gobelin tapestry. Everywhere throughout Windsor Castle are evidences of rare taste in design, unstinted capacity of purse, and the rich treasure of centuries of accumulation.

naded, Buckingham Palace might be a hospital or a charitable institution. It was the Duke of Wellington who said of it: "I must say, notwithstanding the expense which has been incurred in building the palace, that no sovereign in Europe, perhaps no private gentleman, is so ill lodged as the king of this country."

Austere as is the exterior of Buckingham Palace, internally it is gaudy and garish—the work rather of a scene painter than of a royal decorator. The Throne Room is decorated in deep crimson, with heavily gilt ceiling and huge crystal chandeliers. It is small for a



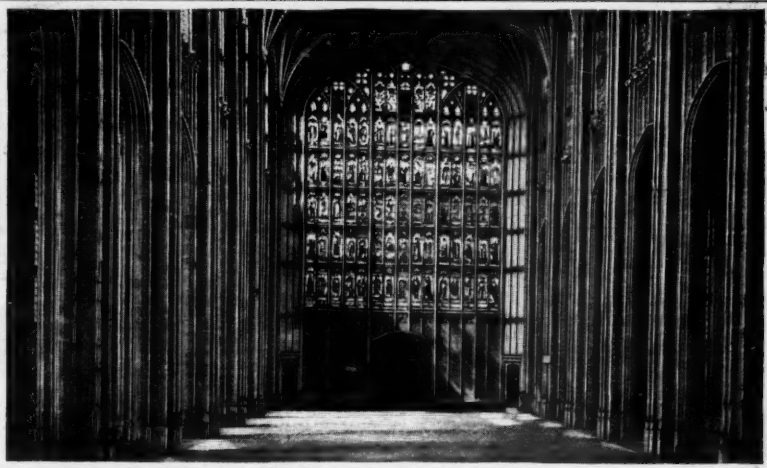
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, KING EDWARD'S LONDON HOME, THE PLAINEST ROYAL RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.

throne room, congested when presentations are made and royalties are ranked behind the king and the queen. On its walls are a remarkable frieze by Stothard of the Wars of the Roses, and displayed heraldic bearings.

The drawingrooms are better than the Throne Room. The large drawing-room is upholstered in blue brocade

against which pillars of onyx, with their gaily gilt capitals, stand out in rich relief. The small drawingroom is a more modest chamber, depending for its attractiveness upon its portraits and military paintings.

The beauty of Buckingham Palace, however, rests not in itself, but in the grounds surrounding it, with their ter-



THE NAVE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

race walk, their grateful turf, and their ornamental ponds—the *rus in urbe* of the eighteenth century Duke of Buckinghamshire.

have done his predecessors since the coronation of Matilda in 1068.

From Buckingham Palace the royal procession will wend its way to West-



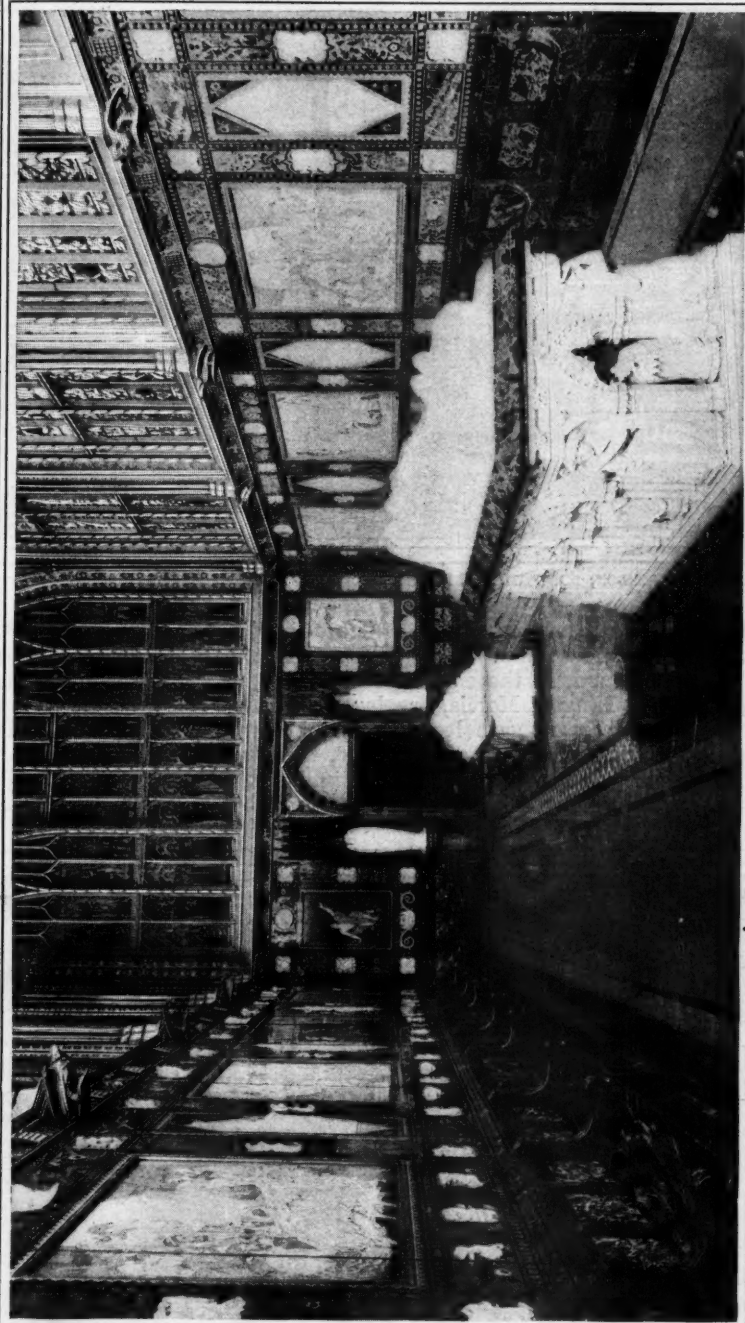
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS, BEAUTIFUL, AND HISTORIC OF ALL ENGLISH CHURCHES—HERE, OR IN THE NEIGHBORING WESTMINSTER HALL, HAS BEEN FOR EIGHT CENTURIES THE CORONATION PLACE OF BRITISH KINGS.

St. James' Palace is no longer a royal residence, but houses the offices of the Lord Chamberlain and the heads of his departments.

Lambeth Palace, on the southern bank of the Thames, has been in the possession of the Archbishops of Canterbury since 1197. Its time worn chapel dates from Archbishop Boniface in 1244, but most of the present palace is of more recent construction. The Lollards' Tower, in which the followers of John Wickliffe were pent up and tortured, was built in 1434. The modern portion, in which the Most Reverend his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury lives, is not yet sixty years old. From there the octogenarian primate of all England will make his way across Westminster Bridge to the crowning of Edward, as

minster through modern streets, past clubs and stores, houses and foreign embassies. At Whitehall it will pass the ancient palace of Whitehall, residence of Henry VIII, and death place of both Charles I and Oliver Cromwell; and so to Westminster, and there in the ghostly choir will King Edward be "anointed with holy oil as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."

A thousand years ago, on a little island set in the tide waters of the Thames, on the Middlesex side of the river, stood a monastery. Over against it on the other side of the river was the lamb hithe, or landing place, where to-day stands the Palace of Lambeth. To the west was the island of the chesils, or flint gravel—the Chelsea of today. Downward and eastward were the red roofs and church spires of London.



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, AT WINDSOR, IN WHICH QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER HUSBAND, THE PRINCE CONSORT, ARE BURIED.



WHITEHALL, LONDON, DOWN WHICH KING EDWARD WILL DRIVE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

All to the north and west were the fields and forests of Middlesex.

It was on this island, in the eighth century, that Offa, King of Mercia, or his immediate predecessor, gave leave to the monks to build the abbey of St. Peter. That abbey is today the west minster of St. Peter, in contradistinc-

tion to the "east minster" of St. Paul. There, on January 6, 1066—a Friday—Harold was crowned king of England by Aldred, Archbishop of York.

Within a year, on Christmas Day, 1066, there was another coronation in Westminster. Aldred again handled the crown, but this time he placed it



THE CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, IN WHICH THE CORONATION CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE.

on the brow of William the Norman. The long line of the kings of Wessex had ended with Harold's fall at Hastings. While the ceremony was in progress, the fickle crowd in the abbey cheered William the Conqueror. The cheers alarmed the Norman soldiery, and they promptly set fire to the buildings surrounding the abbey. Out rushed

the installation of King Ethelred nearly one thousand years before. The gold spoon in which the anointing oil was carried to the last sovereign of Great Britain was, so far at least as the bowl is concerned, the same that had been used at the anointing of Henry III six hundred years earlier.

The mystery of the anointing is one of



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH ITS MEMORIALS OF SOME OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST DEAD.

the congregation, and William remained almost alone with Aldred the two faced.

Two years later Aldred again stood with a crown in hand, but this time he bestowed it on a woman—on "Matilda the ewene."

In the nine hundred years that have followed, Westminster has been the scene of many notable coronations. Westminster Hall—which is all that remains of the ancient royal palace of Westminster—was used for most of the ceremonies, but George IV preferred to be crowned in the abbey, and his successors have followed his example. The prayers used at the crowning of Queen Victoria were the same as those used at

the most jealously guarded of the privileges of the Abbot of Westminster and his monks. The preparation and the consecration of the sacred oil rests with them. In old times the liquid was poured over the head and shoulders of the king and left to dry; and respect for its sanctity required that it should not be wiped off for six days.

When Charles II was crowned king, the aged and infirm Archbishop Juxon tottered out from St. Edward's Chapel over to the altar. There the king was disrobed by the Lord Great Chamberlain, his satin coat flung back and his shirt opened. The sacred oil was then poured over his hands, his breast, between his shoulders, and on the crown

of his head. When Queen Victoria was crowned, the archbishop anointed her with the sign of the cross on the crown of the head and on the palms of both hands.

The most gorgeous of all coronations was that of George IV, on July 19, 1821. The king's bed was removed from Carlton House to the Speaker's official residence on the night of the

its conclusion the king retired for ten minutes into St. Edward's Chapel. When he returned, the abbey was almost empty—the people had fled to the outer air to escape asphyxiation.

And so the coronation of the kings of England does not lack stirring events in the course of its history. When King Edward seats himself on King Edward's chair over the royal stone of



ST. JAMES' PALACE, BUILT BY HENRY VIII AS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE, AND USED AS SUCH BY ENGLISH ROYALTY FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF WHITEHALL TILL 1809.

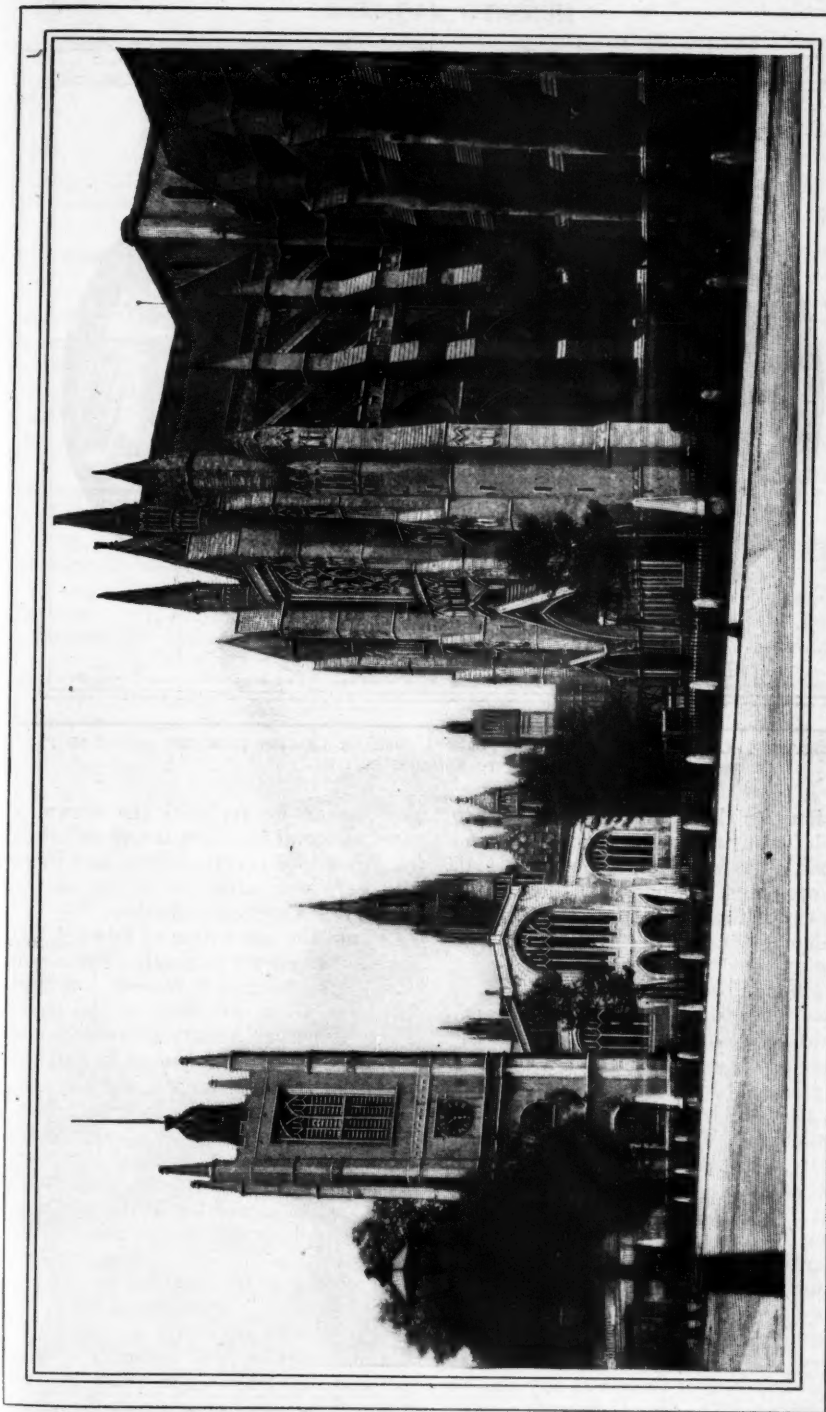
18th, and he slept "in the tapestry room looking out over the Thames." At half past eight the next morning he was up and at breakfast with his host. At ten o'clock he entered Westminster Hall, already "somewhat fatigued." To each of the court functionaries was given the piece of regalia to which he had been assigned. Lord Anglesey was excused from walking backward while retiring, as he had "lost a leg at Waterloo six years before."

The heat of the abbey was intense. The king, weighed down by his robes, came near to fainting; the congregation perspired and prayed for release. For six hours the ceremony went on. At

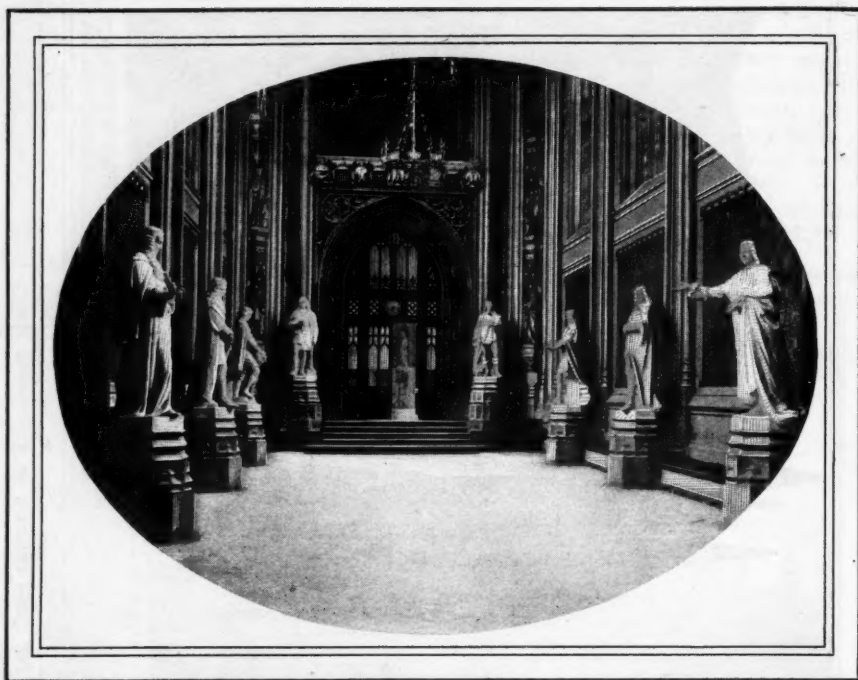
Scotland stolen by Edward I from the palace of Scone, he will know that for seven hundred years every king or reigning queen has been crowned in the same chair. For fifteen centuries earlier the kings of Scotland were crowned on the broad slab of purple sandstone that is let into the chair. For five hundred years before that it had been the crowning seat of the kings of Ireland, ever since King Simon Brech brought it from Spain seven centuries before Christ. So, at any rate, tradition says.

Verily, there are things in Britain of an exceeding antiquity.

It is to be hoped that there will be no slip in the elaborate ritual of the cor-



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, AND THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



ST. STEPHEN'S HALL, WESTMINSTER, WHICH FORMS A CORRIDOR LEADING FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

onation, for there will be eager eyes to watch for any unpropitious incident, and to hail it as an omen of coming evil. The crowning of Charles I is unhappily famous for the misfortunes that marred it. The queen, Henrietta Maria, refused to be present. The French ambassador was also an absentee. There was plague in London, and the grand cavalcade that should have escorted the king from the Tower to Westminster was omitted.

Again, at the coronation of George III, the superstitious found cause for disquietude. The deputy earl marshal forgot to bring with him the sword of state, and a weapon had to be borrowed from the Lord Mayor of London. The young king wearied with the weight of the crown, and asked the Archbishop of Canterbury if he might not be permitted to lay it aside before kneeling at the communion table; but neither that dignity nor the Dean of Westminster could say whether there was any rule on the subject. The king thereupon removed the heavy diadem, with the remark: "There ought to be one." Further-

more, when he replaced the crown, a great diamond fell from it and rolled on the ground—a certain omen, said those who were wise after the event, of the loss of the American colonies.

Let not the coronation of Edward VII be called an empty pageant. There will be scoffers to deride it as such, but they only show their ignorance of the trend of contemporary history in general and of Anglo Saxon development in particular. The British crown is today the symbol of the British Empire. Nay, more, it is the real bond of unity that holds together that great "heterogeneous whole," as it has been called, with all its vast masses of territories and populations and its still vaster possibilities for the future. In 1837 Queen Victoria was crowned as the titular ruler of two little islands in the northern seas. In 1902 statesmen and soldiers from Canada and Australia, from India, from colonies and dependencies in every quarter of the globe, are gathering at Westminster to hail her son as the sovereign of a world wide empire.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Twentieth Century Miracles.

The work of William Marconi has passed rapidly through the stages of theoretical expression and practical demonstration into the realm of commercial exploitation. The readiness of the modern world to adopt new methods never has been better exemplified than in the rapidity with which Mr. Marconi's discovery of wireless telegraphy has been put into actual use.

Four months ago the Anglo Italian inventor first succeeded in transmitting a message across the Atlantic. Today the nations are clamoring for the right to control his system. It has become

a matter of every day experience to receive messages sent from one vessel to another at wide distances, and to communicate from shore to ship a day's voyage out of port. The journey from New York to London is no longer a five days' isolation, a compulsory silence. During a great part of the voyage, passengers receive their bulletins on board with almost the regularity of a morning newspaper. And the world sees no miracle in it. The twentieth century has become blasé of marvels.

One reads of men maneuvering overhead in air ships as securely as on an ornamental pond, of men speaking at



ALBERTO SANTOS DUMONT, THE FAMOUS YOUNG BRAZILIAN AÉRONAUT, WHO HAS OFFERED TO BRING ONE OF HIS FLYING MACHINES TO AMERICA IF A SUITABLE PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR COMPETITION.

vast distances without tangible means of communication; and we accept it as a natural thing, forgetting that twelve months ago both feats were deemed impossible. The nineteenth century exhausted the wonderment of man, but did not affect his capacity to produce new phenomena.

The achievements of Marconi and Santos Dumont are as great as those of Galileo, Isaac Newton, George Stephenson, and Michael Faraday, but the aeronaut and the electrician are merely ordinary, twentieth century young men, neither of them thirty years of age, pledges of the tremendous advances that the world will see in the years that are to come.

Secretary Long and His Successor.

The retirement of Secretary Long may be said to close the fourth chapter of the history of the modern American navy—and a chapter that has been by far the most eventful of the four.

History moves quickly, and memories are short. Twenty five years ago we scarcely dreamed of possessing a navy. Today we scarcely realize that twenty five years ago we had no fighting ships. We have discovered, in the mean while, that we are a world power; and we are not likely to forget that fact hereafter. Our fleet is still comparatively small, but it is a lusty infant, who not only promises well for the future, but has already given to the world a very striking and practical demonstration of his strength.

The modern navy of the United States has been built up under the guidance of four Secretaries. William E. Chandler deserves the credit of taking the first preliminary steps, but its construction really began when President Cleveland placed the naval portfolio in the hands of that very able business man, William C. Whitney. The work was continued on a steadily growing scale under Benjamin F. Tracy and Hilary A. Herbert. In 1897 John D. Long became head of the department. During his five years in office not only has the navy been strengthened by the addition of some of the very finest

fighting vessels now afloat, but its quality has been tested by a war in which it did most of the work and won most of the laurels.

If Congress has shown a tendency, since the war, to flag in the work of construction, and to drop behind certain foreign governments in the race for sea power, the fault is none of Secretary Long's. His administration has made the best possible use of the resources it has commanded, and his annual reports have been convincing statements of the navy's needs in ships, men, and equipments.

Secretary Long returns to private life with a record of first rate executive ability and with the respect of the navy and of the community in general. And of William H. Moody, who succeeds him as the responsible head of one of the finest services in the world, equally good work is both demanded and expected.

Prince Henry's Hostesses.

While Prince Henry of Prussia was visiting this country he was three times the guest of a private hostess. He dined with Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, he breakfasted with Mrs. Ogden Mills. Two of these functions were society entertainments as brilliant, as costly, as cosmopolitan as any the world could produce. The third was a plain family dinner, unostentatious, American. That was his entertainment at the White House, as the private guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Nowhere in the United States is there a simpler, happier, and more natural family party than is to be found in the home of the nation's chief magistrate. Political ambition, official responsibility, or national crisis has never for one moment weaned President Roosevelt from his home and his family. Other Presidents have had more or less powerful satellites, more or less enigmatical ghosts. President Roosevelt has had his wife, his sons, and his daughters—an innocent *deus ex machina*.

At Oyster Bay, at Albany, at Washington, wherever the Roosevelt family has been quartered, its home life has been a model of natural existence. The



WILLIAM A. MARCONI, THE ANGLO ITALIAN ELECTRICIAN WHO BEGAN HIS EXPERIMENTS WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AS A STUDENT IN BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY, AND WHO HOPES TO ESTABLISH REGULAR COMMUNICATION BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA WITHIN A FEW MONTHS.

From his latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

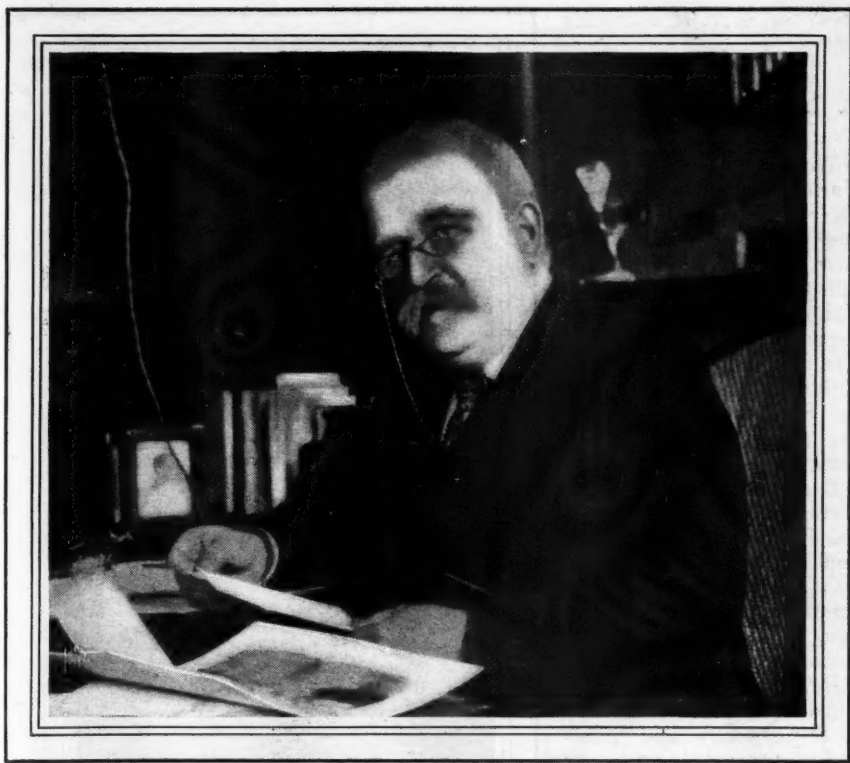
boys have been boys, the girls girls, and no member of the family has felt himself or herself a little police commissioner, a miniature Governor of the State, or a juvenile President of the nation. The children have been children, with all the boisterous inconsequence of childhood. The President has been a father, joining

in the youngsters' games, interested in their childish pursuits, eager to teach them and to entertain them. He has been a father like the fathers of "Tom Brown's School Days," or of "The Swiss Family Robinson." Mrs. Roosevelt has been a mother devoted to her daughters' education and upbringing, a com-



WILLIAM HENRY MOODY, OF MASSACHUSETTS, APPOINTED TO SUCCEED MR. LONG AS SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.



JOHN DAVIS LONG, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO RETIRES FROM THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE NAVY AFTER HOLDING THE OFFICE DURING FIVE EVENTFUL YEARS OF OUR NAVAL HISTORY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

rade in pleasure, a gentle nurse in sickness, a sharer with her children in all their joys and sorrows.

A daughter of Charles Carow, Miss Edith Kermit Carow has been a chum of Theodore Roosevelt from his earliest childhood. As chum and wife she has assisted his advancement, seconded his ambition, till today she sits at his right hand in the White House. Through all the sixteen years of their married life, no change has occurred in the Roosevelt ménage, except in so far as has been made necessary by official alteration in the designation of the head of the family. A womanly woman, with rippling russet hair and soft brown mother eyes, Mrs. Roosevelt is more the keeper of her husband's heart than the first lady of the land.

Properly enough, Prince Henry found in New York entertainment of a vastly different nature to that accorded him in

the White House. On Saturday, the 8th of March, he was the guest of Mrs. Ogden Mills at a breakfast which rivaled in magnificence the repasts of the Epicureans. In floral ornamentation, in display of plate, in array of musical entertainment, the breakfast worthily represented America's wealth and America's splendor of hospitality.

On the Sunday evening following, Prince Henry was entertained by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the wife of the eldest great grandson of the sturdy old commodore who founded the most famous family of the American aristocracy of wealth. Mrs. Vanderbilt honored her royal guest with a most elaborate display of the most truly American form of decoration—flowers. Her guests were bowered in pink and white camellias, pink azaleas, American Beauty roses, and sweet spring blossoms. The effect was one that exhibited American hospi-

tality in its most charming aspect.

A Strong Man of the Senate.

We are wont to think of a United States Senator as a superior creation—one taller and bigger than his fellow men, with a fine, large, intellectual head. The portraits that illuminate the pages of history certainly give this impression, and the picture of the statesmen of the Senate is rounded out and completed by imagination.

Beside this conception the average Senator, in stature and appearance and manner, would make a very poor showing. Instead of the superior being of our imagination, he is pretty much like any other man.

But here and there we do find a man in the Senate who both physically and intellectually measures up to our early conceptions of a full grown statesman of the upper house. One of these is Senator Stephen B. Elkins. He is built of genuine Senatorial timber, as fine a specimen as fancy could well demand. He is one or two inches above six feet in stature, with a big, broad frame, well developed, and a strong, large, intellectual head—a man of great physical and mental power.

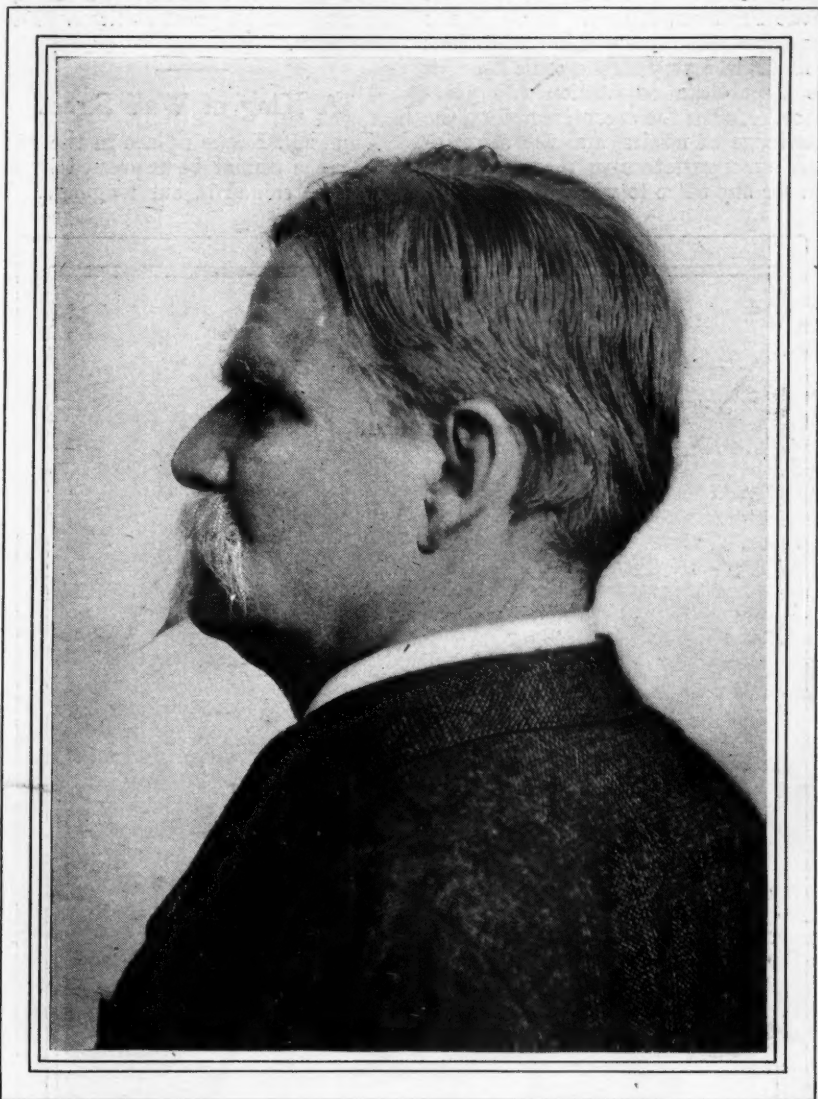
With the exception of Senator Hanna, it is perhaps safe to say that in Senator Elkins are combined the qualities of statesmanship and keen business ability to a greater degree than in any other man in the United States Senate. Mr. Elkins is able, very able, anywhere and everywhere. He is an all round strong man, and there are very few



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, OF NEW YORK (FORMERLY MISS GRACE WILSON) WHO ENTERTAINED PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AT DINNER DURING HIS VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

From her latest photograph by Bradley, New York.

all round strong men in the world. Most great men are great in some one direction, but Senator Elkins comes pretty close to being a genius in a good many directions. the majority of our multimillionaires began. But with his growth and development in business affairs he has grown and developed equally in the affairs of



HENRY WATTERSON, EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, ONE OF THE FAMOUS VETERANS OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM, AND A LEADING EXPONENT OF THE POLITICAL SENTIMENT OF THE SOUTH.

From his latest photograph by Klauber, Louisville.

He is one of the very rich men of the country, and he has made all his money, beginning life a poor boy—as, in fact, state. And busy man as he is, he is remarkably well read. He has kept up his classical scholarship ever since his

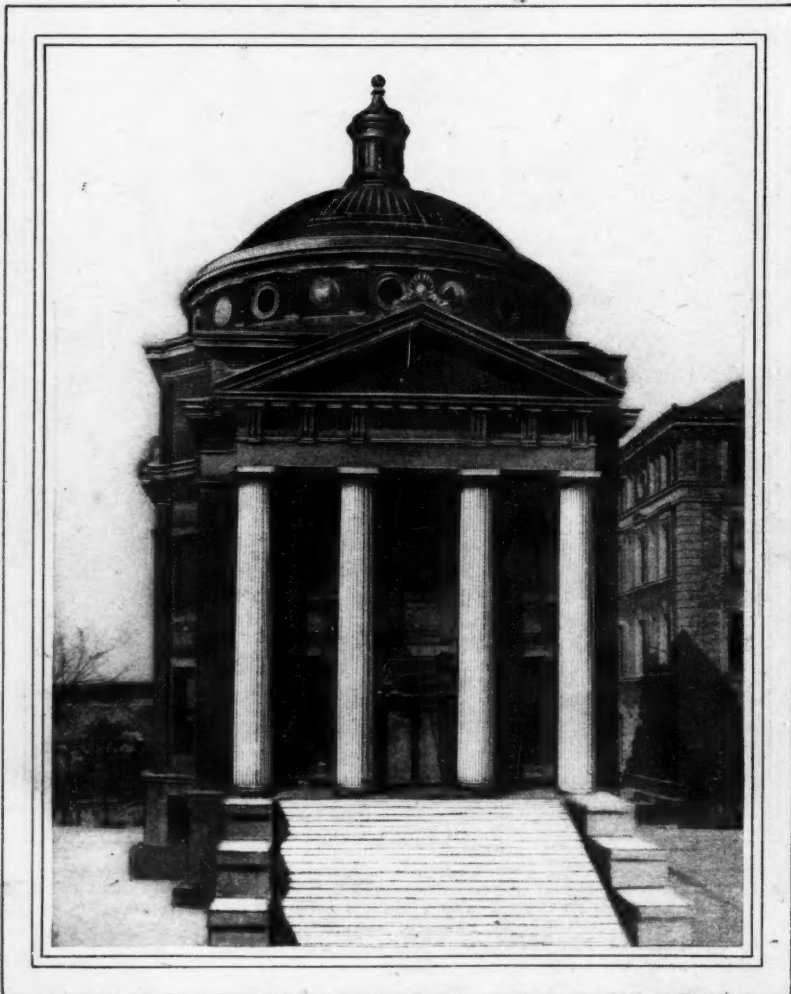
college days, and has always found time for the best of current literature. He is a man, too, of fascinating and magnetic personality.

Mr. Elkins is not too old yet to be out of the Presidential race. It would not be a surprise to those who know him best to find him a very strong dark horse at the Republican convention two years hence. He has the executive ability, the knowledge of affairs, and the acquaintance among statesmen that would fit him for any office to which he might be

called. This is not, however, intended to be an appeal for Mr. Elkins' nomination, as this magazine is, and always will be, strictly non partisan. What we have said is designed to be merely a sketch of the man and his great abilities. There are others.

A King of Wall Street.

James R. Keene's place in the world of finance cannot be expressed by any word yet coined in our language. He



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—EARL HALL, PRESENTED BY WILLIAM E. DODGE AND HIS FAMILY AS A MEETING PLACE FOR THE LITERARY, MUSICAL, AND RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESENT MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by J. Schloss, New York.

is more than an operator, and in the ordinary sense of the term is not a speculator. Like J. Pierpont Morgan, he has created for himself an absolutely unique position in that new system of finance and of vested interests which crystallized with the birth of the present century.

It is therefore impossible to institute

cogent comparisons between James R. Keene and the men who in various periods have been recognized as leaders in Wall Street. His domination of the market, so far as individual initiative is potent in establishing quotations, is a fact which no close student of Wall Street will deny. Of course events and



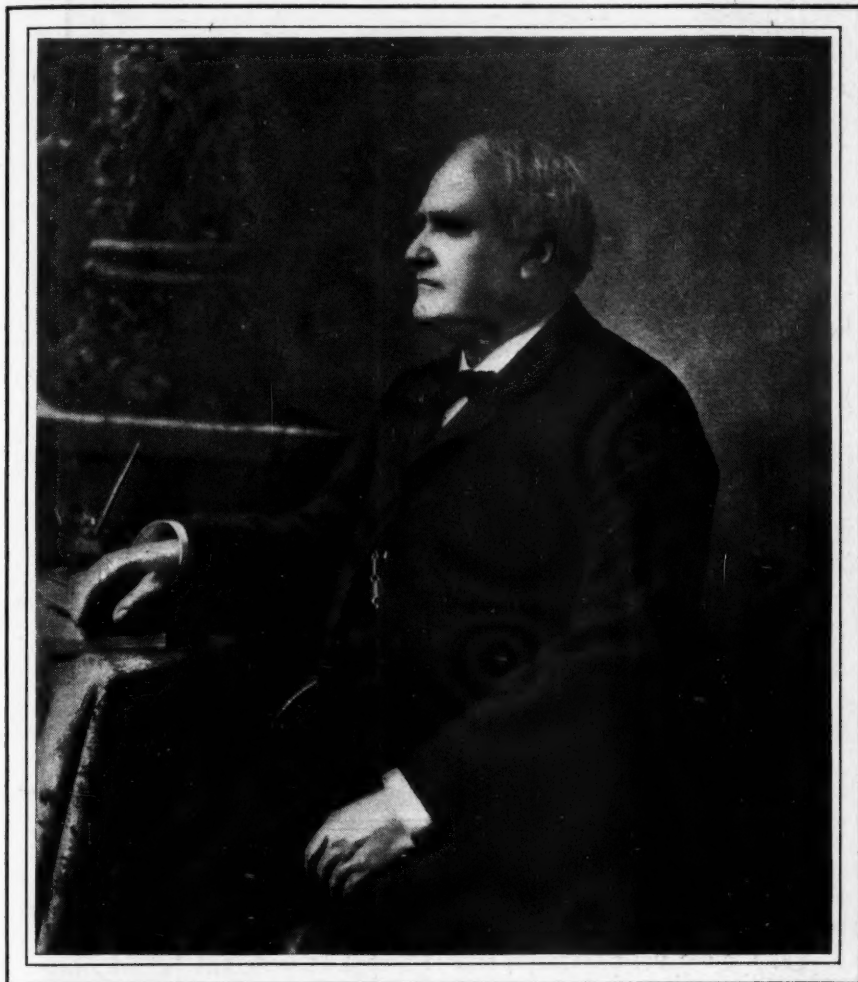
CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, COMMANDER OF THE BATTLESHIP OREGON DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND NOW GOVERNOR OF THE SAILORS' HOME AT PHILADELPHIA — CAPTAIN CLARK IS TO REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES NAVY AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

From the portrait by Thomas W. Wood, painted for Mr. James W. Brock and Mr. L. B. Cross of Montpelier, Vt.

facts are the ultimate basis on which all values rest, but the pendulum swing of quotations finds its momentum in the investing and speculating public. Be-

analyzes situations from a world wide point of view.

Famous for years as a bear—in the years when values, as a rule, tended to



STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, OF WEST VIRGINIA, ONE OF THE STRONG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY FOR 1904.

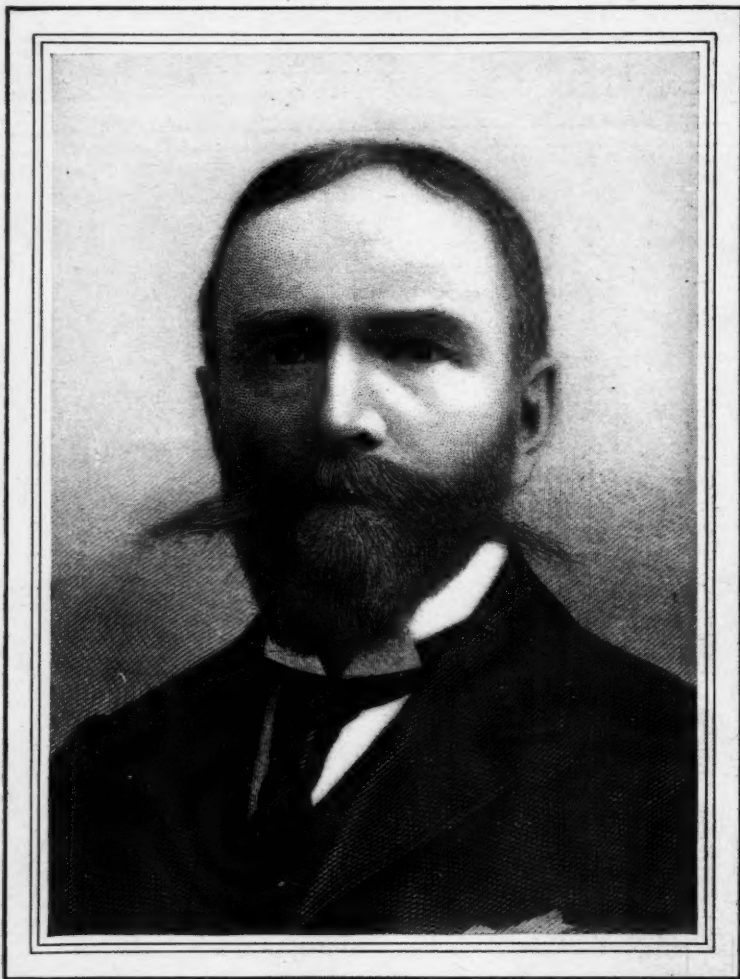
From his latest photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

hind this public stand a score or more of captains of industry and finance, and behind them stands James R. Keene.

Mr. Keene is a believer in conditions, and ignores the temporary fluctuations chargeable to the manipulation of individuals, and the transient movements due to unwarranted public sentiment. He studies the market as an entity. He

decline—he has for more than three years been equally conspicuous as a prophet of advancing prices; and the records confirm the accuracy of his judgment. He does not hesitate to declare his opinions, and the word of no man living has greater weight.

James R. Keene was born in England, but his parents settled in California



JAMES E. KEENE, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN HORSEMAN, AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS, INTERESTING, AND POWERFUL FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE.

when he was a boy. As a young man he worked as a miner and a teamster, and was at one time editor of a paper. Certain mining investments proved profitable, and he went to San Francisco and became an operator in stocks. Steadily successful, he became one of the leading financiers of the Pacific coast. He came to New York with five millions in cash. In a few months he had increased this nearly three fold. In six weeks, by a campaign in which some very doubtful expedients were used against him, he lost this enormous fortune and found himself in debt for some two millions of

dollars. Not in the least discouraged, he went to work and built up a new fortune. No trustworthy estimate can be made of his present wealth, but the loss of sixteen millions would not embarrass him today.

Mr. Keene is the leading horseman of the world. No man in this country has done so much to develop running horses. He is a man of quiet speech and a most entertaining conversationalist. He lives in a modest residence in Cedarhurst, Long Island. Of the thousands of callers at his office few succeed in passing his secretaries.

Daughters of the Cabinet.

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

WITH A DÉBUTANTE IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND YOUNG GIRLS IN NEARLY ALL THE CABINET FAMILIES, THE TONE OF WASHINGTON'S OFFICIAL SOCIETY UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION IS THAT OF YOUTH AND YOUTHFUL GAIETY.

ONE ante election problem never fails in interest for the permanent unofficial residents of Washington—the question of the personnel of the candidates' families. On that depends the tone of Washington society for four years. Will it be a serious administration, somewhat perfunctory in its gaieties, but zealous in good works? Will it be a bachelor administration, with the White House lying outside the true circle of festivities? Will débutante, reform, or old fashioned domestic interests rule in the social circle?

The season that is just ended has been a satisfactory one to these observers; for it has been a season par excellence of youth and youthful gaiety, and that is certainly the prettiest to watch and the merriest in which to move. There have been young girls in the White House and the Cabinet set, and the whole town has whirled at a "sweet and twenty" pace, very engaging to behold.

A WHITE HOUSE DÉBUTANTE.

Of course Miss Roosevelt has been the chief center of interest. A young American girl, enthusiastic but well poised, is generally held to be an attractive and interesting figure in almost any situation in life. Take her fresh from the restraints of the schoolroom and the simplicity of a quiet home life, open to her the door of the most distinguished and most varied society that the country affords, direct her, in effect, "to go ahead and have a good time," and there is an object of uncommon interest and delight to the beholder.

Those who knew Miss Roosevelt before she went to Washington, and who have seen her there, bear witness to the whole souled way in which she has obeyed

that direction without losing any of the sturdy simplicity that befits her father's daughter. She bears being the center of the young life of the capital without "having her head turned." She retains the unselfish good humor of her school days, and she also retains her school day friends. When she was a pupil at Miss Flint's school in Washington during her father's term as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, her inseparables were Miss Lillie McCauley, Miss Lydia Loring, and Miss Carola De Peyster. They are still her intimate companions.

Miss Roosevelt is said to have the distaste for old fashioned domesticity which is more or less characteristic of the modern girl. Mrs. Roosevelt is an exquisite needlewoman. Her daughter's utmost efforts in that line are confined to the making of little gifts for her friends. Mrs. Roosevelt is a notable housekeeper as well as a brilliant hostess. Miss Roosevelt, although she cheerfully enough answered any call for house duties at the family's Oyster Bay home, has always preferred a free, outdoor life. She is, however, scrupulous in social matters, keeping her calling lists posted with the exactness of a bank book, and answering all invitations with her own hand. She is, moreover, an athletic young woman with an inherited fondness for walking. She swings about the broad streets of the city on her calls and her errands, generally accompanied by one or two of her friends.

There is a certain girlish informality about affairs at the White House nowadays. Some of Miss Roosevelt's friends drop in in the morning, or she meets one of them out shopping and brings her

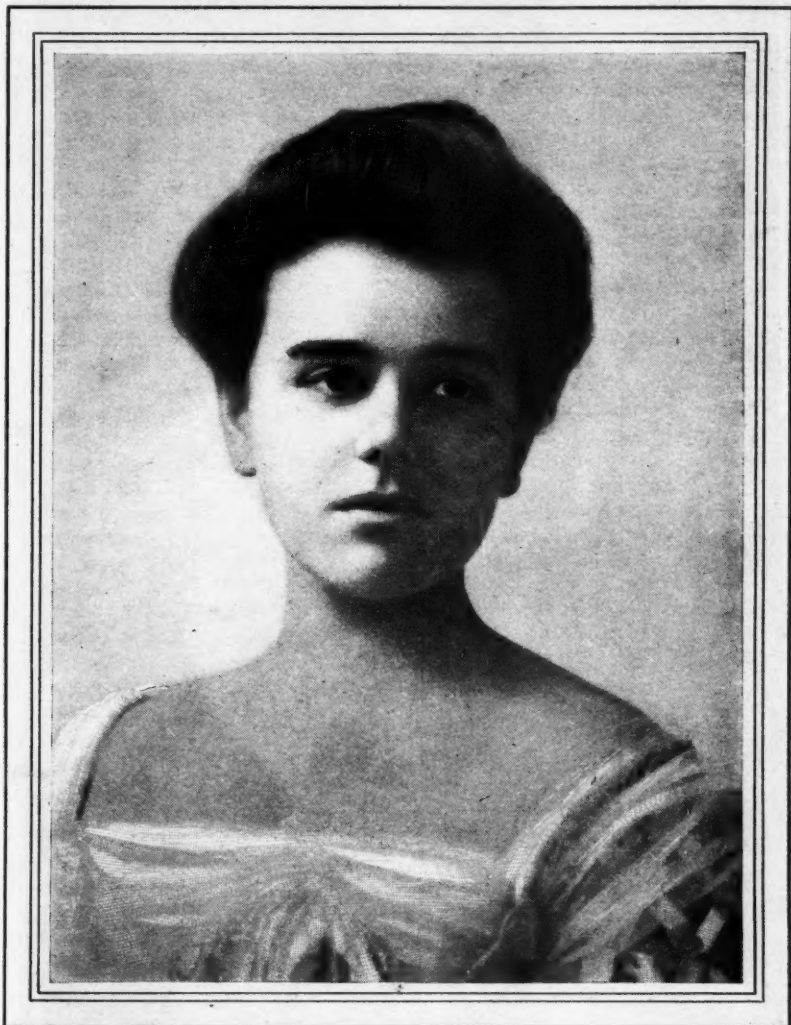


MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, AND THE CHIEF CENTER OF INTEREST IN
THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE YOUNGER SET AT WASHINGTON.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1902, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.

home. Forthwith there is a luncheon party. The afternoon caller is kept for dinner, and little parties are constantly organized with the same freedom as in any cheerful, unofficial household.

younger set of official society. Miss Alice Hay does not share the literary tastes of her talented sister; but while Miss Helen was still in the midst of Washington social life, intellectual in-



MISS ALICE HAY, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE—MR. HAY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER IS NOW MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

MISS HAY AND MISS KNOX.

Before the tragic death of young Adelbert Hay and the marriage of his sister Helen to Mr. Payne Whitney, the Hay girls gave a distinct tone to the

terests were kept alive in the circle in which she moved. Miss Roosevelt, by the way, confesses to the possession of no bookishness at all.

Miss Rebecca Knox, the daughter of the Attorney General, although she does



MISS EDITH ROOT, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph by Clineinst, Washington.

not vie with the former Miss Hay in literary production, is also a distinctly intellectual young woman. She is probably the most serious of all the Cabinet girls. She is a graduate of Miss Ely's school in New York, is an art critic of no mean ability, and is an eager student of the theory of music, although she does not belong to those amateur players who put professionals to the blush. If it were not for her very friendly and hospitable disposition, she might be called the recluse of her set. Gaiety, as such, does not attract her at all, and she has been known to flee from Washington to escape the engagements entailed upon her by her father's position. She is a good deal of an athlete, and is one of the few women in Washington who can manage a four in hand in a way that does not strike terror to the heart of the bystander.

THE OTHER CABINET GIRLS.

The daughters of the Secretary of the Interior, the Misses Anne and Margaret Hitchcock, are not debutantes. They have already known society in a much more gay and glittering way than the young "rosebud garden of girls" in Washington is likely to know it—in St. Petersburg, when their father was ambassador to Russia. They rank more than any of their colleagues as women of the world. They have done most of the entertaining this year. They are accomplished linguists and tireless pedestrians and climbers, as their stock of Alpine sticks bears witness.

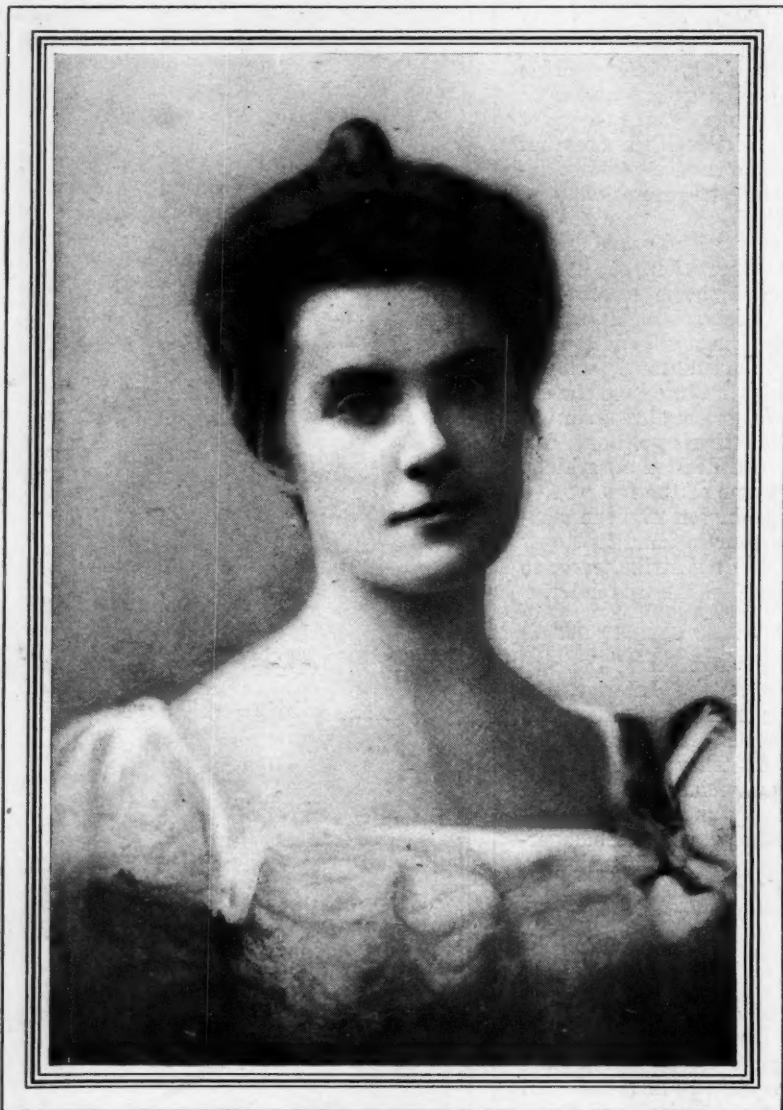
The only girl among the Cabinet set who enjoys the dignity of being the hostess of her father's house is Miss Flora Wilson, the daughter of



MISS REBECCA KNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.
From a photograph—Copyright by B. M. Clinedinst, Washington.

the Secretary of Agriculture. She manages Mr. Wilson's establishment, dispensing a very pretty hospitality; and at the official receptions at the White

Agriculture is the junior member of the Cabinet, Miss Wilson's place is at the end of the line, where she speeds the parting caller with a gracious smile.



MISS ANNE HITCHCOCK, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

House she has the coveted privilege of a place in the receiving line, while her Cabinet companions must keep themselves in the background as merely casual guests or aids. As the Secretary of

Miss Edith Root, the daughter of the Secretary of War, is a leader and a great favorite among the girls of her set. Miss Margaret Long, the daughter of John D. Long of Massachusetts, who at



MISS FLORA WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

the time of writing is about to retire from office as Secretary of the Navy, is in mourning this season for her sister, and is not entertaining or visiting at all. Recent additions to the Cabinet set are the Misses Shaw, daughters of Governor Leslie Shaw, who has replaced Mr. Gage at the head of the Treasury Department, and Miss Louise Jones, a niece of Mr. Payne, the new Postmaster General.

Not since the Grant administration has there been such an influx of young life into the official society of Washington. The charming and important part played by the girls of the Cabinet set is something of a revelation to the mem-

bers of the embassies from those countries where all gaieties are in the more experienced hands of older women. Though the capitals where this is the case are undoubtedly more brilliant, they lack the sunny charm and freshness of Washington society.

The most important event of the recent season in the national capital was the White House ball at which Miss Roosevelt made her bow to the world. This took place on the 3d of January, and was probably the most thoroughly enjoyable function that the Executive Mansion has seen since the days when Miss Nellie Grant was the leader of the younger set of Washington society.

TO AN ABANDONED SHIP.

ANCIENT, decrepit, abandoned,
Rotten from keel to spar,
Broken and lone art thou lying,
While thy sisters sail over the bar ;
Sunk in the mud of dull harbors,
Thou who hast followed a star !

Listen, the tides are all calling—
Calling thy sisters to sea ;
And I know of the longing that rises,
For thy soul is twin sister to me.
Sunk in the mud of dull living,
I have known what it is to be free.

Listen, the sirens are calling
To the old gipsy blood that is ours ;
They are telling of lands of enchantment,
Of many hued tropical flowers ;
Of perfumes that breathe through the silence
Of tangled, mysterious bowers.

Listen, the voice of the twilight,
That grows to the wonder of night ;
Of the stars that are gazing in envy
At the welter of phosphorus light.
How it shines and it glows in the stillness,
Like the deeps of a sea of delight !

This is the voice of the midnight,
Close laden with quivering stars—
Of midnights of marvel and wonder
When the combers break loud on the bars ;
Ridges of fairyland silver
Hiding the coralline scars.

Breath of imperial islands,
Voice of the legended sea,
Magic of fabled horizons,
Enchantment of veiled mystery ;
Lure of the ways undiscovered—
That is the tide voice to me.

And to thee, oh, decrepit, abandoned,
Rotten through hull and through spar—
Song of the days unforgotten,
The call of the old guiding star ;
Lo, my heart goes out to thy yearning,
As thy sisters sail over the bar !

Ethel Watts Mumford.

A Son of Anak.

THE ROMANCE OF AN AUTUMN, A WINTER, AND A SPRING IN THE ASSINIBOINE VALLEY.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

ON the verge of the Assiniboine Valley a steam thresher boomed, and whined, and rattled its slats, and whistled impatiently for liquid wherewith to quench its fiery thirst. Its boiler tubes were hot, hot as the stoker's temper—a hundred and eighty degrees by the gauge—and that son of Vulcan fretted as if it were his own bowels that suffered flame. Jerking on the whistle, he said scarlet things to the water hauler, who transmuted them into sulphurous speech while dipping from the river eight hundred feet below.

"Can't make steam without water!" growled the stoker, and shook his fist at the feeder, who was signaling for more power.

In the midst of a black smut pall, a forty inch separator whirled red arms like a squib in a cloud of ink. From its brazen larynx hurtled a vibrant, thunderous song that followed the feeder's hand both up and down the scale. Many an accidental split its harmonies. Sometimes an awkward sheaf would crack a tone, an uncut band brought forth a cough; and when, on occasion, a giant sheaf fed broadside in, the whole register disrupted, and the monster bellowed with the voice of leviathan.

At such times the son of Anak who fed the sheaves scowled blackly—not that he was angry, but rather because the band cutter is natural enemy to the feeder and given to carelessness as the sparks fly up. The band cutter, in his turn, spat, cat-like, and blessed the pitchers. For their part, these worked seriously, tabling the sheaves according to the law of the band cutter, which is a just law, though hard to keep.

On the stack the straw men labored in seas of dust. Black clouds of it rose from the belching carriers and swept over the hurrying, hustling, sweltering hive, out to the sunburned prairies, there to drape the rain washed bison bones. The smell of it traveled farther—yes, as

far as the ruined fort of Ellice, and set Père Bayon to sniffing in the door of the Indian mission. It also tilted Lettie Greer's nose when she and her cousin, Kate Howard, ran down to see the wheat—at least, they said it was to see the wheat.

A flower of a girl was Lettie—pink, plump, tall, with a sweet face rifling through tawny clouds of hair. Her mouth was ripe for kissing, though, according to report, it was yet unknissed. She was modest, too, as became a girl brought up in the shadow of a mission; yet within her were sprouting the germs of a very healthy curiosity anent the sterner sex, as evidenced by this journey to see the wheat.

Within the log granary there was cool respite from the stewy kitchen with its satiating smells, and the girls sat on a wagon seat and gazed dreamily out on the threshing. Through the plasterless chinks a breeze came to toy with their hair.

"Dear me!" mused Kate. "How busy they are!"

"He's cutting bands," Lettie murmured sympathetically, if not very consecutively. Then she peeped through a chink and inquired: "What's his name?"

"Castle," replied Kate, joining her dark curls to the tawny clouds. "Castle, Arthur Castle."

Unconscious of their scrutiny, the band cutter put his knife. He was a tall lad of twenty or thereabouts; fair, when freed from the thrall of smut; a slip of the blooded English stock one finds scattered from Winnipeg to Fort McLeod.

"Why don't they stop?" pouted Kate.

"Must finish tonight," Lettie responded wisely. "We've had 'em three days."

To which very reasonable statement Kate unreasonably replied: "Bother!"



AS CASTLE BACKED TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE GRANARY, THE FEEDER FOLLOWED, SWINGING FOR ANOTHER BLOW.

"I wish the old thing would break!" her wish, the whistle blew and they
And just then, as though in answer to heard the feeder shout:

"What's the matter?"

"No water," the stoker answered. "Boiler's nigh to bustin'."

Turning from the door, they began to examine the wheat, and they gave it such close attention that they did not see the feeder step from his board. Letting a handful dribble through her fingers, Lettie remarked with the air of a connoisseur in grains:

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Beauti——" Kate commenced, then stopped and screamed, for a pair of hands grabbed her by the ankles and tossed her into the bin. Then, full of the horse play which passed for wit among his kind, the feeder turned on Lettie. She backed away, protesting, but he followed and took her by the waist.

"Over you go!" he laughed.

She landed high up in the bin, and came slipping, sliding down on an avalanche of wheat. It was very mortifying. To make it worse, as she struggled up, disheveled, angry, ready to cry, she saw Castle standing in the door. His face shone beneath its layer of soot.

"You beastly cad!" he gasped. "You *beastly* cad!"

The feeder turned, and civilization and the backwoods faced together.

"Who's pinching you?" he sneered. "Mind your own——" "business," he meant to say, but Castle's fist shot out and landed with a whip-like crack.

It was a smart rap, too, given from a full heart, and though it lacked weight, the suddenness of it sent the feeder staggering against the farther bin. There he paused, momentarily paralyzed, blank astonishment and black anger darkening his face; but when he straightened from the blow, he seized a neck yoke and swung it viciously.

With a swish it cut the air just above Castle's head. The girls screamed. A clever duck saved Castle his brains, but as he backed towards the door the feeder followed, swinging for another blow.

But the scream had reached a score of ears. Before he could strike again, there came a rush of feet; a dozen heads blocked the door, and the boss thresher jerked Castle back and out.

"What's the matter, Sutherland?" growled the boss.

"Oh, nothin'!" muttered the feeder, shouldering his way through the crowd, and he followed the band cutter back to the machine.

"What's the trouble, girls?" persisted the boss.

But just then the water hauler drew round to the engine, the whistle called to work, and the girls remembered some pies which must be burning in the oven. As they ran by the separator, Sutherland turned his back and swept a pile of sheaves into the screaming cylinder.

"You can hev' all the power you want!" yelled the stoker.

He nodded and went on rolling the loosened sheaves, feeding steadily, coaxing, urging, pressing, holding the thunderous voice down to a stifled choking hum. When the boss thresher came to "spell" him, he shook his head and fed on, and on, and on, until the sweat washed white runlets down his face. And while he worked he thought.

Why, he asked himself, did the girls make such a fuss? In the backwoods that sired him they never cared. Why should these? Perhaps they didn't. Perhaps it was all due to the Englishman with his finicky ways. So he puzzled until the sun slipped in a blanket of umber and gold over the edge of the world, and dusk lent velvet shades to the threshing reek.

But at supper Sutherland quickly learned in whom the fault lay. He found himself studiously neglected. While the girls waited on the other men, a hard featured neighbor woman supplied his needs. And he noted that his rival received many small favors. Kate kept his plate heaped, and when Lettie leaned for an empty dish, her arm touched his neck. Three times this happened, and every time the feeder choked. Yet he ate mechanically the things which were put to his hand, swallowed boiling tea without a wink, and got through the meal somehow.

After it was eaten, he lit a lantern and touched Castle on the shoulder.

"Chore time!" he growled. "Them hosses is cool enough for oats by this."

As the door closed behind them the girls exchanged uneasy glances, and a man said with a lift of the brow, "How about that?"

The boss thresher took the question to himself, and answered:

"Oh, I reckon it's all right. Sutherland's a good sort, an' he's had time to cool. Besides," he added with a touch of the strong man's philosophy, "they've gotter settle it some day."

In the stable Sutherland hung up his lantern, and faced about. "I s'pose," he said quietly, "as you're lookin' for a fight?" Castle nodded and began to peel his coat. "Oh, there's no hurry," the feeder went on. "Of course I reckon to pay you some day, but not jes' now. But say"—and here the puzzle of his brain slipped into his eyes—"what made them girls so all fired mad?"

The Englishman stared. It was incredible! Yet the man's blue eyes were wide with question, and his face carried the look of a child corrected for mischief innocently done. Into Castle's consciousness crept a vague conception of the workings of a Western mind, and with it a feeling of pity.

"W-well," he stammered, "to—to tell you the truth——"

"That's what!" encouraged the Canadian. "Speak out! I'm like a blind hoss that's off the trail, an' I want my bearin's."

"Well, you were—just a little rough."

"That *was* it?"

"It was."

The big man whistled. "Well, I'm——" he began, but paused, and then went on: "Jes' to think! Why, the girls in the stump townships didn't mind it a bit. Reckoned it a ripping joke! Not that these ain't right," he added hastily. "They're different, kind of eddicated, got more polish to 'em."

Leaning against a stall, Sutherland chewed a straw and the cud of reflection, and evidently made emendations in his theory of manners; for when Castle brought the horses from water he burst out:

"Say, put me down the darnedest fool in Manitoba! As for that crack on the jaw—let it go on account of eddication. An', what's more," he finished, holding out his hand, "jes' so long as we travel with this outfit, I'll be eternally obliged if you lam me whenever I straddle the traces." And on this bargain they slept.

Now, healthy girls and well fed rob-

ins sing in the early morning, and Lettie sang as she skimmed the milk. From the stables came the din of the threshers' moving—blows and bangings, men's voices, the rattle of the carriers, the stroke of the sled. In the east a red sun smoldered. Down into the milk house it shot a crimson ray and clothed the singing girl in ruby light. Sutherland, who just then peeped in, thought her the fairest thing on earth. Though his shadow fell athwart her crock, she went on floating in the clotted cream, and remarked, without looking up:

"He's going, Kate, but I can't cry!"

A masculine cough made her sensible of her mistake, and brought her, confused but extremely dignified, to her feet. "Well?" she queried.

The interrogation reduced Sutherland to a condition of at least partial imbecility. He coughed again, and shuffled, and his face—which he had washed very clean—rivalled the rising sun. He strove to get hold of the right end of a little speech that he had been conning over the last two hours. Castle composed it, that morning, in the dark stable, before breakfast.

"I was wanting to say, miss," he began; then, glancing up, he caught her eye, floundered, and finished very lamely—"I'm real sorry!"

But his manner pleaded as words could not. Lettie's eyes softened, and her lips drooped into their gentler curves, but she answered very gravely: "You were extremely rude."

He made no reply. A bewilderingly small foot was tapping the ground just beyond her skirt—enough in itself to deprive a man of the power of speech.

"And if I overlook it," she continued, rather enjoying her sudden accession of power, "I shall expect you to be friendly with Mr. Castle."

"Oh, that's all right!" he exclaimed, immensely relieved. "I'll bring him safe back."

"Oh, he's nothing to me!" she hastily replied, adding with some confusion: "That is—well—you know, I meant I shouldn't like to have him ill treated."

"Jes' so," he cheerfully answered, "an' I'll smash any one as lays a finger on him! But there goes the engine. Good by, miss!"

"Good by," she answered, and watched him join the outfit.

Up the slope from the stables came the engine, with its double yoke of oxen hawing, geeing, swinging right and left in vain attempts to avoid both the curse of labor and the driver's cutting whip. After they had crossed the ridge and lumbered down the other side, the thrasher's black shire mares snapped the separator up the hill, striking fire from its face. Sutherland handled the team, while Castle walked near by. Beside the feeder he appeared frail, almost boyish, and though his refined air caught the girl's fancy, her woman's instinct—inherited of a thousand generations—learned to the man's strength.

A long move the outfit made that day—long even for Manitoba, where a horse reels off his seventy miles a day, and a man's neighborhood encircles twenty miles; but it was not long enough to quench the sudden interest Castle developed in the Ellice Mission service, nor to stop Sutherland from riding once a week to his homestead on the Assiniboine. This, a quarter section of sand and gopher—pinned down, as it were, and eternally prevented from dribbling over the valley's edge, by the lone log cabin that staked its center—lay an hour's ride to the south of Greer's.

Its seductions could hardly be accountable for its owner's Sabbath rides, nor is it to be wondered at if he never got there. For, as the luck had it, his trail ran in between Greer's house and stable, and the law of the bachelor will not allow a wifeless man to pass the house of a wedded woman without tasting of her bread. Thus, when Castle escorted Lettie home from mass, he invariably found the feeder discussing seed grains, gopher poisons, or kindred interesting matters with her father.

And each wooed the girl after his own fashion—one in words, with all the advantage conferred by education; the other in the dumb language of the eye. Lettie, for her part, held the balance and distributed her favors so impartially as to puzzle even her mother. Perhaps she was puzzled herself. At any rate, she walked in maiden mystery, veiling her thoughts—a sad enigma to her parents, a sweet trouble to her lovers.

Up Miniska way, these soon began to taste the joys of threshing at temperatures that froze the mercury. About their settings stretched limitless wastes, seas of white that curved from the skyline clear to the frozen Pole. On unthreshed farms the stacks upreared like hills of snow, putting by contrast a bright vermilion blush upon the dirty separator.

The water hauler had forsaken wheels for runners, and moved like a blue iceberg. The stoker had swathed his beloved engine in swaddling clothes. He warmed him by banging the ice from his water barrels, and in the intervals of chopping wood cursed the cold that lowered his steam. And as these were the early snows, and the trails lay beneath a foot of drift, the siege of Lettie was raised for the space of a lunar month.

One day a thing happened which came nigh to putting Sutherland out of the running for good and all. From every sheaf, as it struck the table, snow and dust sifted down and packed into a slippery mass beneath his feet. At the length of his arm the iron toothed cylinder whirled two thousand times a minute; and he, while reaching for a sheaf, slipped and plunged forward. A moment's hesitation, and he had been done; but as his body struck the feed board Castle seized him and threw wildly back.

Sutherland rose from the snow. The cylinder had caught and ripped away his buckskin mit; the blood ran freely from a mangled finger.

"A close shave," he said slowly; "an' but for you—no shave at all. An' what's more," he finished, with a jerk of his shoulder towards the south, "there's many a man, seeing the way things is fixed, as would have waited to cut another band."

On the third day of the following week the first blizzard swept from the north and snowed the outfit in for keeps. The drift flew by thick as fleece, and all signs pointed to a three days' blow; but early in the morning of the second day it slackened sufficiently for the boss to drive the threshers in to Russel. There he paid off—a wise action which earned him the applause of the burgesses, and also promoted the prosperity of the hotel, in which he owned a half interest.

Sutherland and Castle were not among the roysterers at his bar. They sat one on either side of the stove, watching the storm, and talking in low tones.

"Yes," the feeder was saying, "we'd just as well settle the thing now. In my time I've been a no account sort—that kind"—lifting his brow at the half-drunken threshers—"but that's old history. Not saying that I ain't a fool to even think of her, but—God, man, I could burn for her!"

He stared for a while on the white and whirling drift, and then resumed.

"Of course that don't count, an' this is how the business stan's, according to my idea. But for you I'd never trouble man nor woman more; therefore to you falls the first chance. Now——"

"No, no!" Castle interrupted. "I won't have that!"

But the other was the stronger. "Yes, you will," he rejoined, "for I'm jes' a-goin' down to my own place, an' there I stay till you come an' say you've played your hand."

Silence fell between them, and held until Castle broke it. "Think we can strike out today?" he asked.

Sutherland studied the flying drift. "It *does* seem to be thinning," he said at last. "I reckon we could make Nork's road house for the night."

In half an hour it lightened still more, and the two started south afoot. A line of grassless white alone marked trail from prairie, but this they followed easily enough until, after an hour's tramp, the wind raised and the drift thickened.

"Think we'd better go on?" Castle inquired.

"Have to!" Sutherland answered.

A look to the north gave him reason. The stinging drift filled Castle's eyes, the wind smote him foully, the frost tweaked him by the nose. As they plunged steadily south, the roar of the wind rose to a muffled shriek. From the bluffs it tore the ten foot drifts, from the prairie a foot of snow; and it stirred the mass and whirled it round and round until the air was thick as cheese.

Still they pressed on, Sutherland in the lead. He was off the trail now, and knew it, but he kept the wind slanting to his cheek, steered southeast, and trusted to strike Nork's mile long fence.

If the wind had held, they would have struck it; but in the middle of the afternoon it veered due east, and sent them miles off their course.

In the black of night, amid darkness thick enough to cut, they stumbled by the road house. Around them the drift whirled and twisted, working up the pivotal motion which keeps the wanderer on a circle. Once they tried to make a fire in a bluff, and spent their matches on its green and sappy wood. And it grew colder, colder, colder, until, at day-break, it registered forty and odd below.

They were out on the desolate Alkali Flats when gray dawn banished the inky blackness, but they had no surcease from the bitter blast, the stinging spume, the searing frost. They moved now slowly, wearily, automatically lifting their feet, wandering like sinful souls in a frozen purgatory. Castle was nearly spent. In the early morning he fell forward and began to lick snow—he was marked for the white death.

"Let me sleep!" his tired body cried. "Let me die!" his weary spirit echoed.

But Sutherland forced him up and on. When persuasion failed, he slipped his belt and laid on the buckle end. Thus, as men in a dream, they wrought out their travail, and thus, dreamlike, they found themselves gazing stupidly upon an Indian tepee. Now standing out dirty black against the snow, now veiled in fleecy scud, it loomed through the drab of the drift like a mirage or a portion of their dream.

Before its entrance stood a jumper, a native sled, but around the place was neither sound nor sign of life. The flaps were laced with frozen shaganappy thongs, hard as boards; yet somehow Sutherland fumbled them loose and pushed Castle in. Then he followed into the presence of the coldest host that ever welcomed man from storm.

At their feet, stark naked, lay a young Cree squaw, and beside her, wrapped in the blankets she had stripped from her limbs, was a dead papoose. Cold, stiff, hard as statues of bronze, they stared up in Sutherland's face.

"Poor girl!" he muttered, laying his hand on the blanket. "Pony strayed, an' your man went to hunt it. Well, I reckon you don't want these any more."

Here, Castle! Lend a hand to lift her." But Castle was down, and as still as the dead woman.

Sutherland swung his belt. "Get up!" he cried. "Get up! Get up!"

The lad moaned without opening his eyes, and the feeder stood, belt in hand, staring gloomily down upon him. "Clean tuckered out!" he groaned. "What'll I do?"

Through the open flap the fine drift spume poured and powdered alike the quick and the dead. Outside the blizzard thundered wildly by; within the strong man wrestled with a sudden darkling thought. A minute passed—two—then he stepped out and walked rapidly away; but before he had covered a score of yards, he stopped, returned, and bent on his rival the same frowning stare.

Once more he left, resolutely this time, yet halted again at fifty yards and slowly retraced his steps.

About noon of the third day the wind lowered and the drift lightened sufficiently for Père Bayon to make his way as far as Greer's. It was cold yet, to be sure, but a layer of comfortable fat kept the good father snug and warm; so, like a red cheeked Christmas god, he waddled through the snow.

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Greer, when he entered her kitchen. "What brings you out, father?"

"There's something moving over the valley," he answered, closing the storm door. "Lend me your glasses, daughter."

Lettie handed down the binoculars from their place beside the clock, and said: "If you'll wait a minute, I'll go, too."

While she slipped on her moccasins, Père Bayon warmed his hands and looked smilingly on. He was proud of Lettie. He christened her; from him she received her first communion; and his careful hand had trained her until she bloomed like a sun kissed peach on the pleasant side of a convent wall.

"Come along!" she cried. "I'll race you to the stack!"

Under its lea they took shelter from the wind. From their feet the valley sheered down to the drift haze which shrouded the bottoms and the frozen river. They could hear the stream com-

plaining beneath its frozen bonds. Opposite, the bald headlands plumped up, round, swelling, chastely beautiful, like the breast of a proud woman. But something else drew their eyes—a black spot that moved along the farther slope, just where the crowning bank cut the sky line.

"Must be a wolf," Lettie said. "No man would cross the trail that fashion."

The priest was focusing the glasses. "I have known men to do it," he replied.

A moment later an exclamation brought her to his side.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Look yourself."

She raised the glasses, and instantly, through the drab of the drift there loomed up the misty figure of a giant man. He was stumbling along the trail, sometimes on it, more often off, dragging an Indian jumper.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Sutherland! What can have happened?"

"Look again," said the priest.

"He's hauling a sled. Now he's staggering, oh"—catching her breath—"he's fallen! There, he's up again! Now he's made the ravine. He's stretching on the sled—going to coast the hill."

"Needs a clear head," murmured Père Bayon.

Slowly the sled moved off, but soon increased its speed until it fairly flew. Half way down it vanished in a black ravine, and the watchers held their breath; then out from the dark of the trees it swooped like a pouncing hawk, rounded the bottom curve, and shot the bank.

"Where's your father?" hastily inquired the priest.

"Cleaning stables."

"Then run and tell him to hitch the ponies. I'll go on."

He ran heavily down the valley trail, but Lettie made such speed that the ponies overtook him on the flats. A minute later they pulled up at the frozen ford, and Lettie held the lines while her father broke a trail through the drift.

"Why," he exclaimed, "there's two of 'em!"

Swathed in the dead squaw's blankets, Castle lay beside the broken jumper. Over his face Sutherland had thrown an

arm. His own was turned upward to the storm—white, deathly white—with the whiteness of freezing flesh. When moved, he groaned; but neither sob nor sigh told that the spirit yet lingered in the body of the other.

In ten minutes the two were lying in shakedown in Greer's kitchen. Both were badly frozen, and for two long hours the farmer and the priest rubbed, and chafed, and soaked frozen limbs in kerosene, and applied all the remedies proved of prairie surgery. Just before dark, when the sufferers slipped their agony for heavy sleep, Père Bayon straightened his weary back and plodded back to the mission.

"Some one'll have to sit up," said Greer. "They're quiet now, but soon the fever'll take 'em."

"Let me," begged Lettie.

Her mother looked dubious, and remarked tentatively: "They'll mebbe wander a little."

"Oh, I won't mind! An' dad will be in easy call."

After the old folks climbed the stairs to bed, she did feel a little nervous. In the chimney the nor'wester wailed sadly; across the floor black shadows flitted. Outside the drift hissed by. The clouded windows rattled, and about the door every bit of iron was bossed with glittering frost. Yet she sat by the fire, picking pictures from the glowing coals, until a voice babbled into sudden talk.

She rose hastily, every nerve thrilling. Sutherland was sitting up in bed. He had torn the bandage from his face; his red eyes peered into the darkest corner; he spoke in low but earnest tones.

"Get up! Get up! Get up, I say!"

She stepped quickly to the stairs; but before she could call, her own name fell from the man's lips. She hesitated. He called again, gently, and curiosity balanced fear. Quietly closing the door, she tiptoed to his bed.

"Yes?" she said.

He knew her, but incorporated her personality in his dream. "Ah, there she is!" he sighed. "Come for him!" Then, sinking back, he closed his eyes.

But Lettie was not more than seated before he was again unraveling his tangled skein of thought. "I could leave him," he pondered, frowning heavily.

"Who'd know? One night alone, an'—why not?" He swayed from side to side while his heated mind duplicated every detail of the mental struggle in the tepee. Then, with a wild toss of the hands, he cried bitterly:

"God! I promised her to bring him back!"

In this fashion, bit by bit, with many breaks and pauses, Lettie gathered from the man's own lips the story of his love, his trial, and his temptation. As the night wore on and the fire died and the shadows slid forth to play about the room, she came to know him; and when at last gray morning stole through the whitened panes, it found her kneeling by his bed.

On his frost scarred face the chill rays softly fell. One arm lay beneath his head; the sleeve had rolled from the other, baring writhing bands and knots of muscle. She wondered at its strength. His face was thinner, too. Strife, struggle, and mental travail had refined it; his mouth was lined with sorrow. And these lines, as she brooded over him, let loose a flood of love and tender sympathy.

A rosy flush banished the watcher's pallor; her head drooped lower, lower, lower, until its tawny clouds hid his face.

He stirred; but a moment later, when his eyes opened, she was smoothing Castle's pillow. He could not see her face, but he saw her hand fondle the lad's tangled curls. How should he know that it was done for love of *him*? He turned his back and groaned.

"You're in pain?" she asked anxiously.

"A twinge," he answered, and just then Mrs. Greer came down stairs.

"Now you go right to bed, child," she said, "an' get some sleep."

But sleep was not for Lettie. She lay, quietly happy, dreaming her love dreams, until a decent interval elapsed; then, hungry for another look at their subject, she dressed and stole down stairs.

Sutherland's bed was empty.

"He's gone," said her mother, in reply to her startled look. "Jes' wouldn't wait another minute. I never did see sech a man!"

While Lettie, thinking he had felt her

caress, bowed her head in secret shame, Sutherland broke trail to his own place. The storm was over. Far to the south the wild nor'wester was ending its days as a tropical zephyr. Eternal silence wrapped the prairie. All about the bluffs were veiled in shimmering white, the keen air thrilled like wine, the frost set the limbs tingling. Earth, air, and sky blazed; from a million facets the snow cast up the bright sunlight, yet not a single ray pierced the blackness of his soul.

For the next two weeks he lay close, nursing a sick heart and his frosted face. Nothing could tempt him forth—not even the prairie chicken that picked about his door, nor a saucy wolf that daily threw a challenge to his dog. Then, tiring of inaction, he decided to put in the remainder of the winter lumbering on the Shell. He told his mind to his nearest neighbor, but—he did not go. He waited for Castle, faintly hoping he had read the girl wrong; but Castle never came.

So the winter months dragged on like years, and in the middle days of March Sutherland drove into Moosomin for provisions, and for tobacco, of which he now smoked a double share. As he waited his turn in the general store, two women at the counter exchanged the gossip of a county. At first he paid no attention. Like the hum of a hive their voices sounded in his ears until the stouter of the two mentioned Lettie Greer. Then he listened.

"Yes," said the other, "an' who's to marry 'em?"

"Père Bayon, to be sure!"

"Well, seein' as the young man's a Protestant, I thought——"

"Your turn, Sutherland!" broke in the storekeeper. "Tobacco? Must be eating it these days!"

He laughed at his own joke, and chatted while he hustled round. Sutherland answered, but he caught every syllable of the women's talk. One had heard that the young man's father would stock a farm; the other had seen a handsome present from his English sisters. Both had bids to the wedding and nothing fit to wear. Thus they rattled on until, heart sick, he left the store.

"Looks real bad, doesn't he, poor

fellow?" observed the stouter woman, glancing after him.

"He does so," sympathetically agreed the other. "What's he doin' here? Thought he was up the Shell."

"Says he's going to strike farther west tomorrow," commented the storekeeper, which piece of news the women carried to the wedding.

All that night Sutherland tossed and turned, but towards morning he dozed off and slept till the sun shone full upon his window. Then he rose and flung wide the door. A flood of light poured in. The air breathed warm of spring. On bare knolls prairie cocks strutted before admiring hens; Munro's fowls cackled cheerily, a cow bell tinkled down the valley. And as he stood, drinking in the sunshine, away to the north the mission bells began to chime.

At first he thought it the matin, but the lilting measure and the high sun said no. All at once its significance burst in upon him. Slamming the door, he lay down and buried his head, yet, though he shut out the bell's faint music, forth from the blackness shone Lettie's flower face.

He was still there when, two hours later, Castle opened the door.

"Hello, sleepy head!" he called; then, appalled by the face which was raised from the bedclothes, he exclaimed: "Good God, man, are you sick?"

Sutherland passed the question. "You was to have first chance," he said sternly and reproachfully. "You got it. Was there need to leave me here to suffer hell for three long months?"

"But look here, old man," Castle pleaded, "I was sick for a whole month, and Munro said that you'd gone to the Shell."

"Oh, well, it don't matter now," Sutherland answered in tones that were hopelessly dull, and he stared at the opposite wall until Castle asked:

"Aren't you going to wish me joy?"

Sutherland glanced up angrily, and growled: "Would you if I was in your shoes? You've——"

"Say," Castle interrupted, "you surely don't think that I—by George, I believe you do! What a lark! I must tell the girls."

As he ran outside, Sutherland sprang

to follow. "Come back!" he roared. "Come back, I say!" Then he stopped dead, and gasped, for the door opened and Lettie stepped inside.

"I thought it was your—your husband," he stammered.

"My husband?" she echoed wonderingly. "I—I haven't one!"

She stood before him, flushing and paling, trembling like a lily in the wind, and he shook in sympathy. For a moment he was silent, trying to grasp the situation; then he spoke, and the only thing the stupid could think to say was:

"But—but—but he asked you?"

"Yes," she answered, stepping by him to the window, "but he soon—got over it. Look!"

It was a small, low window, and as Sutherland bent their heads almost touched. Outside, in a brand new Portland cutter, sat Kate Howard, and in her ear Castle was whispering something which made her blush and smile.

"Don't they look happy?" Lettie whispered.

And then—and then—and then—ah, well!

AT THE FORD.

HERE, where the ford runs shallow,
Though the flood be swift and wide,
There is footing sure from shore to shore,
And safety in the tide.

The foam on the howling current,
And the water wail you hear
Is sign that the surge is weak and thin,
And the bottom boulders near.

Up by the leaky ferry,
Where the tide is still and deep,
The filmy eyes of danger and death
A ceaseless vigil keep.

Down where the flood is narrow
The souls of all that pass
Are snared in the fingers of the crag
And the hair of the river grass;

But here, where the ebb runs shallow,
Though the ford be swift and wide,
The way is safe from shore to shore
Over the tireless tide.

Heart deep your brother pilgrims
In the tossing rapids stand
To help you on with a guiding word
And up with a helping hand.

And if perchance in darkness
You come to the river edge,
A light is gleaming from eve till dawn
To show you the rock and sedge.

That light is the fire of virtue,
Burning wherever you roam,
And the pilgrim hand is the inner voice
That is come to lead you home.

Oh, follow the fire! Oh, follow
The hand of the brother guide—
And you shall cross from the shade of night
To the safe and sunny side!

Aloysius Coll.

The Clansmen of Scotland.



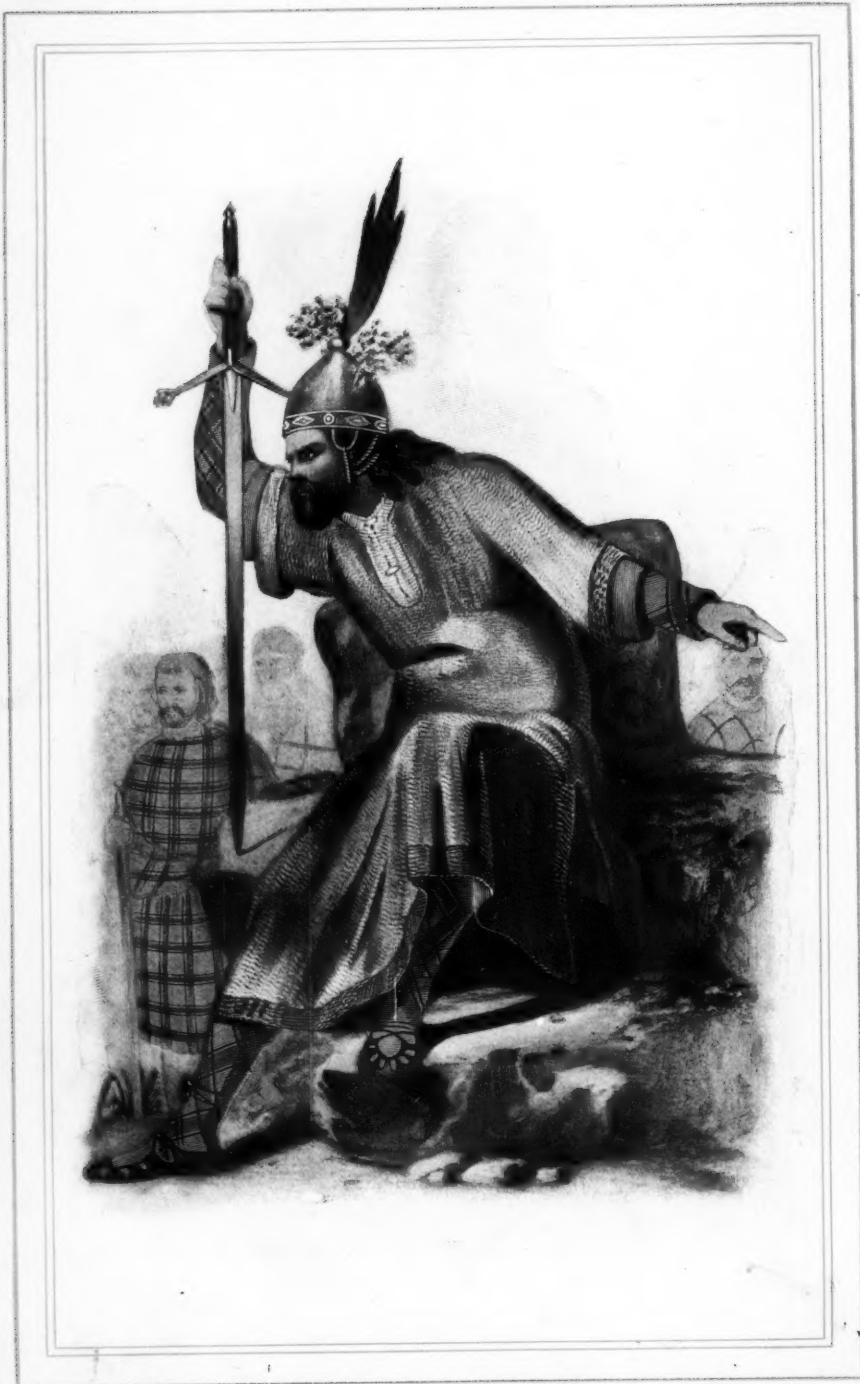
A GILLIE OF THE CLAN GRANT FROM STRATHSPEY, CARRYING A LOAD OF BLACK GAME.



A CHIEF OF THE MACARTHURS DRESSED IN THE ANCIENT SAFFRON COLORED COSTUME OF THE DAOINEUSAL,
OR GENTLEMAN.



A CHIEF OF THE MACIVORS BEARING THE SLEAG OR SHORT SPEAR USED BY THE HIGHLANDERS IN THE SECOND CENTURY.



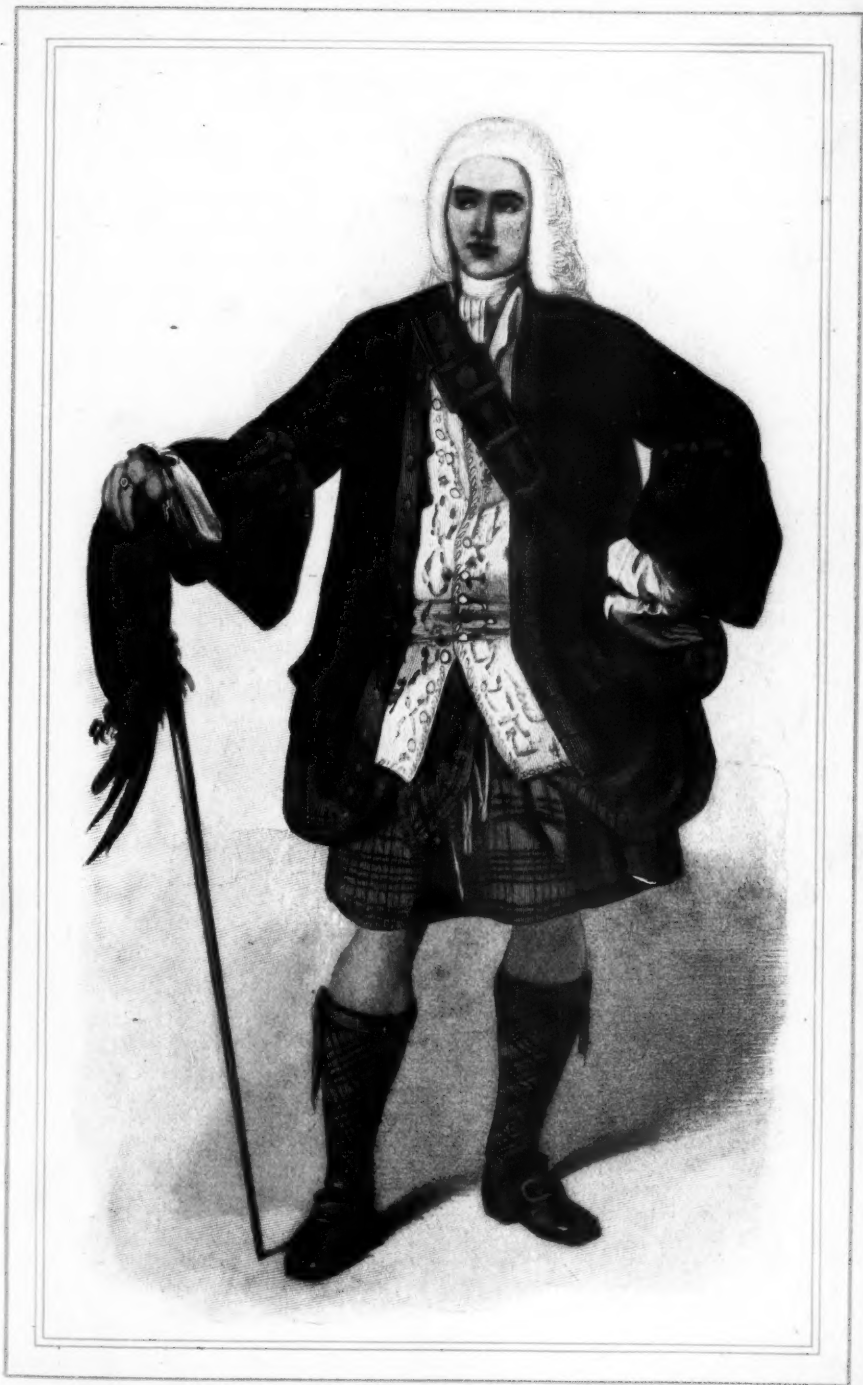
MACDONALD, LORD OF THE ISLES, SITTING IN JUDGMENT ON THE TOM MOID, OR LAW HILL.



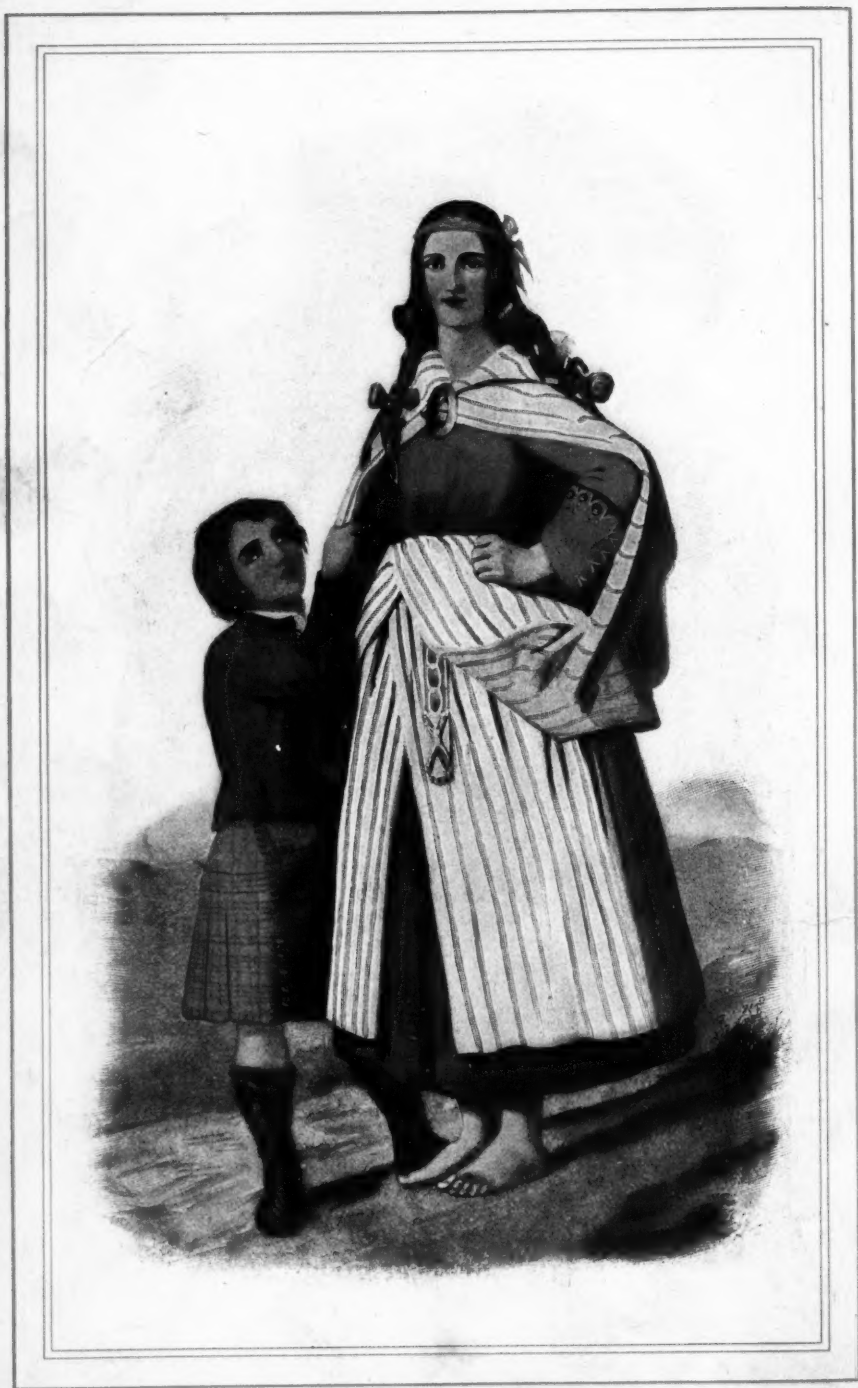
ONE OF THE CLAN MACQUARIE ARMED AS A MEMBER OF THE CEARNAICH, OR BODY OF ARCHERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



ONE OF THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAY WEARING THE WHITE COCKADE OF THE STEWARTS.



THE MACINTOSH DRESSED AS A COURTIER OF THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



A WOMAN OF THE MATHESONS WEARING AN ARISAID, THE OBSOLETE DRESS OF HIGHLAND MATRONS.

The Clansmen of Scotland.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND BY THE MANIPULATION OF NATIVE DYES HAVE MADE FOR THEMSELVES A SERIES OF MULTI-COLORED TARTANS. THESE WITH THEIR BADGES, BATTLE CRIES, AND PIBROCHS SERVE TO DISTINGUISH THE CLANS IN PEACE AND IN BATTLE. OF ALL THE FOLK COSTUMES OF EUROPE THE HIGHLANDER'S TODAY IS THE MOST COSTLY, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

IT were hard for the Lowlander to realize the inspiration that rests in the skirl of the bagpipes, the swish of the Highland kilt, and the glint of the sun on the tartan. To the true son of Scotland, these are as the breath of battle to an aged charger, as the cry of the mother ewe to the wandered lamb, as the smoke of his childhood's home to the returned prodigal. Sensitive though sentimental, emotional while reserved, the Scotsman to the third and fourth generation reacts to the sight of his nation's garb as a babe to its mother's crooning.

To explain this high sentiment of the Scot it is necessary to remember that all the wearers of a clan tartan are members of the same family, common descendants of a common father. The Gaelic word *clann* means seed, or children. The MacArthurs are all sons of the far back chieftain Artair. The MacDonalds of the Isles are all blood kinsmen of that Donald who sheltered Robert the Bruce in Dunavertie.

So, when a MacArthur sees the green tartan traversed with the yellow bar of his clan, or a MacDonald discovers the red crossed with green, the heart of each leaps at the sight of a brother, a brother in blood as well as in sentiment.

Two thousand years ago there were twenty one of these families inhabiting North Britain. From them have descended all the hundred clans of Scotland.

THE CLAN TARTAN.

Originally a huge blanket, belted round the waist and carried over the head and shoulders, the Highland dress has developed into the most ornate and

most complicated costume in existence. In its earliest form the dress was blanket colored, made of the wool of the sheep, undyed and indistinguishable. With time the Highlanders learned to dye their cloth with the roots and barks of their native flora. Their blacks were obtained from the bark of the alder tree, their blues from the blaeberry, their greens from the broom and the whin bark, their reds from the rock lichen, and their yellows from the root of the ash tree and bracken. The heather mixed with alum gave them their darkest green, the dandelion their magenta, and the bramble their dark orange.

With these the Highlanders worked curious designs on their cloth, and every clan came to have its own tartan—or *breacan*, as it is called in the Gaelic. By means of these was every family distinguished, and the various members of the family differentiated. There was the clan tartan, worn by every member of a common family; the chief's tartan, worn only by himself and his immediate heir; the dress tartan, for occasions of state; the hunting tartan, for use in the hills; and the mourning tartan, worn when death had robbed the clan of its chief, or *daoinneusal*.

BADGES AND BATTLE CRIES.

In addition, each clan chose for itself a badge, or *suaicheantas*, as a further aid to identification. The MacQuaries wore in their bonnets a sprig of the Scots fir; the MacArthurs, a branch of wild myrtle; the MacDonalds of the Isles, a slip of heather. The Stewarts carried the thistle as their badge and gave it as a national emblem to Scotland.

These badges were common to the entire clan. The Scots fir, badge of the Clan Alpine, was worn by all the subsidiary families—the MacGregors, the Grants, MacKinnons, MacNabs, MacPhies, MacQuaries, and MacAulays. The wild myrtle, badge of the Clan Campbell, was worn by all of its contributory clans. All of the Clan Chattan carried the red whortleberry or boxwood. This was the badge of the MacPhersons, the MacIntoshes, the MacDuffs, the MacBeans, the Shaws, the MacGillivrays, the Davidsons, and the MacQueens. In great enterprises the clans marched to battle under the clan *suaicheantas*. In smaller excursions, the tartan served to distinguish them.

CATHGHAIRM AND PIBROCHS.

In addition to the differences in tartans and badges, every clan had its own battle cry and its own pipe music. The cries, or *cathghairm*, as the Highlanders call them, were taken as a rule from some place-name indicative of the locality in which their homes lay.

The Campbells rushed to battle with the cry "Cruchan!" from the giant mountain shadowing their fastnesses along Loch Awe. The rallying cry of the MacIntoshes was "Loch Moidh!"—the Lake of Meeting. The Grants yelled "Craig Elachai!"—the hill in Strath Spey overlooking their country. Some of the clans chose their *cathghairm* from a clan peculiarity. The MacQuaries dashed to the charge with the battle cry "*An t-Arm Breac Dearg!*"—"the army of the checkered red"—in reference to their tartan. The Gordons shouted "A Gordon! A Gordon!" The Camerons cried, "*Chlanna nan con thigibh a so's gheibh sibh feoil!*"—"Sons of the hounds, come here and get flesh!" The Mathesons chose as their *cathghairm* the cry: "*Dail ach'a'n da thear nà!*"—"the field between the two hills." In this plain the Mathesons gathered for battle, and it was a tradition in the clan that no luck would be theirs did they muster elsewhere. With these and the clan pipe music, every family of Highlanders was easily and definitely distinguishable.

Each clan has its own gathering music, its march or pibroch, and its laments. The Camerons march to "The Pibroch

of Donald Dubh," the Campbells to "The Campbells Are Coming," the Grants to "Stand Fast Craigellachie," the Stewarts to the march "My King Has Landed at Moidart."

Each of the pibrochs records some famous deed of the clan, or some great chieftain's prowess in the past. As the post of piper is hereditary in Highland clans, the pibrochs have been handed down from father to son from the remotest times to the present day. With them have come the traditions of the family, its past greatnesses, its victories, and its history of failure and success. Its laments record its saddest days, its direst losses.

No nation possesses so vast a storehouse of family history as do these Highlanders of Scotland. The Campbells wail "The Marquis' Lament," and the MacIntoshes "The MacIntosh's Lament," as dolefully in Canada or in Australia, and with as true a knowledge of the events upon which they are founded, as do the gillies on the banks of Loch Awe or on the braes of Lochaber. Each Highland heart beats to the music of its own clan as certainly today as ever in the past.

THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," tells how Flora MacIvor sang to him the "Roll Call of the Clans." As a "gathering" it may be taken as a fair translation of the songs which fire the blood of the Gordons and the Camerons in the presence of the Afridis, the Boers, and the dervishes of the twentieth century, as truly as they did the warring clans of five hundred years ago.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his fire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires and endure it no more!

"Lochaber No More" brought tears

to the eyes of the Highland soldiery over the grave of General Wauchope at Magerfontein as sincerely as ever it did on Highland moor by the graveside of the chief.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE KILT.

In considering the development of the Highland dress it is probably easiest to begin with the long saffron garment worn by the chiefs and *daoinuasat* of the middle ages. This was a garment of a single piece, made of fine linen, and containing some thirty yards of material. As a consequence, it was reserved for the use of men of wealth and position in the clan. Although not a warlike garment, it seems to have been used in battle; since in the records of the Gordons it is told how Angus, chief of the Clan Chattan, was shot by one of the Earl of Badenoch's men, who had distinguished him by reason of his being "cloathed in a yellow war coate." In this garment kilt and plaid were one.

A modification of the blanket colored garment worn by the MacArthur is the tunic of MacIvor. In the old burial grounds of the Highlands the monumental effigies of the chiefs most frequently wear this dress. A sash wound round the body acted as a belt to bind the cloak and as a baldrick from which to hang the *clai'mor*, or sword of the Highlander. The spear in MacIvor's right hand is of a pattern eighteen hundred years old. It might be used as a stabbing spear, or could be thrown as a Zulu throws his assegai. The small round shield, or target, of the Highlander appears in different patterns throughout all the existing pictures of men in battle array. It was invariably round, covered with hide, and studded with nails. Sometimes it was carried in the hand as a defense against missiles, frequently it was worn buckled to the arm as a protection against *clai'mors* and battle spears.

The MacDonalds of the Isles are heirs to the long time separate kingdom of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In 1544 Donald Du, chief of the clan, crossed to Ireland with four thousand men, transported in one hundred and eighty galleys. Most of these warriors were clothed in habergeons of

mail. This shirt of mail was the common defensive armor of the Highlanders. It covered the warrior from neck to ankle and is of the same pattern as that adopted by the Romans, according to Varro, from the Gauls. Underneath the body armor the Highlanders wore a leather doublet, the cuffs of which were made of the tartan of the clan.

THE MACDONALDS OF THE ISLES.

These MacDonalds of the Isles maintained a deal of state in the middle ages. Their chief made treaties with the king of Scotland or allied himself against the ruler of the mainland as best suited the policy of the moment. He commanded an army of ten thousand men and with these made many bloody marks in the history of Scotland.

As Lord of the Isles the chief of the MacDonalds sat in judgment on the Tom Moid or law hill, dressed in his shirt of mail, wearing the *clogaid*, or skull cap, ornamented with the clan badge of heather and the eagle's wing of his chieftainship. Round the rim of his cap was set a circlet of cairngorms as emblem of his lordship. In his right hand was the *claidheamh*, the early war sword of the Highlanders; in his mouth was the authority of an emperor.

The MacQuaries are of royal blood, sons of Alpine. They were fierce fighters and excellent archers. Drawing his bow to the breast instead of to the ear as did the Saxon, the Highlander was no mean marksman, and as a hunter his reputation was superior to that of the Englishman of the south. In the war outfit of four hundred years ago the Highlanders—if *cearnaich*, or bowmen—carried a yew bow and a quiver of wattle work or badger skin. The bows were ruder contrivances than those of the Englishmen, but strong and deadly in the hands of experienced archers.

The target has passed through more transmutations than any other Highland weapon. A light shield, it followed the whims and the physical idiosyncrasies of the wearer. Held by a handle in the center of the boss, strapped to the arm, gripped by the hilt of a projecting spear, the target assumed a hundred forms. In some was a steel contrivance for the entanglement of an adversary's weapon,

in others a stabbing spear for offensive use in battle.

The great two handed *clai'mor* of the Highlander was a clumsy weapon carried slung at the back, with the hilt projecting over the shoulder of the warrior.

A distinctive feature of the Highland dress was the buskins, ~~or cuarans~~. Those were the boots of the Scottish warriors. Their manufacture was speedy and simple—a mystery to the slower minded English. Placing his foot on the skin of a deer or the hide of a bullock, hair outward, the clansman cut out a portion suited to his purpose. This he doubled over the toe, outward and inward across the foot and upward behind the heel. A thong of hide run through eyelets made of the whole a boot. The MacIvor wears badger heads as an additional embellishment, the MacQuarie possesses buskins of cowhide, and the boy of the Matheson clan *cuarans* of deer skin.

The MacGillivrays suffered in their long fight for the House of Stewart. He of the picture wears the white cockade of the Jacobites. His *breacan an fheile* is the old fashioned belted plaid made of some ten or twelve square yards of tartan, held round the waist by a belt and tucked over the shoulder as is the modern plaid. Their clan country is Inverness shire, near the lands of the MacIntoshes.

The Mathesons have sunk from their ancient high state. The clan name originally meant "heroes," and records show that the family did not lack heroines. In the days when they occupied Lochalsh, a district of Ross shire, a woman of the family hid her husband in the folds of her dress and, so hidden, carried him through the lines of his enemy. The woman of the picture wears a dress of the kind that made this ruse possible. Belted round the waist, this dress, or *arisaid*, was carried over the shoulders in ample folds and held tight by a brooch over the breast. It was picturesque, convenient.

The MacIntoshes, sons of the Thane of Fife, have carved their name with the *clai'mor* into the history of Scotland. Along with the MacPhersons they claim the honor of having been the branch of the Clan Chattan who fought with the Clan Dhail on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, as told by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth." The MacIntosh of the illustration wears the Highland court dress of the beginning of the eighteenth century, a much ornamented and elaborated costume.

THE CHARM OF THE TARTAN.

Today the kilt is preserved as the uniform of the Highland regiments in the British army. In the war with the Boers, when the War Office ordered a transformation from kilts to khaki, there came near to being a mutiny, and the authorities were glad to compromise matters by compelling the wearing of a khaki apron over the blue-black kilt of the Black Watch and the yellow striped kilt of the Gordons. Behind that apron the stout legs of the Highlanders have carried them to death at Magersfontein and Paardekraal, to victory at Johannesburg and Pretoria.

Made a transportable offense in 1747, the wearing of the tartan has become for Highlanders a matter of conscience as was the maintenance of the covenant to the Lowlanders of the west and south. Today it lives as the garb of the finest soldiers the world possesses, as the costume of Scottish gamekeepers and gillies, as the hereditary vestment of the clan pipers and minstrels, as the dress of the retainers of the oldest Highland families.

To the Scotsman the tartan speaks of the mist on the hills, of swift rushing streams and heather clad mountains, of lonely moor stretches and cozily nestled clachans, of the cry of the grouse and the wail of the whaup, of the gentle Scots tongue and the call of the mother land.

RESPITE.

THE tired child at twilight gently creeps
Into the arms of love, and softly sleeps.
Oh, may my soul, weary with life's play,
Feel the kind arms of death, and sleep till day.

Hallam Lee.

Concerning Clever Women.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A SKETCH OF THE TRULY CULTIVATED WOMAN AND OF THE WOMAN WHO ONLY PRETENDS TO CULTURE—HOW THE TWO TYPES MAY BE DISTINGUISHED IN THIS AGE OF FEMININE ENDEAVOR.

THIS is indeed an age of marvelous achievement. I often wonder whether the historian of the future will call the period in which we now live the "electric age," the "expansion age," or the "age of feminine endeavor." Any of these titles would be justifiable, but my own choice would be the last named, for surely there has never been a time when woman was so much in evidence as now. Her brilliancy is generally acknowledged in a hundred different fields of effort, while her own especial sphere, that of society, is fairly filled to overflowing with clever members of her sex.

Indeed, there are so many clever women in the country that I firmly believe that the gentlemen employed to gather statistics for the next census will inquire in every house how many of them the family contains; and I can assure them that when they reach the brown-stone district of New York in the prosecution of their duties they will discover an amount of feminine capacity that will surprise them. But to make their statistics strictly accurate, they will need some official standard by which to determine just which women are entitled to be rated in the category of genius.

THE TESTS OF GENIUS.

It will be no easy matter to prepare wholly satisfactory tests, nor could I at this moment suggest a series of questions which could be used in a house to house canvass. I may say, however, that the first query to be put to a woman of pretended cleverness is, "Has she creative gifts of any description?" Of course, if she can write real poetry, or

act, or paint with the feeling of an artist and the technique of one who has mastered her craft, then the question is settled at once and forever. But if, on the other hand, this leading inquiry be answered in the negative, the census taker should next demand, "What can she do, then?"

To this there must be some definite reply. If her sponsors can say nothing of her, except that she is a "bright conversationalist," or "knows such a lot about art," or "has met a number of distinguished people," or "is one of the very brightest girls in society, and so very well read," then it is pretty safe to regard her case as hopeless. Well bred, warm hearted, or agreeable she may be, but no more entitled to take rank as a woman of real cleverness than she would be on the strength of having a brother in law who worked in a glue factory.

I do not think that I demand too much of the clever woman. The creative gift is so rare that it is seldom taken into account in considering the attainments of the modern woman of society; but the really clever woman should have an appreciation of the particular field of art in which she has won her renown. I positively refuse to admit the cleverness of one whose fame is founded on her ability to remark, with a careless air of self confidence: "That picture does not look to me like a real Daubigny; it is not quite in his genre;" or, "Matthew Arnold was so insistent in his criticism." It is very easy to read a few critical essays and then retail fragments of them at luncheons and afternoon teas, but real cleverness signifies a good deal more than mere vocal juggling with half di-

gested scraps of information about books and pictures.

CULTURE, REAL AND IMITATION.

The woman who is really clever, from a literary standpoint, is the one who reads because she enjoys it, and not in order to procure fresh ammunition for an all too ready tongue. I am much more inclined to be suspicious of her who sets the conversational ball rolling with a platitude about Balzac than of her less pretentious sister who talks frankly about "David Harum" or "Richard Carvel"; for the simple reason that most well read persons of adult years are likely to be thinking of the freshest book, rather than of the one that was printed so long ago that it has ceased to be a topic for current discussion. Moreover, the very sound of the names of Emerson, Balzac, Carlyle, or Matthew Arnold suggests to my mind that empty and meretricious "Culture" school of thought.

Fashionable art chatter is, in my opinion, a social disease unworthy of serious discussion. I will say, however, that a fairly intelligent mocking bird can be taught enough about "breadth of treatment," "atmosphere," and "middle distance," within six months, to enable that worthy biped to make a presentable appearance in select fashionable circles, and, possibly, to gain a reputation for "cleverness."

In the office of one of our most famous humorous publications is an institution known to the members of the staff as the "crucible." It is a room that contains only one table, without any drawers in it, a chair, and drawing materials. It is reached by a door leading directly from the private office of the art manager, a gentleman whose sunny Scottish temperament has been slightly soured through a life devoted to the judgment of funny pictures. The artist who seeks employment on this paper, and gives evidence of possible ability, is placed in the crucible and told to make a picture. There, in the awful silence of this remote chamber, and in the solitude which is disturbed only by the occasional furtive visits of the art manager, he must work out his own destiny. There are no files of foreign publications from

which, with a ready sheet of tracing paper, he may transfer a striking figure to his own paper. He must prove that he knows how to draw without the kindly aid of *Fliegende Blätter* or the *Petit Journal pour Rire*.

I have often wished that the crucible could be introduced into society. In it I would place the person of literary or artistic affectation, with no other companion or resource except a new book or a picture by a new artist; and at the end of a certain time I would have that person led blindfolded from the crucial chamber to the very heart of a fashionable conversation, and there compelled to talk. I am convinced that a few experiments of this kind would completely destroy many established reputations.

THE "SALONS" OF TODAY.

After all, the real and crucial test of a clever woman is the company she keeps. My suspicions take alarm when her reputation for brilliancy is supported by the statement that "her house is a rendezvous for so many celebrated and interesting people," for I well know that most of her geese are pretty sure to be swans, or most of her swans geese, as we may prefer to read the proverb. When I hear this, my first impulse is to ask what particular men and women of distinction make her home their favorite gathering place.

If I find that her supposed celebrities are artistic impostors, or insincere, pretentious amateurs in art, then I know that under no circumstances can she be called a clever woman. She may possess a kind heart, which leads her to be hospitable to those whom she regards as unfortunate; she may possess such a sympathetic nature as to believe in them in spite of adversity, and she may even be thoroughly well bred; but she is not clever. How can a woman so ignorant of the fundamental laws of society, so lacking in the intuitive perceptions common to her sex that she cannot distinguish between the true man and the false, the artist and the poseur—how can such a woman be regarded as clever?

It is not always an easy matter for a woman to choose wisely in her own particular social grade; but when she endeavors to create a following from the

ranks of persons brought up under conditions vastly unlike her own, men and women whose lives have been shaped by influences which she cannot even comprehend, then she is to be pitied as one rushing in where an angel of good judgment might well fear to tread.

For this reason the lion hunting microbe generally finds lodgment in an ill balanced brain. There is a yard stick standing in the corner of every so called salon in New York, and it plays an important part, too, in the work of assembling the Sunday night congress of talent and genius. Without it the ambitious hostess would be unable to measure the names of the musical and dramatic artists on the fence posters, and her salon would therefore be likely to suffer in point of true distinction.

THE LION HUNTER'S WEAKNESSES.

In order to realize how hollow are the pretensions of a literary and artistic leader of this type, you have only to try to interest her in the work of some unknown artist. You will find her about as sympathetic and responsive as a scallop. If, however, you desire to see her face light up with the eager glow of intellectuality, tell her that you are the bosom friend of the widely advertised singer or actor who is due on next week's steamer.

There have been a great many salons in New York within my own recollection, but at the present moment I do not recall the name of a single man or woman of present distinction who owes any-

thing to any one of them. On the other hand, our newsboys and bootblacks, who have no salon whatever, have discovered and encouraged with their appreciative applause some of the very best artists on our stage.

The woman who is fooled by the poseur and the quack is not of necessity lacking in either kindness or good breeding; but she has one trick, besides claiming to be clever, of which she should rid herself. When it has been proved, even to her satisfaction, that the gentleman who, through her credulity has foisted himself upon her suffering friends, is nothing more or less than a preposterous humbug, she reluctantly takes refuge in her last stronghold and declares that he is "very interesting." For my own part, I have a much higher opinion of the cleverness of a woman who frankly admits that she has made a mistake than of the one who persists in clinging to an exposed fraud simply because it was she who "brought him out."

As to the really clever women of New York who manage their homes and their husbands, too, and whose judgment of the men and women with whom they are brought in contact is marked by un-failing good sense; whose appreciation of the beautiful and agreeable sides of life is keen and true, and who draw towards themselves the very best society that the town affords, the essay which shall fitly celebrate their charm and worth has yet to be written. They, however, are the really clever women of society.

THE SWEETS O' NOON.

The sweets o' noon encompass me;
Above me burns a gold bright sea
Of honeyed air; 'mid flowers I fling
Myself and watch the cloud fleets wing
Their way to ports of mystery.

What reck I of the wars that be,
Of state or empire's agony?
More dear than rights of czar or king,
The sweets o' noon.

Dream drugged in blissful apathy,
I hear June's magic jubilee
Through all the woodland's echoing—
While round about me throb and swing,
Lush rhymes, ambrosial poetry,
The sweets o' noon.

Mary T. Waggaman.

A Possible Prime Minister.

BY HAROLD PARKER.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, THE BUSINESS MAN OF THE PRESENT BRITISH ADMINISTRATION, AND THE CHAMPION OF EXPANSION—THE SUCCESSION TO THE PREMIERSHIP SEEMS TO LIE BETWEEN HIM AND ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

IN a consideration of British politicians two men hold the center of the canvas—Joseph Chamberlain and Arthur James Balfour. In the public mind those two statesmen are viewed as natural opponents, yet are they excellent friends. Chamberlain, the radical, born in London and identified with Birmingham, differs so much in character and origin from Balfour, the Scotsman and aristocrat, that their rivalry seems an essential. As a matter of fact, those very differences make friendship possible.

Mr. Chamberlain's real enemy in the cabinet of Lord Salisbury is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer. Mr. Balfour is too much of a philosopher to permit personal distinctions to disturb political amenity. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on the other hand—tall, thin, alert, bitter, and fiery—regards Mr. Chamberlain's presence in the Conservative camp as an insult and an intrusion. The enmity of those two has been ill disguised through the seven years they have sat together on the Treasury bench.

Never once in all these years have Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain been openly at variance on the floor of the House of Commons. Yet is their rivalry one upon which the country might be divided. Since the death of the Home Rule agitation, Liberal Unionism has represented but a small portion of the voters of the country, yet are there sixty eight avowed Liberal Unionists in the House of Commons. Those may be taken as the personal followers of Mr. Chamberlain, nominated by him, and encouraged to positions of power in the country. Their preponderance in the councils of the nation constitutes the gravest charge brought against Mr.

Chamberlain by Conservatives who have not fully accepted the alliance with the Liberal Unionists.

Old Conservatives of the type of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resent the enthusiasm with which Mr. Chamberlain assists his personal followers up the ladder of political advancement. Mr. Balfour is a friend. Mr. Chamberlain is a patron. And in the distinction one realizes the difference between the two men.

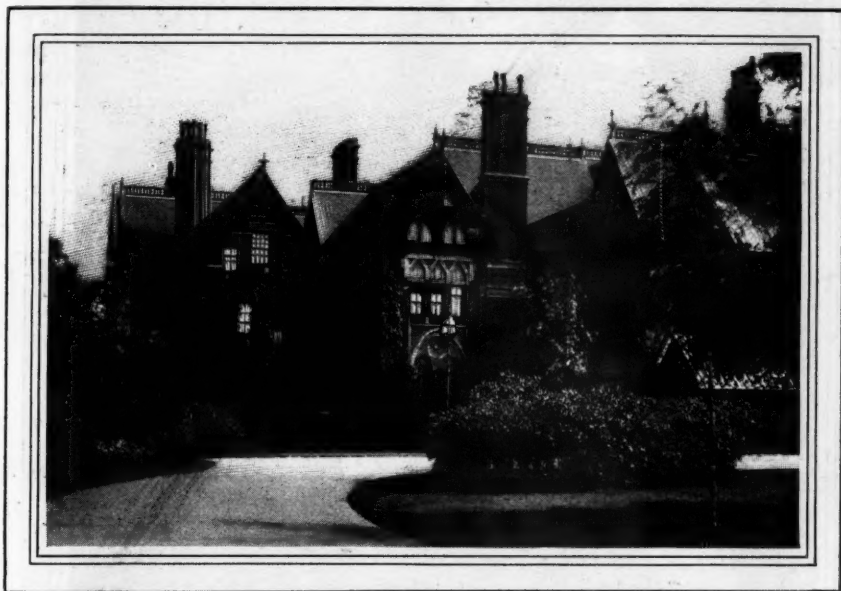
The strongest of the young men of Parliament is George Wyndham, recently under secretary for war, now chief secretary for Ireland. In a cursory glance at the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham at once holds the attention of the spectator. Tall, slight, graceful, with the face of an aristocrat, lighted by deep blue eyes and framed in a mass of thick black hair, Mr. Wyndham stands out from his fellows as a leader of men. Some years ago he was private secretary to Mr. Balfour. In the natural course of events, Mr. Balfour should have seconded a man of such outstanding ability for a position in the government, but it was years afterward before he received his first under secretaryship. Mr. Balfour advanced his claims, but did not push them, and, when the administration was complete, all he said was, "I am sorry for poor George." Had Mr. Wyndham been a protégé of Mr. Chamberlain, his inclusion in the government would have been made a cabinet issue.

Years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was mayor of Birmingham, he was a Radical and a Republican. The country dreaded the result of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Birmingham during his mayoralty. Today, thirty years

later, Mr. Chamberlain stands along with the Kaiser Wilhelm as the most remarkable exponent of empire in Europe.

Yet has he lost none of his sway in Birmingham. It is an undeniable testimonial to his personal worth that he is

he looks forty at the distance of a few paces. His hair is abundant, with scarcely a streak of gray. His figure is light and alert, his complexion pale and clear. One of the best dressed men in the House of Commons, he looks young among the stout statesmen ten and



HIGHBURY, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

best liked and most respected by the people among whom he has lived since his boyhood, and in whose civic affairs he has taken a very active part. He is the most popular man in the city of steel and machinery. His word is the word of an emperor, and his influence the power of a personal ruler.

With time, this influence has spread all over Great Britain, and indeed throughout the great empire which he has done so much to knit together. At the last general election Mr. Chamberlain determined the issue. His speeches decided the result. Britain's policy to-day in foreign affairs, in colonial matters, and at home, is Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

The man who has so impressed his personality upon his generation is a product of the nineteenth century, a keen business man rather than a statesman. A man of sixty six years of age,

twenty years his junior. A closer view reveals a face wrinkled with the lines of anxiety, a mouth held tight by the strength of a powerful will, a countenance worn and anxious. Joseph Chamberlain has paid the full price for his place of power in Great Britain.

Some two years ago a London newspaper submitted Mr. Chamberlain's character to a phrenologist, a physiognomist, a palmist, and a graphologist. Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell, the phrenologist, wrote:

Mr. Chamberlain has a comparatively small head. He has not that mental greatness, that powerful grasp, that impersonal enthusiasm, that make a man more clever, more than merely successful. Mr. Chamberlain is impelled by his immense ambition to turn his sharp intellect to the fullest possible account. His chief fault is over confidence in himself.

The physiognomist said:

The face as a whole is indicative of a mental force, contest, ambition, and perspicacity.



Mr. Joseph
Chamberlain

The Duchess of
Devonshire

The Duke of
Devonshire

Mrs. Joseph
Chamberlain

Sir T. H.
Sanderson

Sir C.
Hamilton

A HOUSE PARTY AT HIGHBURY.

The palmist said:

The square palm denotes a practical, energetic, and disciplinarian disposition. The knotted fingers indicate a strong tendency to search for and collect facts—a tendency admirably served by more than ordinary powers of analysis, observation, and calculation. A remarkable will power, independence of thought, and ambition impel him to almost restless activity.

The graphologist, who studied his handwriting, discovered in it deceit and hypocrisy:

A peculiarity is that no redeeming traits are to

be found, either of mind or heart. There is no capacity for tenderness and affection; and in spite of the selfishness so plainly proclaimed, the writer is too distrustful of every one to be able to enjoy life with any zest. The writing is that of one possessed of intense cunning, but lacking imagination to evolve great schemes.

Such is the man who stands out today as a leader in Great Britain. Misunderstood by his contemporaries, posterity will have a difficult task to assign him his true position in the affairs of his time.

INGRATITUDE.

THE swirling print of paddles left behind,
The dimpling water, by the breezes fanned;
The sudden stretch of reaches that unwind,
Like ribbons leading into fairyland;

The slender boughs that stoop to kiss the tide,
The night wind laden with the scent of dew—
These are the things that are the goal and guide
Of whosoever loves the lithe canoe.

At dawn to see the stealthy tide come in,
To watch the glow of morning grow, until
The first white shafts of wakened sunlight win
The wood fringed summit of a distant hill;

To see, majestic in the saffron west,
The sovereign sun fast sinking on the view
Mid clouds that close like curtains on his rest—
These are his joys who loves the lithe canoe.

To bank red cushions at the slender bow,
With skilful sweep to bring his craft to land,
To see a girl awaiting him, and now
A moment with his own to touch her hand;

To hear the whispered word at last confessed,
To win where fear had half forbid him woo,
To let the patient current do the rest—
This is his luck who loves the lithe canoe.

To find one day among the reeds a slim,
Forgotten craft that months have warped and dried;
To smile, in half remembrance of the dim
Enchanted hours that saw it stem the tide;

To say, perhaps, and in a laughing vein,
"All this were not, had it not been for you!"
To turn, and so forget his debt again—
This is his shame who loved the lithe canoe!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

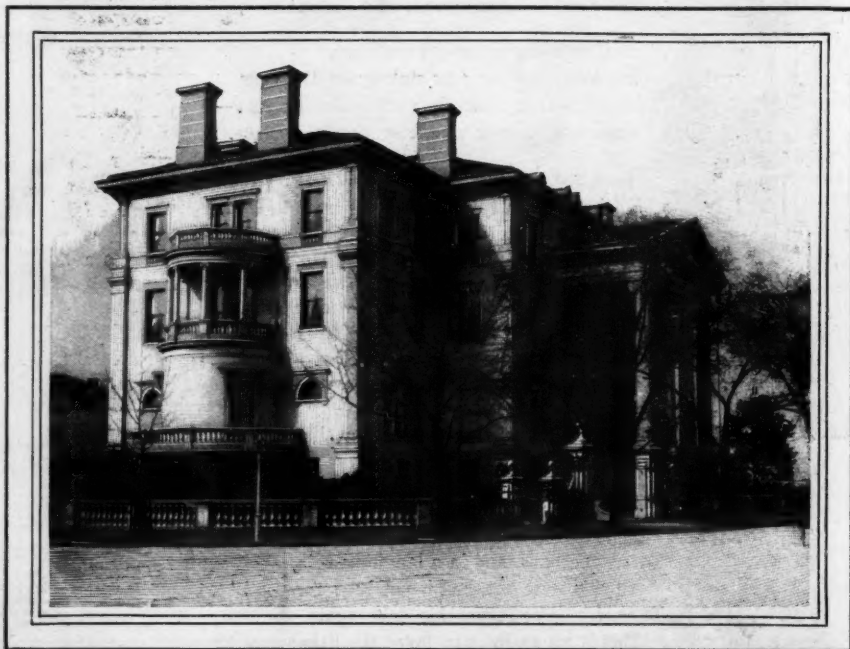
The Capital City.

BY JOHN BRENT.

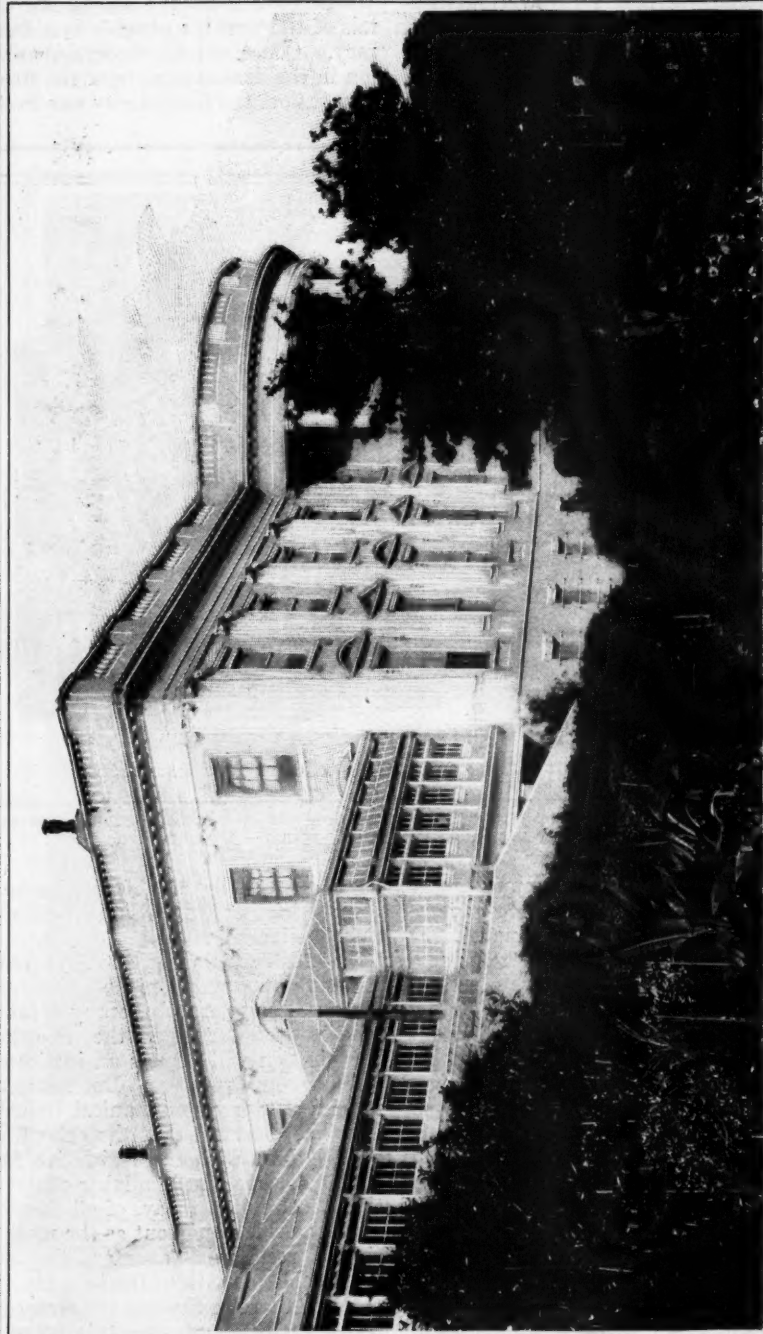
WASHINGTON, THE PEERLESS RESIDENTIAL CITY OF THE UNITED STATES, POSSESSES CLAIMS ON THE STUDENT, THE SCIENTIST, AND THE MAN OF CULTURE AND LEISURE THAT ARE NOT POSSESSED BY ANY OTHER CITY OF THE UNION.

IT is the noon hour of an April day—the hour when the modern city, rising from its labor stretches itself and yawns out its weariness in hoarse siren calls and steamy eruptions; but the city beneath lies placid, serene. Not for it are the guttural vulgarities of a metropolis of industry. It is Washington, the dignified capital of a world power, the place consecrated to the finer instincts of a cultured nation—the City of a Grateful Silence.

Through the timid green of the trees one gazes down upon a rich collection of churches, houses, universities, and schools. Out to the left the gilded cupola of the Congressional Library gleams with the inspiration of the spring-time sun. To the right the austere finger of the Washing-



DUPONT CIRCLE, WITH THE LEIFER HOUSE IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE MODEST PORCHWAY OF THE COLONIAL WHITE HOUSE, SPEAKING FOR THE SIMPLICITY OF A GREAT NATION'S CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

ton Monument points unwaveringly upward. In the center rests the Capitol, cold, calm, impressive, the emblem of a nation's settled convictions.

Between and around glitter the slate

Washington is unique among the capitals of the world, a paradox in a democracy. Conceived by George Washington in the darksome days of the French Revolution, the federal city was to have



THE MADISON MANSION, H STREET AND MADISON PLACE, NOW THE COSMOS CLUB—HERE, AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, DOLLY MADISON LIVED AS THE LEADER OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

roofs of a wealthy community, the warm red tiles of a hospitable generation. The encircling haze is marred by no smoky smêar from sacrilegious factory, nor are the gentle hills of Maryland anywhere disfigured by intruding chimney stacks or haggard tenement blocks. The panorama is everywhere consistent in its purity, in its perfect restfulness.

Here, where the Carnegie Institute will ultimately stand, is the holy calm of the country. High above the queer roes' eggs of the Naval Observatory lazily floats a buzzard. From the surrounding knolls comes the singing of birds, from the hidden valley of the Potomac the homely clatter of the farmyard. No ruder sound obtrudes itself. It is a place to study and to pray.

Born of a Congressional resolution,

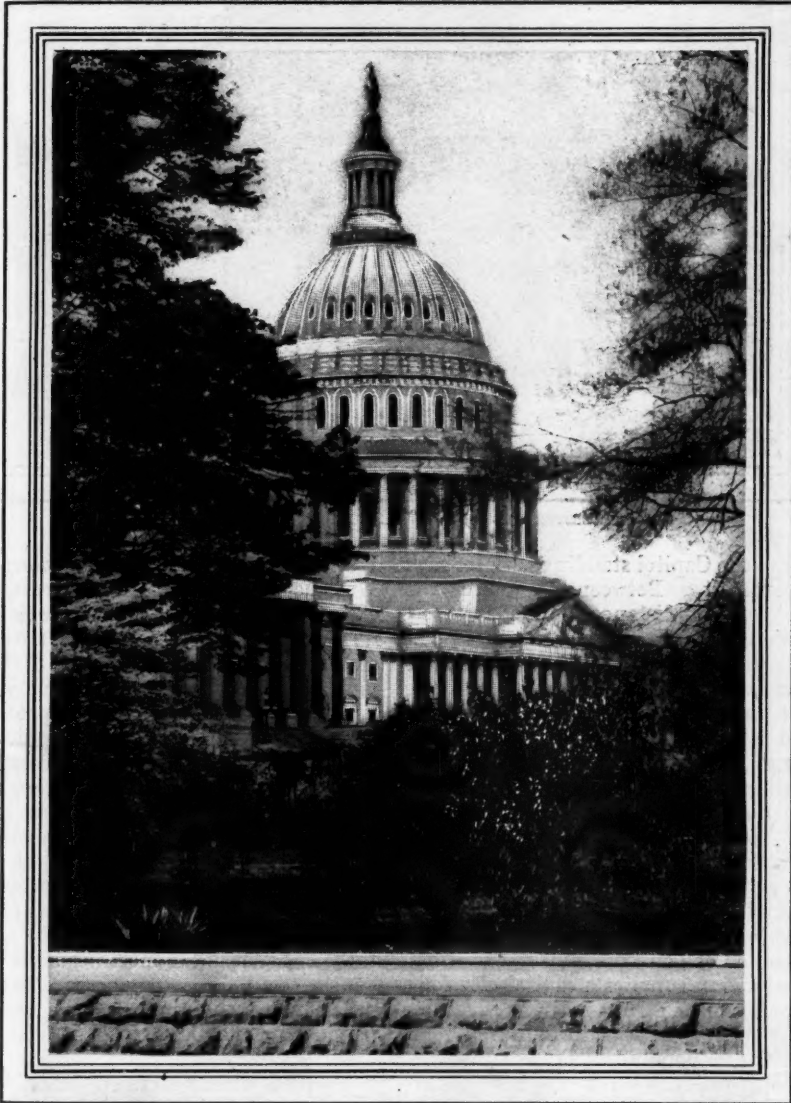
been a defensible seat of government, a hive of industry, and the seat of a national university.

Thanks to L'Enfant, the Frenchman, Washington was made defensible against any revolutionary rabble. Thanks to Carnegie, the Scotsman, Washington will possess an institute, a mother of universities. But never will it be a center of mechanical industry. Men have learned that the calm which accords best with the legislative function is hard to find in a labor center; so that Washington today, of all the cities of the world, stands out as the most desirable residential quarter, the most practicable place in which to study.

Down there in the city the streets are laid out with a strange regularity of design. Wherever avenues intersect, there will be found a little park or grassy cir-

cle. These are the sites designed by L'Enfant for his artillery, should the Federal government ever be threatened by a Commune. From each little plot a whole series of streets can be swept.

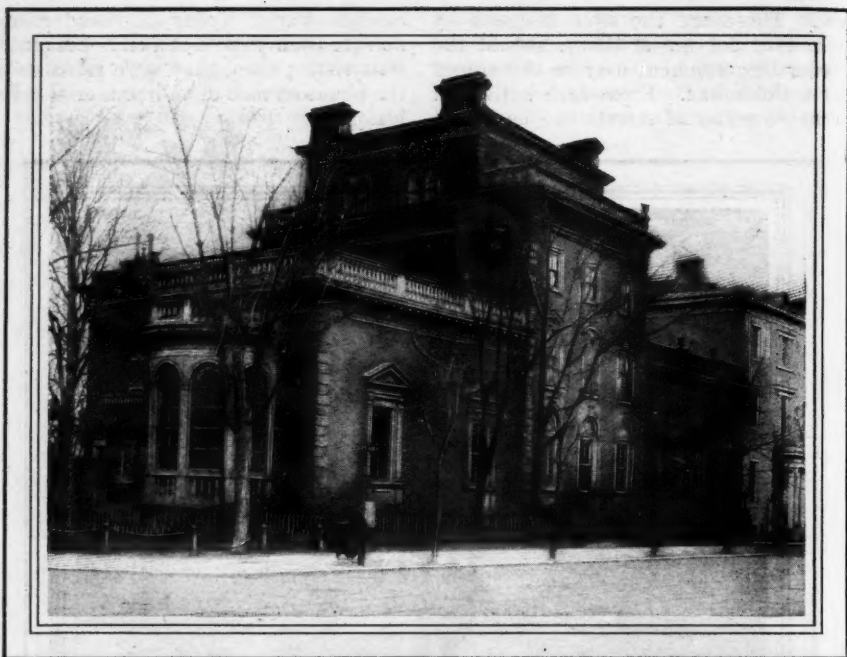
capital—Paris. Today the sites for cannon are beauty spots in a city of magnificent vistas; then, they were menaces to the phantom mob of an immaterial revolution.



THE CAPITOL—COLD, CALM, IMPRESSIVE, THE EMBLEM OF A NATION'S SETTLED CONVICTIONS.

Here in the national capital of a democracy have such precautions been taken against the mob as exist nowhere else in the world, save in that other republican

For a long half century after the death of Washington, the city stood, a gaunt and gawky village. The White House gazed down a muddy mile of road-



DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOME, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF SENATOR DEPEW.

way to the Capitol standing with its back towards it. Between stretched the "magnificent distance" of Abbé Carrea, minister from Portugal. The city knew not whether to develop eastward or westward. Its inclination was to the east, but the whim of a contractor carried the city westward and northward along Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House, over Lafayette Square, and northward to Washington Heights and Mount Pleasant. Today it has climbed the hill and is still advancing onward over the Rock Creek to the bosky lands beyond.

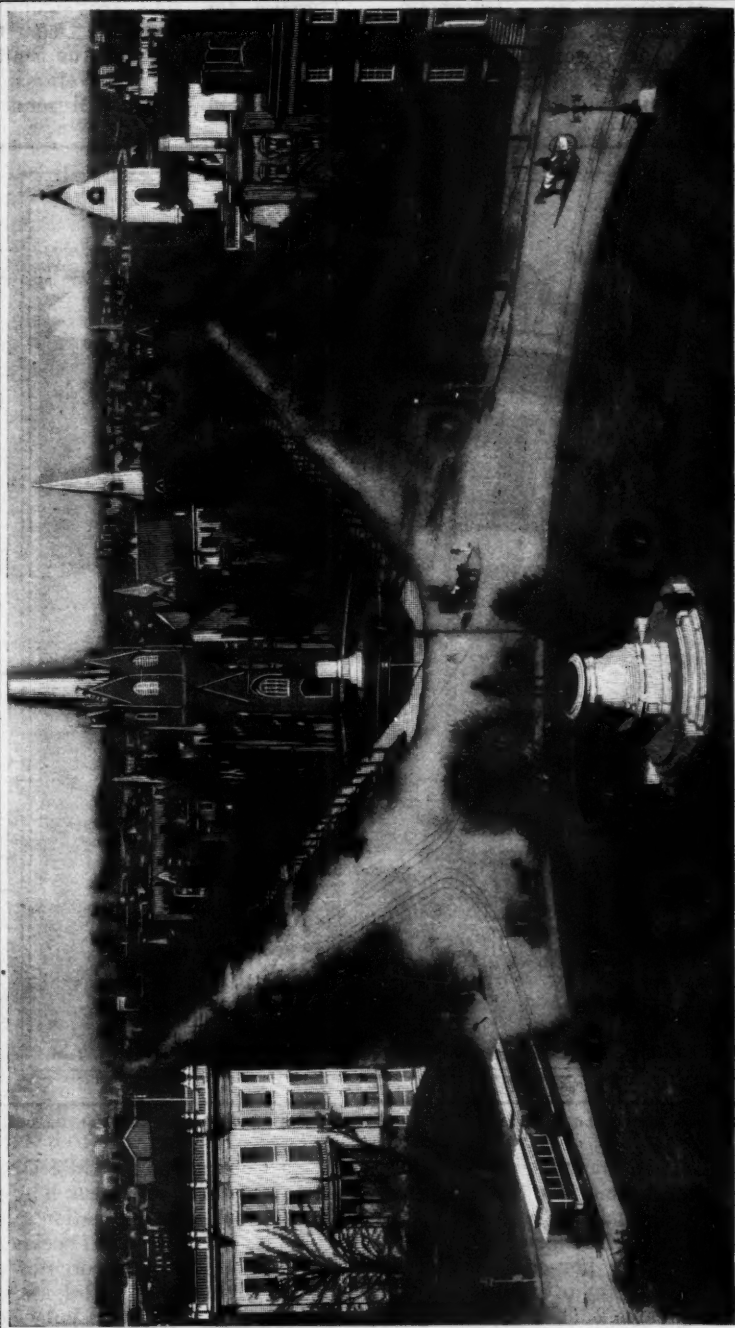
It is an ideal site for an ideal capital. Capable of an indefinite extension, Washington supplies a capital city for a population of eighty millions of people as effectively as it did a hundred years ago for a population of five millions. Tomorrow it can supply the needs of five hundred millions.

The only city of the civilized world without a government of its own, it is only within the last thirty years that Washington has taken upon itself its modern complexion. Before the Civil

War it was an experimental center, the West denouncing it as too far east, the extreme North and South objecting to its situation. After the war, it stood out as the natural meeting place of both factions. Railways and telegraph wires had robbed the West of its protests. Washington had become geographically, as well as structurally, the ideal capital of the United States.

Since then millions of dollars have been expended in its improvement, in the formation of wide streets, in the conservation of its parks and natural beauties, in the erection of great public buildings, and in the completion of the Capitol. Today it is the most beautiful city of the United States—clean, healthy, well built, free from the evils of congestion and the discomforts of active industries.

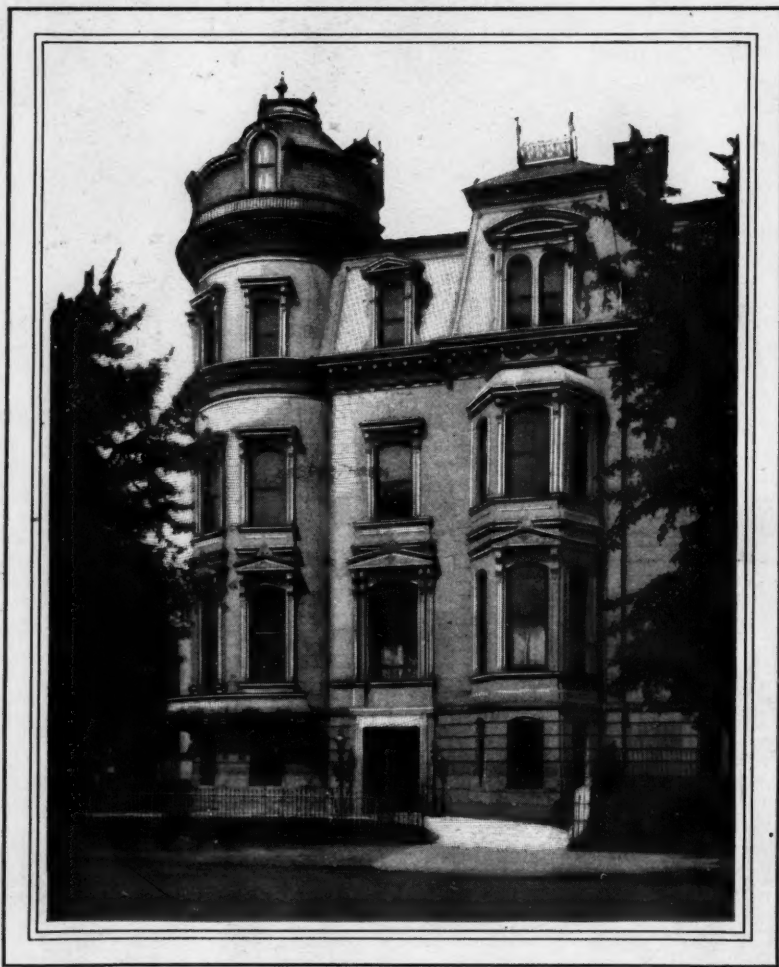
Peopled with statesmen, office holders, men in the professions, scientists, and people of leisure, Washington is an ideal city for the student. There is here none of the rack and turmoil of the modern metropolis. The city stretches out a welcoming hand to every eager



THE THOMAS CIRCLE AND A GROUP OF WASHINGTON RESIDENCES.

learner. It possesses unrivaled opportunities for research. In it are all the museums of the government departments, libraries, art galleries, and experimental stations. Its universities

Through the Mall are strung the grounds of the Agricultural Department with their great museum, the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, the Army Medical Museum and



THE WASHINGTON MCLEAN HOUSE, ON K STREET, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL DRAPER.

stand well among the universities of the country. Its capacity for development is without an equal in the world. In the great Library of Congress are stored more books, better housed and better arranged, than in any other building of the United States. The storehouse is open to every one who cares to ask for a book, and in it the poorest student may learn as effectively as the wealthiest.

the Fish Commission's Exhibition. In these rests material for research by every class of investigator—a nation's hoard spread open to every honest seeker.

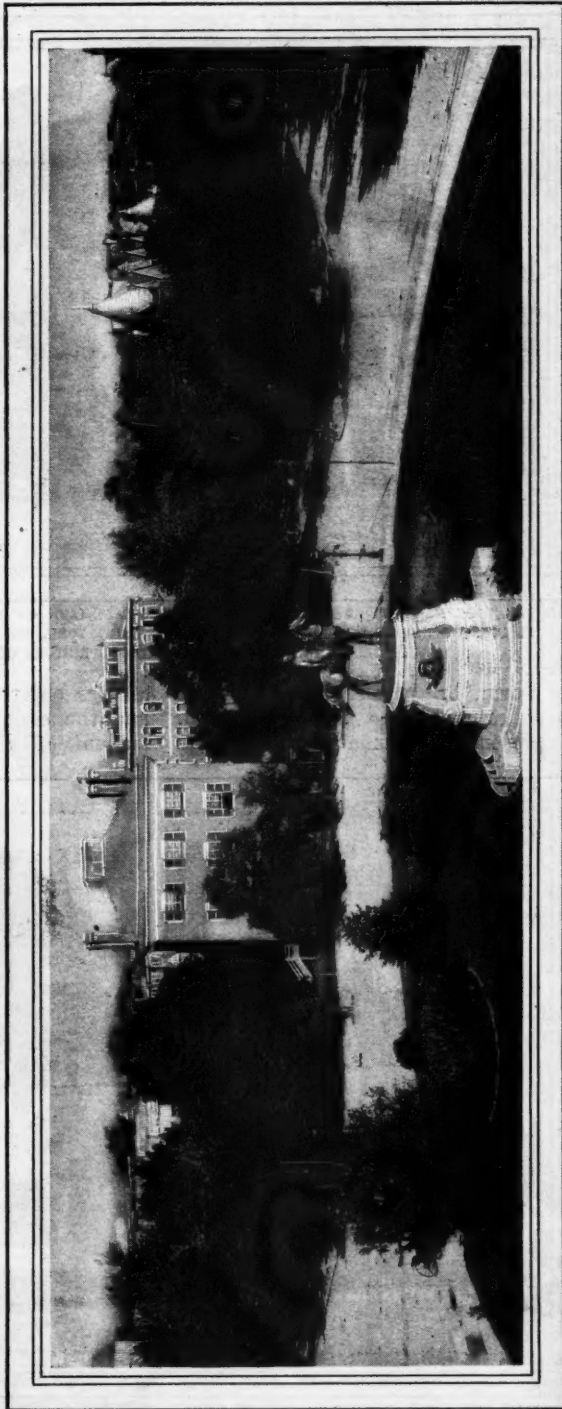
Up on the hill above Georgetown lies the Naval Observatory, pallid, secretive, inscrutable—an institution possessed of priceless instruments and a vast equipment, but robbed of its capacity for good by inefficient administration; an observ-

atory that needs but a healthy interest to awaken it into an active and productive institution.

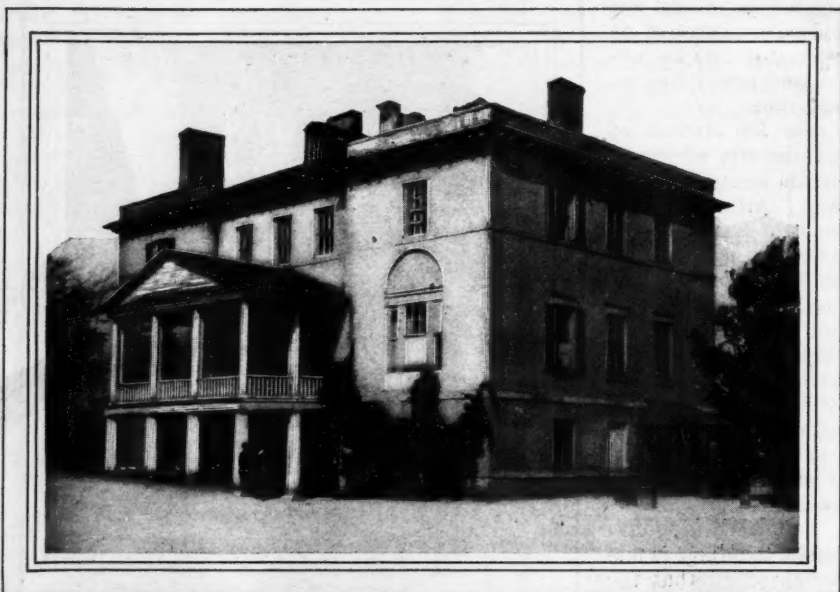
For the student of art the city of Washington is itself a gallery. At every turn, set in a framework of greenery, are statues of the nation's heroes, good, bad, indifferent, but magnificently interpretative of the century's art. In the white halls of the Corcoran Gallery are reproductions of all that is best in the art of the ancients.

In Washington's public buildings is materialized all that the moderns know of architecture. In the Patent Office, with its austere portico taken from the Parthenon; in the Athenian Treasury; in the deep sweep of the State, War, and Navy building; in the florid grandeur of the Congressional Library with its rich ornamentation of the Italian Renaissance; in the glorious solidity of the Capitol, with its wealth of Corinthian pillars and its vast enthralling dome—in these, and in the varied architecture of the palaces of today, the student possesses a treasury not presented by any city of the modern world.

Nor is it only the student of a definite course that Washington tempts to residence. The broad, clean swept avenues invite to promenade.

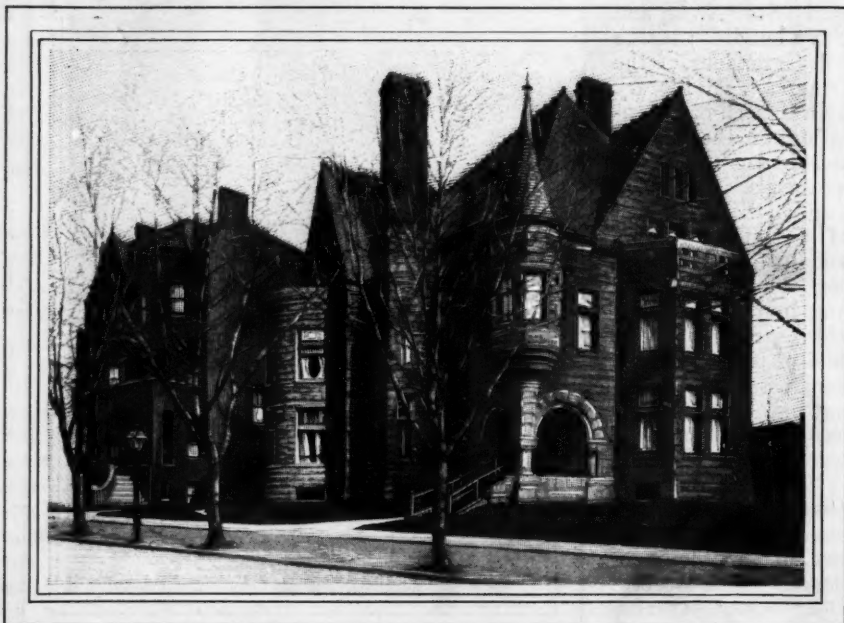


"A CITY CLEAN, HEALTHY, WELL BUILT, FREE FROM THE EVILS OF CONGESTION AND THE DISCOMFORTS OF ACTIVE INDUSTRIES."



THE VAN NESS MANSION, AN OLD TIME WASHINGTON LANDMARK ON SEVENTEENTH STREET—IT WAS BUILT BY CONGRESSMAN JOHN P. VAN NESS, OF NEW YORK, WHO MARRIED MARCIA BURNS, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF WASHINGTON.

The warm, bright atmosphere flatters the delicate and the gently nurtured. The presence of diplomats and legislators assures entertainment to the cultured and the cosmopolitan. Scientists and students of belles lettres, musicians, and



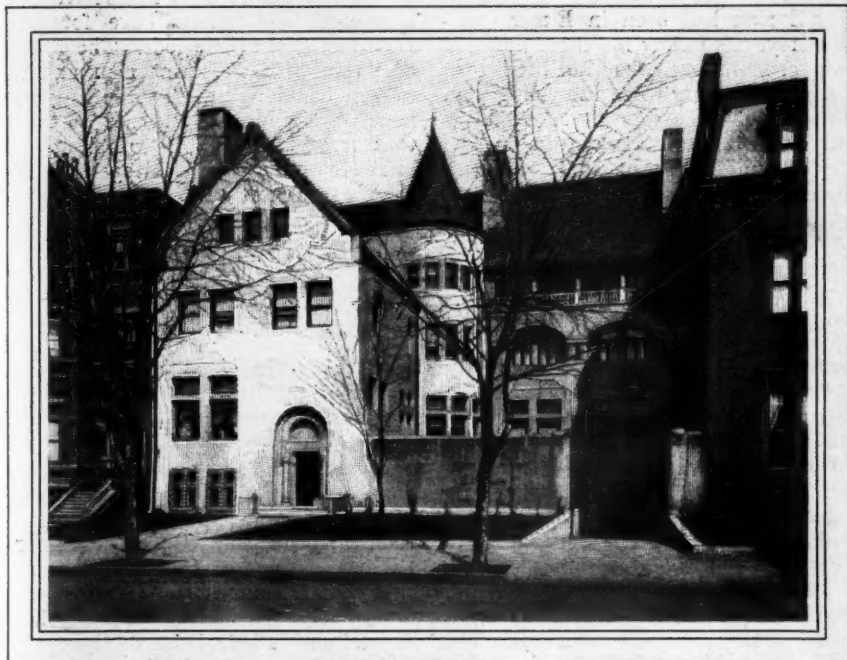
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SENATOR SAWYER, ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

citizens of the great world republic, statesmen and lovers of art, find in Washington more of the company that is congenial to them, more of the life that warms, than elsewhere in a country that is still busily a-building.

It is afternoon. The quiet streets are for the moment alive with the released clerks from the departments. A band plays in the circle behind the White

trate. The solemn finger of the Washington Monument points upward to the source of that nation's inspiration.

It is night. From the steps of the Capitol one looks downward along great vistas of brilliant electric light spread fan-wise before him. Behind, in the great stone forum, the destinies of a nation are under discussion. Carriages and glittering automobiles crawl up the



THE WARDER RESIDENCE, ON K STREET.

House. Round the driveway slowly pass the carriages of fashion. Ambassadors and multimillionaires, statesmen and savants, members of Congress and men of the services, unite to form a crowd of infinite variety. It is Rotten Row under a smiling sky, the Champs Elysées relieved of the exaggeration of the half world, the Unter den Linden free from the restraint of soldiery, the Nevsky Prospekt without a Nihilist. Nowhere is there the poverty that kills in other capitals. Nowhere is there the ostentation that paralyzes in the cities of Europe. The modest porchway of the colonial White House speaks for the simplicity of the great nation's chief magis-

trate. It is a late sitting of Congress, but the men in the chancelleries of Europe are more excited over its results than the Senators and Representatives who have come to make it. It is the apotheosis of the Anglo-Saxon genius. A bomb in the United States Senate were as likely as a Sultan in the White House.

There are no sentries, no soldier guarded legislators. A policeman paces his needless patrol round the building. The lights in the houses at one's feet gradually obscure themselves. The city sleeps, but there is little change in the volume of its gently modulated voice. Peacefully one saunters homeward—alone in the City of a Grateful Silence.

The Rosicrucian's Ring.

HOW THE INSCRUTABLE ONE WAS INITIATED INTO THE CHAPTER-OF SILENCE.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

I.

THE ring had been in Elmer Commynge's family for three hundred years or more, but it had not been worn for half a century when the young man slipped it on his finger. A chancery suit had kept it locked up during the life of one generation, and the bed-ridden English woman to whom it reverted when that generation was gone probably never saw it. She would no more have worn the heavy, flaming thing than she would have shouldered the battle ax of the first Commynge or donned the suit of chain mail that stood just within the ponderous oaken doors of Commynge Hall.

It remained for the young American, the nearest surviving relative of the old English woman who had left the hall for a tomb almost as gloomy, to take the jewel from the safe deposit vaults and to let the day again kindle the splendid fires of the rubies.

There was a long history to the ring, that had made no impression upon the wearer. He was not interested in old stories or hidden things, but he knew the ring was valuable and striking and uncommon, and that was enough for Mr. Commynge.

There is an individuality and character about gems. This broad, heavy circle of gold, with its cross of red glowing stones, was less beautiful than mystic; it proclaimed its quality, its antique dignity, its association with rites and ceremonies. It was a badge, an order, rather than an ornament.

Rarely are five stones of such size and blood as the Commynge rubies grouped on a single trinket. The center and largest gem, a gout of dull flame, was bounded by four perfectly matched stones, and all five shone with that darkling glint which marks the product

of but one mine on all the earth. For such as that center stone kings have been murdered, and priests have forsworn and overthrown their gods. The glories of its infernal fires few men and no woman could resist. The setting was massive, significant, and not so worn that it was impossible to follow the intricate engraving. Altogether the gaud was mysterious. It seemed glaringly misplaced on the finger of the dapper young man who displayed it. What had he to do with sullen fires and forbidden things?

The Montreal express was snowed in or Elmer Commynge would never have been seated in familiar and amiable conversation with a stranger in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. There were no other passengers, so the resources of the cars were all theirs and the grosser hardships were spared them.

Of course all the advances came from the other man; Elmer Commynge was not of the sort that begins a smoking room acquaintance. He was very young, very well descended, and prided himself on his knowledge of the world. Not many men stand better on their own books than young Mr. Commynge. He was a superior person, and knew it.

The other man was genial, and not so young. His dark hair was curiously and irregularly splashed with white; his watch chain was very large and his shirt was vivid. He was evidently not a superior person. As soon as the cigars were lighted this man said he supposed the road would be cleared before night. Mr. Commynge said he hoped so, and that was all until the tobacco was quarter burned. Then the genial stranger turned from the window and mentioned that it was no longer snowing.

"So I perceive," said Elmer Commynge.



"PARDON, EXCELLENCY, I DID NOT KNOW YOUR PRESENCE WAS SECRET."

They smoked on in silence until the cigars were all but gone. Then the man with sociable instincts tried again.

"They must be having a hard time back in the day coaches," he said. "There are some women and children there."

"I dare say," replied the young man. People who rode in day coaches were also among the objects in which he took no interest.

II.

BUT a man, even with the dignity of the Commynge family on his shoulders, cannot sit all day in a motionless car with a single companion without thawing in some degree. Lunch was served in the smoker, and there being room for but one table they lunched together. Their next cigars were consumed with an approach to cordiality, and when the afternoon was waning they were fairly well acquainted. Then it was that Elmer Commynge told the story of his ring as he knew it.

"That's a queer ring you are wearing," had commented the stranger. "Handsome, isn't it?"

"It's a family ring," was Elmer's response, lifting his hand so the light of the dying day might stir the bloody flashes. "Been in the family hundreds of years; belonged to an ancestor of mine who was a sorcerer or a carlie or something of the kind—mysterious old chap who was excommunicated for taking the devil as a business partner. He was mixed up with rebels against the crown, too, and had to skip off to the continent or they would have boiled him in oil, don't you know? He was a Rosierucian—I think that's what they called him—red cross, you understand—live forever—elixir of life—and all that sort of rot, don't you know? I think he was an Italian, but he got mixed up with our family somehow. I never got the straight of it quite; books at home about it in the library; never read them, but a lawyer chap told me about it."

"Very interesting, these old heir-looms, very," said the other traveler. "Would you mind letting me examine it?"

Commynge slipped the ring from his finger, and the two bent over it.

"An old relic like this always gives me a creepy feeling," said the elder man, visibly impressed. "It seems to bring back the ghostly old time when men's imaginations peopled the whole world with phantoms, and the supernatural was the commonplace of every day thought."

"Must say it never affected me that way," answered Commynge with a yawn.

"What's the inscription?" asked the interested stranger, puzzling over the wedge shaped scratches inside the ring.

"I can't make it out myself," said the young man, "but an old boy from the Smithsonian who came to our place to look it over says its Assyrian or Babylonian, and spells 'Yehovamowr,' which he says means 'God's vengeance.' I think the old chap was bluffing."

The snow blockade was broken at this stage of the conversation, and the ring, replaced on Mr. Commynge's finger, was not again referred to. The train rolled on to New York, and the two men went their separate ways without even exchanging names, as is the habit of travelers who meet on railroad trains.

III.

SEVERAL weeks had passed when, one evening as Elmer Commynge was stepping into his club, a small, dark man, evidently a foreigner, came up to him suddenly and addressed him.

"Highness——" began the stranger.

Mr. Commynge did not encourage people who tried to converse with him without an introduction. He went on into the club, leaving the little foreigner on the steps with his finger on his hat brim. But Mr. Commynge was not without curiosity, and while he dined he watched out of the window to see if the man who had accosted him was still there; but the steps were clear.

This was the first of a series of odd encounters that befell Mr. Commynge.

IV.

A FEW nights after the incident of the foreigner on the club house steps he

was coming out of a theater when a tall, bearded man bowed very low, and then whispered in his ear:

"Your orders, excellency?"

Commynge answered with a cold stare.

"Pardon, excellency," whispered the man, "I did not know your presence was secret."

He bowed low again, taking off his hat most respectfully, and withdrew.

After dinner one evening, Commynge stood on the steps of the old Commynge place that has been the residence of the family ever since they came to New York in the early part of the last century, trying to make up his mind what to do with the evening. He twirled his small mustache, and the rubies of his ring flamed in the last flashing of the sun. In an instant a slender, olive skinned man—an East Indian, Commynge thought—appeared beside him and pressed a packet into his hand.

"What's this for?"

The oriental raised his eyebrows. "I am of the Chapter of Silence, excellency," he said, and with a low obeisance disappeared.

Commynge unwrapped the package and found a long, slender dagger, double curved, like a Malay creese.

There was no word of explanation with the weapon, but the young man noticed that on the cheap, red rubber handle there had been rudely carved a rounded cross and some wedge shaped scratches, not unlike those in his ring.

Several times after that strangers seemed about to address him; and he suspected, when he went on the streets, at night particularly, that he was followed. It was all very trying, also mysterious.

Mr. Commynge thought he recognized the little, dark foreigner and the tall, bearded man with the atrocious taste in neckwear among the shadows that sometimes hung upon his track in the evening, but he was not sure.

V.

EARLY one evening, as he walked down Broadway, a hansom that was being driven past wheeled suddenly and came to the sidewalk, and a young

man he had never seen before stepped from the vehicle, doffed his hat, and stood still in front of him.

"Your eminence!"

This time Commynge faced his ac-coster questioningly.

"Yehovamowr," said the man, as if giving a countersign.

"My ring!" exclaimed Commynge in surprise.

"Yes, sire; I only caught the gleam of it as my cab drove by."

Commynge scrutinized the man closely; he looked like a broker or a bank cashier. There was nothing to suggest a connection with anything more unusual than stocks and bonds or further away than Wall Street, and yet this conventional gentleman was standing in an attitude of abject deference and, with eyes cast down as a slave before his master, was saying:

"What are your orders, highness?"

"How did you know the word in my ring?" asked Commynge shortly.

"I am of the fourth chapter, highness," said the man, with an air of pride, and as if all must now be clear.

"Who do you think I am?"

"One whose name it is not permitted to utter, though it be treasured in our hearts," was the reply.

"What do you wish of me?" asked Elmer Commynge suspiciously.

The dapper man in evening dress seemed a trifle surprised. "To carry out your orders," he said.

"Why?"

"Because it is ordered."

Each looked at the other as men do who fear to be caught ignorant of something they ought to know.

"Ordered by whom?" demanded Commynge.

"Your highness knows we must place ourselves at your disposal whenever you display the symbol of our order and your exalted rank."

Commynge blinked hard and trod heavily on his own toe to make sure he was awake. It was his ring then that summoned those men to him; the ring of his old world ancestor, of whose ghostly pursuits he had only the merest glimmer; the ring of the Rosicrucian, sorcerer, or whatever he was, who came near to being put to torture for his

unholy traffic. Mr. Commynge looked at the lights of Broadway, the crowded pavement, the cab with its license number plain upon it, the electric cars clanging past—all the evidences of the twentieth century. The newsboys were shouting an extra about the panic in Wall Street. It was 1901 right enough, and this was New York, and yet here stood this well garbed stranger, still uncovered, seriously asking an edict at his hands as if he had the power of life and death over the whole population and wanted a job of poisoning or stabbing done out of hand.

He stole another glance at the deferential gentleman.

"Who sent you to me?" he demanded almost angrily, for the thought that was running through his mind was too absurd to be entertained, and getting angry is one of the easiest ways in which to banish spooky things.

"Who sent you to me?" he repeated.

"My oath," replied the man simply. "As I told your highness; I am of the fourth chapter."

"What the devil—"

"Your highness is right to be cautious," said the man, still with humility, but with inquiry in his tone. "If you doubt me, question me on the work of the inner circle. I will satisfy you that I am true." He stepped close to Commynge and hissed into his ear: "Yehovamowr - Manou - Ambas - Namouri!" Then he stepped back and waited. A worried look came into his eyes as Commynge gave no sign of recognition of the dread formula. Except for the first word, the word of the ring, Commynge had never heard anything that even sounded like it.

"Of course, highness," said the young man stiffly, "you are the master. If you—"

He turned as if to go away, his face expressing the bitterness of his disappointment, humiliation, and distress.

"Hold on," said Commynge. "I want to know about this."

The man stopped doubtfully, but finally faced about again.

"Your excellency," he said earnestly, "what have we done to incur your displeasure? How have we offended? I'm the third of our circle who has answered

the signal of your ring, and you have repulsed us all. You have not even deigned to release your humble brothers from attendance, yet you know they are bound to remain within call until you have dismissed them. The brothers' business is going to ruin for lack of their attention, and they may not leave you. They are almost dead from lack of sleep."

"What, are they around?" cried the wearer of the potent ring.

"My coming releases them for the time being," answered the stranger; "they are only of the third section. I know it is in your excellency's province," he went on miserably, "and if it be your will, we must continue. We have no right to an explanation from the Inscrutable One, but, sire, be merciful!"

His tone was abject; he stood as though waiting to be blasted for his temerity.

"Oh, I'm the 'Inscrutable One,' am I?" thought Commynge. "Is all New York crazy, or am I?"

"What is it you want me to do?" he said aloud.

"The council meets tonight, highness."

"Well?"

"If you would attend only for a few moments, sire, the brothers would be encouraged. We have been patient and faithful, sire, but the time seems long and the waiting is hard."

"What have I to do with it?"

"I have presumed beyond your august pardon, then"—the well dressed stranger spoke dolefully. "Oh, if your ineffable condescension would only allow me to plead!"

"Speak freely," replied Commynge, because that seemed the expression the man was waiting for.

"Highness," said the stranger, apparently much relieved, "you know the promise, and how long its fulfilment has been delayed. It has seemed to those of us who are of little faith that somehow the Inner Circle is displeased. We are forbidden to question, and when you appeared we hoped we would be vouchsafed some word, but you paid no heed to us, answered no signal, and only by flashing the great sign in our

faces let us know that our attendance was required. If you would only look upon the council for a few moments, so that the brothers might see the throne occupied once, the heavy hearts would be lightened. Your servitors do not deserve it, perhaps, and will expect no spoken word; it will be enough if you devote the regalia by your presence, and let them see you once in their midst."

Mr. Commynge thought he saw a great light.

"Of course," said he to himself, "it's one of those tom fool lodges; something like the Knights Templar or that kind of thing. They've got hold of this old Rosicrucian business, and they've been taking me for one of their panjandrums or serene akhounds, or something, because of the ring."

Mr. Commynge's ideas about secret societies were hazy; he did not differentiate between a thirty third degree mason and a knight of the Mystic Star, but in a general way he understood that some of these lodges claimed to date from centuries back.

"That's what they have been driving at, then," he thought. "Well, the joke's on them. I'll just go with this Johnnie, and see the whole blooming show." Then aloud to the stranger, "You said I wouldn't have to speak, didn't you?"

"Certainly not, highness; the brothers would not expect it. You know the rule."

"All right; I'll go."

"Our humble gratitude will be your reward, sire," said the stranger. "Will you deign to take my carriage?"

"Aren't you coming along?" asked the dignitary who had just discovered his eminence.

"I would not presume, highness. I will follow in another carriage."

"To Carnegie Hall," cried the stranger to the cabman as Commynge stepped into the hansom.

VI.

It was only a few blocks up Broadway, and the two cabs reached their destination almost simultaneously. The stranger uncovered as Commynge

alighted, and bowed him into the building and into the elevator. They got off on one of the upper floors, and the man who looked like a stock broker knocked on one of the doors that had no sign to tell the nature of the occupancy of the room within. A peep hole opened, and an eye appeared.

"Who comes?" spoke a voice through the opening.

"Brother Baker and another," said Commynge's companion sepulchrally.

"The password?"

"Yehovamowr!"

"By the Great Name welcome to the circle of your brothers. Enter!"

The door swung ajar, and Commynge and his guide stepped into a little ante-room, and were confronted by a tall figure, muffled in a red robe, capped by a conical hood that concealed the face. Two cavernous eyes peered through eye-holes, and Commynge fancied he could feel them searching for his soul. From head to foot the sentinel of the portal was garbed in blood red.

"Who is this other whom you bring to the council at your peril and his?" asked the voice behind the mask after the scrutiny.

Brother Baker raised Commynge's hand so that the sentinel might see what flashed thereon.

"The Inscrutable One," he whispered awesomely.

Down to the floor dropped the red figure, and Baker knelt beside him. Commynge felt their lips press his patent leather shoes.

"These Johnnies go the limit," he mused. "What blooming bounders!" He had got the phrase in London, and was very proud of it.

The red robed sentinel rose and backed away through an inner door; Brother Baker followed him in. From the room beyond the door Commynge heard the deep voice raised in announcement:

"His high mightiness! Prepare the throne for the Inscrutable One!"

A few minutes of silence, and two forms in the same red domino costume appeared, bearing between them a magnificent cushion curiously embroidered with gold, which gleamed richly in the ruby light.

"O glorious one who may not be named," said one of the cushion bearers, as both bowed almost to the ground again, "you council craves pardon that your coming finds them unprepared. Indulge us but a moment, Illustrious One, until the Circle is ready to receive you fittingly."

Commynge was impressed in spite of his cynical sophisticatedness, and rather wished himself out of it. There was a suggestion of chills down his back when he thought of what he might find behind the closed door. He could not recede now, however; the eerie red pair moved up to him and presented the cushion.

"The signet," one whispered; "it must go with the scepter."

Commynge drew off the ring and placed it, almost reverently, on the cushion.

"But a moment, highness," said the red usher.

Then two deep voices struck up a weird, barbaric chant, the words of which were in a language Commynge had never heard, and passed through the door that swung noiselessly behind them. He heard their deep intoning on the other side of the partition for a few moments. Then there was silence.

"Well, if they are not the rummiest bounders," mused the Inscrutable One.

VII.

"I got tired of waiting and tried to get out," said a disheveled young man to the chief of the metropolitan detectives next day, "and found both doors

locked. I kicked and yelled, but nobody came, and I had to stay there until morning, when the janitor let me out. He said the room had been rented for a month for a lodge room, but that no meetings had been held."

"My men couldn't find anything there but a sofa cushion," said the detective chief. "They discovered it was bought a week ago from a department store at a bargain sale for \$1.98. How much did you say the ring was worth?"

"In the appraisalment of the estate it was figured at four thousand pounds," said Commynge.

The great detective thought deeply. "Did you ever tell anybody about it?" he asked at length.

"Nobody but a man I met on the train. I don't know his name. He was a slim fellow with white spots in his hair."

"Oh!"

The chief pressed a button and a policeman answered the summons.

"What's the last report we have of Calico Jake?" asked the head of the bureau for the detection of crime.

"We lost sight of him, sir, after he came from Montreal six weeks ago," replied the officer.

"We try to keep track of these bunco men, Mr. Commynge," said the chief, dismissing the man, "but they evade us sometimes. We will do the best we can, of course, to get your ring back, but even if we get Jake I hardly see how we can connect him with your last night's adventure. If anything turns up, however, I'll let you know."

Elmer Commynge is still waiting.

SOLITUDE INTERPRETED.

THE heart of solitude I cannot know,
Unless some true friend thither with me go.
When two sit silent by the hermit's door,
They know God's wilderness—but not before.

Heart unto heart interprets that rare spell,
When souls like prisoned flies in amber dwell.
No word should either speak, but simply bide
Far from all kindred, by the other's side.

Then each to each reflects what one alone,
In his strong sense of self, had never known—
The charm, the mystery, the joy, the pain
Of ancient solitude's forgotten reign!

James Buckham.

THE CIRCLE OF FLAME.*

BY FRANCIS W. VAN PRAAG.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Christopher Culliford's band of buccaneers beach their brig on Long Island to escape a man of war, Gilbert, the captain's fourteen year old nephew, who has been unwillingly acting as cabin boy (and who is the teller of the story), takes to the woods, both to get away from his piratical associates and to avoid the officers of the law. After some wandering, he comes across a hut in which his father and his uncle are gambling, but before he can make his presence known the two men quarrel and Gilbert sees his uncle stab his father, who, however, strikes his murderer senseless ere he falls. When the boy rushes in the dying man gives him the Circle of Flame, a diamond necklace of great value which the two brothers had stolen during their last voyage. When Christopher Culliford regains his senses he suspects the lad of having the jewels and strives to intercept him, but Gilbert gets safely away. Finally the boy takes refuge at Elmdene, the home of a benevolent looking old gentlemen named Fenimore. But the latter, it seems, has been surreptitiously backing the pirates financially, and when he learns Gilbert's story he sends word to Captain Culliford. With the assistance of a kindly maid servant, the boy again escapes, and after journeying some distance forces a beggar to exchange clothes with him at the point of a pistol, so as to disguise his appearance. Later, however, he finds money in the pockets, and retraces his steps to restore it. Before he can come up with the man, Gilbert is horrified to see him murdered by Christopher Culliford and his band, who have evidently mistaken the beggar for him.

XV.

ALL that afternoon I trudged the highway, the hours being a counterpart of the morning both as to gait and precautions. At four of the clock I came upon a cow waiting at the bars of a field, and helped myself to her milk. This produced an overpowering sleepiness, which was not surprising, considering that for seventy two hours I had existed principally on cat naps and excitement. I fought the lethargy as long as I could; but finally I was obliged to give up. Selecting a deep thicket of laurel, I scraped together some leaves, threw myself down, and was immediately fast asleep.

Whether from exhaustion or excitement, my sleep was neither restful nor long. The lower edge of the sun was scarcely behind the horizon when I was awake and once more wearily trudging. The nap, I soon found, had but whetted my longing for a bed and a good meal; and as both the luxuries were within my means, thanks to the legacy to which I had fallen heir in so tragic a manner, I kept my eyes alert for some means of satisfying them.

The task, however, proved more difficult than you would have imagined. The country was sparsely settled, and for three hours I never caught sight of inn or tavern. When finally I did come upon one, the place was so poor an apology

for a public house, being all weedy garden, weather beaten sign, and ruinous shingle, that I felt not at all drawn to it. But it was verily a case of beggars not being choosers, so I marched up to the place and requested bed and board.

The qualities at which I had sniffed now served me well. With my ragged, muddy garments and disreputable appearance a first class inn would have had none of me. Here, even though the host and the serving maid eyed me askance and whispered together before accepting my patronage, I was finally provided with bacon and eggs and a mug of home brewed, and assigned a chamber.

During my meal my thoughts were busy with a problem which threatened ere long to become of vital importance. The necessity of concealing my jewels grew with every step I took towards New York. For while my presence in the rear of Uncle Chris and his followers reduced the dangers of the road, by the same reasoning it enlarged the risks I must run once I arrived at my immediate destination. To leave the diamonds on the way was not to be thought of; to carry them was to invite at least their loss—at worst my sudden demise.

It was a very pretty problem as it stood, and many and anxious were the puckers it drew in my forehead as I sat there, eating walnuts. Then in a flash I saw a way clear.

* This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The solution was so simple that I wondered it had not occurred to me before. Calling for paper, ink, quill, and wax, and putting a dozen or so of the nuts into my pocket, I started from the table.

"Going up for the night?" the host asked as I passed him smoking in his shirt behind the counter.

"Aye; I've a letter to write, and I'm tired—a long day," I answered and passed on.

Once in the security of my chamber, with the rag of shade drawn against the window and a chair under the door knob, I poured my nuts upon the bed and fell to cracking them, exercising great care that the halves of the shell be uninjured. The task accomplished, I produced my necklace.

Ah, it was superb! The stones scintillated and flashed, radiant bars of luster whipped to and fro in the darkest corner of the grimy chamber. The curse of the pebbles had crept into my blood, I doubt not. Until that moment I had fought more from obstinacy than avarice, more to cross my uncle than to gain gold; but now I felt that I too could fight, murder, and die for the possession of these beautiful crystals. Then the revulsion came, and in a mood of gloom at thought of the list of tragedies the stones had caused I commenced the unsettling of them.

It is no easy matter to prize diamonds from heavy claws of gold with no instrument other than a rusty nail drawn from the headboard of an inn bedstead; yet accomplish the feat I did, even though I blistered my fingers not a little. Then I was ready for the last part of the program. Rimming one of the split walnut shells with sealing wax, I fitted a diamond into it, clapped on the other half, and pressed the parts together until the wax had hardened. Eleven times I repeated this operation; and when I was finished eleven nuts, apparently perfect, lay near to a pile of broken settings. In no single instance—so snugly did the jewels fit—was there so much as a rattle within the casings to tell of the cheat; and the wax being brown, no sign was there of the artificial joining.

When the nuts had been transferred to my pocket, with three or four of the genuine ones to serve as blinds in case of necessity, I was ready to pat myself on the back and laud my inventive genius. My pocket bulged, to be sure, but the beggar having constructed his coat on strictly business principles, the protuberance was not so marked as to excite even casual attention.

When I had pulled up a loose board in the floor and hidden the settings, I snuffed the candle and prepared to retire. The night was clear and moonlit. Far away above the tree tops shone the sea; nearer glimmered an end of the forest through which I had plodded all the day; below was the road and the inn yard, the former chalky in the pale light, the latter so cut with shadows that one could scarcely distinguish substance from the immaterial. What an ideal hiding place it was, I thought, and mentally traced a course by which I could traverse its whole distance and yet remain unseen. Out by the side door, along the bell frames, under the traveling chaise, around the wood house—

And there my mind froze, and my fingers wrapped themselves around the foot post of the bed. Leaning against the coping of the low wall which bounded the stableyard, and gazing up at me with a grin the moon made distinct, was Uncle Chris.

The shock, complete and unexpected, robbed me of every scrap of sense. The sweat broke out upon my cheeks and rolled under my collar. My tongue became like a piece of flannel and glued to the roof of my mouth. It was truly Uncle Chris, as cool and calm and suave as if on the quarterdeck of the *Good Adventure*. With a shuddering cry I shrank away and threw myself upon the bed.

But the need for action was too urgent to allow me to give way long to my terror. I ran to the window again. The man was in the shadow of the stable, from whence, evidently, he had stepped upon my first appearance. As with the feline, the victim's torture was more to him than the mere killing. He saw me now as at first, and waved his hand derisively.

He was so situated as to command the side and front of the house. This might seem to leave the rear and west side from whence I might effect an escape. But I knew my uncle too well to count on such a hope; and sure enough, when I reached the window in the hall that overlooked these portions of the house, I beheld Winter, armed with a hanger and a brace of pistols, skulking in the bushes.

This discovery effectually destroyed my thoughts of flight. Deadened and despairing, I returned to my room, to wait for the first blows which would tell of the door being beaten down. From point of numbers the assault was perfectly feasible; and it was surely in accord with buccaneering precepts.

My fears, however, proved groundless, hour following hour in peaceful silence. Indeed, so peaceful was the silence that, in spite of my danger and the presence of the two grim sentinels in the yard, I dozed. Each nap ended in a start and a shiver; in my dreams I felt a heavy hand on my throat, and saw Uncle Chris sneering down at me; and I doubt if I derived much benefit from the rest.

Thus passed the long hours of darkness, hours which will remain indelibly graven upon my memory. There was something indescribably terrible in the waiting. Why did not uncle make the assault and finish the business? At first I attributed his delay to the brightness of the moon; then I concluded that the party had split in their search for me, and these two were awaiting the arrival of the others. Whatever was the reason, the moon paled and sank, and the day dawned, and the inn was yet unmolested.

With the rising of the sun I saw Winter and Uncle Chris in consultation at the end of the garden. The result of the conversation was the plunging of Winter into the wood at a gait as near to a run as sailor legs can well master. I watched the bushes sway after him, gloomily pessimistic. In a few hours my fate would be sealed. I rather hailed the fact with joy, for the strain of waiting had dulled the edge of the reality.

The day was an hour old when the inn began to assume its every day bustle, and Uncle Chris, with another wave at me peering out the end of the window—I was not showing above an inch of face, but he saw me, nevertheless—vanished.

This disappearance did not alter the situation in the slightest. I was not ninny enough to suppose myself free. And in a humor far too complex for description—hate, obstinacy, and impotent rage being the chief ingredients—I descended to the public room.

If the place had appeared poor in the candle light of the previous evening, in the pitiless flood of summer sunshine it was deadly. An elderly man, whose blotched, pimpled face bespoke an inordinate love of Hollands, was shoveling beef and potatoes into a peculiarly capacious mouth, the while sustaining a running conversation of gossip with an attenuated attorney's clerk, who blushed and stammered and choked out his replies with many apologetic glances at the maid behind the coffee urn. The odor of stable and stale tobacco pervaded the place, though the windows and door were open. After my wretched night, to come into

such a hole was like walking into the inferno; but I ordered a slice of ham and ate in a way that surprised myself.

When my meal was downed I went to the chimney corner as being furthest from the windows and door, and sat staring miserably into the untidy hearth. The girl at the coffee urn must have noticed and taken pity on my pallid cheeks. Presently she came over and joined me.

"What's thy ailing, lad?" she asked.

I mumbled something about feeling ill, and felt her eying me keenly.

"You've run away," she asseverated, as the result of her scrutiny. "Poor lad! Is it a stepmother? Come, tell me about it;" and she held out her rough hands with perfectly irresistible kindness.

Had I followed the bent of my inclination, I would have confided my troubles to this sympathetic friend. Her face, far from pretty as it was, inspired me with a desire to unburden myself. But I could not act impulsively; my one experience in confiding the story had made me wary as a burned child; and above all, I felt that the truth was too potent to be told. On the spur of the moment, therefore, I fashioned my tale on her words, and said:

"It isn't mother, it's father," and blubbered, half acting, half in earnest.

My tears had an effect. In a twinkling I had a champion listening to my tale of woe—how I lived at Quogue, and my father beat me, and in desperation I had run away.

"I'm trying to get to New York, ma'am," I said, in conclusion. "And I've just seen father in the woods by the garden; and he'll take me back and beat me 'most to death." It was a burning shame to practise such deception, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that the lie might be less dangerous for my friend than if she knew the truth.

"Why don't you cut for it?" she asked, taking it for granted that a boy's legs can outrun a man's.

I had seen my uncle run once at Savannah, and knew the futility of attempting to escape in that manner. Strategy was my only hope; and strategy and I had never seemed more hopelessly at odds.

Needless to say, these thoughts did not find utterance. In answer to the maid's question I said that I had bruised my foot so badly that I couldn't run a hundred yards, and relapsed into a silence which, I saw, did more to further my cause than any words I could speak. But presently the girl was called away to attend other travelers, and for a quarter hour I needs must shiver alone on the

settle and peer into the garden for signs of the pirates.

Once I made a short experimental excursion out of doors. Before I had gone half way to the road I heard a click, and saw a figure slide around a thicket at the end of the yard. To say that I flew back into the inn is to put the maneuver mildly. I tumbled back, ran into the girl returning from the buttery, and fell limp and wet into my old seat.

"Lud! Whatever is the matter?" cried the maid, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder, and, of course, seeing nothing of the man who had reduced me to this state of palpitation.

"It——" I gulped and mopped my face. "I've just seen father. He—he's that mad he'll—kill me! I know he'll kill me!"

The girl was beside me instantly.

"Where did you see him?"

"Out in the road."

"Coming here?"

"It—it looks so," I said.

Even my misfortunes were fortunate, now I look back upon them. The terror in my voice and manner was so genuine that the maid was thoroughly convinced I must never, never return to a parent so cruel as to frighten me nearly into a fit.

"We must get you out somehow," she said decisively, and stood for an instant tapping her fingers on the chimney. "We must get you on your road, lad, or I'll never sleep in peace. Now let me think." She closed her eyes, and opened them, and took me in from crown to toe, and clapped her hands. "The very thing!" she cried. "The very thing! We'll put Margaret's kirtle and hat on you, and—come along, lad; let's get it done."

She had me in the buttery before I could say aye or nay to the fanciful plan. Margaret, I found, was the scullery maid, a girl of fourteen, and my size to an inch. She was sent flying to fetch her kirtle, and though I tried to remonstrate—I honestly did—my friend would listen to no opposition to her plan, but commanded me forthwith to the pantry to array myself.

When I reappeared, shamefaced enough at the appearance I made in the skirt and bonnet, both girls clapped their hands, and the older cried that their sex had been cheated of a fair specimen. At which I turned scarlet, and set them laughing like loons.

"What next?" I asked, to hide my confusion.

"Why—slip out into the wood."

Uncle was not a fool or a novice, and I

knew my disguise would avail me nothing were it not backed in some way.

"Father will follow," said I. "He'll want to see who's inside these togs. And when he sees——"

"Bless the boy! He's more trouble than the geese!" cried my benefactor. "You're right, I suppose; it's what any sane man would do. Come, Meg, you hop into the breeches and give the father a chase."

At that you may be sure I jumped.

"No, no! I'll not hear of that!"

"Why not, pray? Does this father of yours eat girls as well as beat boys?"

"He—he's lived rough," I faltered, "and he might—no, if we can't do better than that I'll stay here and face him;" and I began to unfasten my bonnet strings.

Half between joke and anger the girl cried: "La! Was there ever such a boy?" and repaired the havoc I had made in my disguise. "What do you fear, any way? But there! It takes a woman to manage the world! Nat shall follow Meg—and lend a hand to thrash the man that touches her. He'd do so if I wanted, you may be sure."

To this arrangement I could make no demur; and Nat, upon being called in, professed a willingness to protect a ladies' seminary, or to thrash every man on Long Island should Mistress Priscilla say the word.

The transformation of Meg into a boy was consequently effected—to an accompaniment of giggles—and the start made. From a drawn shutter I watched the girl slink down the garden and disappear behind the stables. Coincident with this departure the thicket across the road swayed. I fearfully requested Nat to follow soon, and then, with a kiss of heart felt gratitude to my protector, and with her hearty "God speed!" to lighten me, opened the door and stepped boldly into the sunshine.

Though reasonably certain of the clearness of my course, I was obliged to set my teeth and put forth my best courage to walk quietly to the gate. Once in the shelter of the forest, I made up for my previous caution. With my skirt to my knees and my bonnet at a most unfeminine angle, I tore through the shady aisles, emerged upon a pasture, climbed a shallow hill, and settled into a walk only when a mile had separated me from the scene of my adventure.

In my security I did not forget my friends. To every person I met, laborer, traveler, or gentleman, I told how the

pirates who had been driven ashore at Quogue two days before were threatening the inn at Farringdale, and I urged them to hasten to the rescue. In this manner I sent back a dozen defenders; and with an easy conscience and a straight road I trudged on to the city.

XVI.

By noon, with brisk walking, I had passed Jamaica, and was well on the long stretch of almost level land which separated me from the East River. I was entering a better country, too, one that was comparatively thickly populated. Barns nestling amid bowers of green, and houses with windows aglow and chimneys smoking, soothed me with a sense of companionship. Bridges replaced stepping stones and fords; an occasional gibbet reminded me comfortably of the punishment which overtook malefactors; and, altogether, I was in a state of mind of exceeding optimism.

It being nearly six of the clock, and time for rest and refreshment, I entered the Pine Tree Inn—a hostelry not far from the outskirts of the village of Murray. My advent occasioned some remark among the patrons of the inn; but as I minded my own business and looked at no one, they presently tired of staring.

When I felt it safe to glance about, I raised my eyes. A tall, thin man with a livid line on his right cheek was staring sidewise at me. Our eyes met, and I nearly tumbled off my chair. I had last seen the face in the wood about our house in Corlears Hook. It was none other than Mr. Lemp.

I suppose my panic confirmed Lemp's suspicion, for he crossed the room and took a seat beside me.

"Three weeks of sea air and two yards of blue kirtle make a change in a lad," he said genially. "If it hadn't been for your eyes, jail me if you couldn't have given me the slip. What are you doing away from that precious father and uncle of yours, may I ask?"

My life had made me callous, else I'd never have had the face to answer with a cool, "What are you doing so far from the Bowling Green?" and to continue my meal.

To my surprise, the insolence tickled the man. He laughed a hearty, spontaneous, good natured laugh that went straight to my heart and stayed there.

"Jail me, a tongue of your own!" he chuckled. "I'm here, if you must know, to catch a certain notorious gentleman

who sails under a certain notorious flag. Perhaps you can give me a hint which roads to watch;" and he leaned back, eying me between half closed lids. "I may add," he continued, "that while the law does not hang infants, it sells them to the plantations—unless the offender gives cause for leniency."

"Which means," said I, "that if I peach I may get off with a light sentence."

"You've called the turn to a spot, my lad. My men"—waving his hand at a couple who sat near by—"will testify of the service at your trial."

I swallowed the last of my supper in a hurry, and looked the revenue officer in the eye.

"The lightness of the sentence hasn't a feather's weight with me," I said, and I only hope my manner indicated half my earnestness. "If I had cause to be loyal to my uncle, I'd be loyal; but I'm in these togs because he's after me, and I've been near death half a dozen times because of him. So I say plainly, stay here and watch for a handful of seamen who'll be along presently—and you'll have the notorious gentleman who sails under a notorious flag, besides all of his crew that's above water. *There!*" and I laid down my knife with a vengeful bang, having enough of father's blood in me to be far from angelic.

With a quickness of conception one would not have looked for behind the long, pale face, Lemp had my story, and had fastened upon the salient points of it. Calling the two men with whom he had been talking upon my entrance, he whispered something that sent them out of the room and house double quick.

"My men are scattered across the island," he said, turning to me. "It will take at least an hour to collect them. Have I the time?"

I said no, that my uncle was no more given to crawling on land than on sea; that within the hour he would surely be along.

"And I really should not be sitting here, Mr. Lemp," I finished tartly. "The woods are the only safe place for me."

For quite a minute after this advice Lemp sat with his hand on his chin, his brows knit.

"See here, Culliford," he said at length. "I can't get my men together before eight, and it's past six now."

"Well?" said I.

"Well, it's just this—you've the power to keep these fellows here until I have arranged to bag them. If you help in this,

you'll have done a heap towards your own salvation and—what is it, boy?"

He jumped to his feet, involuntarily following my glance to the door. Turning into the yard was a band of men the sight of whom took all the life out of me. Foremost was Uncle Chris, with his hat pulled to his ears to hide the bandage on his head. A pace behind loomed the huge bulk of Winter, on either side of whom strode Israel Clout, the gunner's mate, and John Snyder, the quartermaster's assistant. Further in the rear were Tim Jeffrys and George Mullet—who, though merely able seamen, were yet admirals in crime. Of Snowball, the blackamoor, I saw not a sign, though you may be sure the one loss did not rob the group of an iota of ferocity.

Lemp saw, smothered a cry, and without attempting to disguise his anxiety to be gone, dashed from the room through a rear door. I should also have fled had I possessed the strength, but my limbs were like water.

When he reached the door, Uncle Chris saw me and came to a dead halt. Instantly the entire party was motionless, peering over his crooked shoulders, pistols leveled, hangers raised. Then Clout gave a "Shiver my sides, it's him!" and the whole squad poured into the room. This proved too much for the host and the serving maid; they decamped, leaving me entirely alone, face to face with my deadly enemy.

XVII.

UNCLE CHRIS was the first to break the silence.

"Well met, nephew Bert," he said, and bowed ironically. "Well met!"

Much would I have given for the power to answer his sneer with one as wicked, but for the life of me I could utter no sound. The walnuts in my pocket pulled like a ton of lead.

"We've missed you, nephew," uncle continued. "You've been downright unkind to us; downright unkind, if I may say it! What is there about this convoy you don't like?"

"Stow it, Culliford," growled Winter. "Get the sparklers, an' let be o' this tack-in' an' reachin'."

"You hear Mr. Winter, Bert? He has a hankering for some property of ours which you—appropriated, we'll say—after your dear parent had committed a murderous assault and been properly punished. Will you hand over, please?"

The ring of faces contracted. Winter licked his blue lips like a dog anticipating

a bone, and Clout and Jeffrys flared into mutual recriminations when, in their eagerness to lay hands on the diamonds, they trod on each other's toes. With the group completed by Snyder, gibbering to himself in an outlandish language—German I suppose it was—and George Mullet eying me with a stealthy, sideways look, his hand on the haft of his knife, we made as fearsome a parcel of humanity as one could have found in a day's journey.

I think that every person, man or woman, lad or maid, is possessed of a reserve force which, until the time for its use, may be stored secretly beneath an apparent cowardice. Such a force came to my assistance now. Though terrified beyond words, I muttered in a fairly steady voice that I hadn't the diamonds, and was able to back the words by a defiant stare.

My disclaimer was answered by six pairs of hands jerking me from the ground, and six pairs of eyes glaring murder at me.

"Search him!" hissed Uncle Chris, his coolness gone under the infection of his followers' eagerness. "Search him!"

Clout was the first to lay hands on me. He immediately felt the fullness of my pocket, and yelled triumphantly. The sight of the nuts, however, smothered his exultation.

Not so me. The sight of the nuts caused avarice to outweigh, for the time being, my bodily fear. Clout had a fistful of them, and if he threw them out the window into the weeds of the yard it was good by to them. Breathless, but with infinite relief, I watched him drop them to the floor.

My relief at this action was, indeed, so patent that it came near to being the end of me. Uncle Chris had not joined in the imprecations that followed the bursting of Clout's premature joy; he had held back, his brows black, his eyes gimleting me. As the nuts landed on the boards and my breath loosened, he stooped, picked one up, and deliberately cracked it.

This was the crucial moment. Fascinated, I watched for the glitter that meant my undoing; but when a chunk of meat fell from a broken shell, you may be sure I blessed the foresight which had prompted the safeguard. Uncle had chanced upon one of the genuine nuts.

Notwithstanding this setback, my captors refused to accept defeat, and in their eagerness clawed every part of my clothing, pulled off my shoes, and even looked in my hair, which, in keeping with my disguise, flowed unfastened by string or ribbon. These efforts being unpro-

ductive, I was left the target of twelve furious optics and six raving tongues. Their fierce desire for the diamonds had blinded the buccaneers to the perils of their position. Now that the jewels were lost, a proper appreciation of the nearness of the gallows, and a proper fury, which itched to vent itself upon the first helpless object, fairly maddened them.

This reasoning was plain. Desperately I plunged to my own salvation.

"Why don't you divide *your* diamonds?" I said sullenly, addressing uncle. "You've part of the necklace—why don't *you* divide?"

Winter whirled around. "Wot's that?" he growled.

"I saw my father give Captain Culliford part of the necklace," I said.

"Aye, I've some of the jewels," said uncle complacently.

"An' you're playin' the sneak with 'em!" howled Mullet.

Uncle Chris looked about calmly.

"My good Mullet," said he, "pray do not use that tone. I'm tempted to suggest a file for it."

"Afoolin' of me!" gasped Mullet, raising his hanger. "I'll learn you to cozen honest seamen, you little undersized runt!"

Uncle Chris never moved.

"If any of you say I've fooled you, you're fools for thinking so. You can lay to that, my men, as you'd lay to a pannikin!"

"Fine words, Capt'n Culliford," sneered Mullet, who seemed to have assumed the leadership by common consent. "But why, may I make so bold as to ask, ain't we seen these here jools you admits you have?"

Uncle waited for a deep rumble of wrath to subside. "Why, you ask?" said he. "Suppose I'd divided the day we landed on this cursed sand spit? Would we be half a day from York at this blessed minute, with the tin for a new craft in our pocket, or would we be sun drying back at Quogue or, mayhap, begging on the road for a bite and a drink, without so much as a whole shirt on our shoulders and with the sharks clipping along at our heels? Answer me that, Mr. Mullet, and see if you'll find out why I've kept the jewels!"

"Wot was we doin' with the old party in Farringdale," demanded Mullet, shaken in his suspicions, but yet not pacified, "if not gettin' the Georges as would float us again?"

"But when I found the sparklers on Jack, did I know whether Fenimore

would listen to me or not? Not I. If he wouldn't, I said to myself, then with the diamonds we could snap our fingers at him. If he would, we would be so much in—a sparkler apiece by way of supplying the wherewithal for a farewell fling in York not being far out of reckoning. So there you have the story!"

"A sparkler apiece!" It was Clout taking a hand in the mix up. "One measly bit of glass apiece? That's your tremendous fortin! Thunder an' lightning!"

"We ought to be thankful for the six," said uncle coldly.

Out of the torrent of profanity this observation started Winter presently made himself heard by sheer force of lungs.

"An' wot's the reason of it?" he snarled. "I say, Capt'n Culliford, wot's the reason for this here endin' o' our cruise? You've carried things pretty high an' mighty, you have. Ship lost; cargo lost; hands lost; diamonds lost; and us as followed you to get a fortin come to find one jool apiece for our pains! Wot'll you have to say to it, I'd like to know, Capt'n Culliford?"

Winter's comrades, echoing his sentence in varying degrees of ferocity, and fingering their weapons, started me to thinking that the hour of retribution had come. Uncle Chris was of the same opinion, too, for he faced his questioners as a cat would face a dog that had cornered it; and his right hand, I noticed, rested on the butt of a pistol beneath his coat.

The tableau held for a full minute—I in the chair before the table, the five seamen in a knot upon the hearth, and, facing us, the crookback in muddy clothes and bandage, and with a satanic snarl peeping beneath his mask of placidity. Uncle was game to the last; it takes nerve to sneer in the faces of five scoundrels who would as lief cut your throat as breathe.

"You want to know what I have to say about spoiling the cruise, do you?" said he presently. "Well, I'll tell you. Who was it insisted on coming north instead of staying south where we belonged? It was you, Israel Clout, and you, Tim Jeffrys, and those other doughheads that are in the bay back there. You had your fore-castle council and said 'North,' and what could I do? We come up here, get into a corner, and have the choice of the yard arm or the beach. Because I chose the beach and kept you all with the breath of life, is it a matter to be thrown in my face? That's for the loss of the ship and cargo. And if seamen swim like stones,

and fight and smash boats like fools, is that a fault of mine? And that's for the hands being lost!"

Uncle paused and mopped his face; he knew he was talking for his life, and he had talked vehemently.

"As for the diamonds," he went on, "it's gospel truth there was a string big enough to have kept us like nabobs till the crack of doom. Jack and I had them to keep in trust. None of you ever knew me to keep anything back," he added. "I defy one of you to say you did. Jack tried to murder me; and when I was down on the floor of that cursed shanty with this cracked crown, the boy got the stones. If they're lost, or he's hiding them, is that my fault, I say? Now you've had your answers, and be damned to the lot of you! Here are the diamonds; I wash my hands of them!" He drew a packet from his vest and threw it on the floor, his head high, for all the world an outraged innocent.

The moment of silence following his defiance might have been caused by the admiration of spellbound auditors or by the breathlessness of fury. The former proved to be the case.

"Avast, capt'n! None o' that, now!" whined Winter. "You ain't thinkin' o' desertin' a crew wot's stranded? If you wants the jools until we reaches York, why, take 'em. I allow as how I was rough askin' you to explain; I was kind o' scared like, I don't mind ownin'. But I strikes my colors now, sink me if I don't!"

Though Uncle Chris promptly slipped the diamonds back into his pocket, he refused to become reconciled until each man had apologized separately.

"Now we'll learn where the rest of the necklace is," he said presently, turning to me. "Look ye, boy!" and he drew his pistol. "Where are the jewels? You've just half a minute to tell," and he began to count.

Though terror stricken, I realized that my life was the key to the finding of the diamonds, and that therefore they were not likely to kill me. So, while I listened to "twenty six, twenty seven, twenty eight, twenty nine," with many qualms, I was not as badly alarmed as otherwise I should have been.

As I had supposed, the "thirty" brought no result other than the curses of my captors and the shoving of Uncle Chris' pistol back into his belt. But he produced a piece of twine—an inoffensive article, to be sure, yet in his hands one which made me cold—tied a slip knot slowly, and signed to Winter to hold me.

In the face of torture, gold becomes the veriest dross. I should never have had the fortitude to withstand the cord. Indeed, I should never have gone the length of having it applied as a loosener to my tongue. Yet once the jewels were found there would be no further reason for allowing me to live; and uncle had a heavy score against me.

While I was being racked by these thoughts Winter was pinioning me, and Uncle Chris, in silence, and still with the lack of haste he knew to be magnifying my terror, was adjusting the noosed string across my forehead. The other four pirates looked at us like spectators about to enjoy a play. I could endure it no longer, and opened my lips to shriek out the information that would probably seal my doom, but which, with the torture imminent, I could not keep back.

But before the words could come, the two yellow patches of sunlight on the opposite wall were cut by several long, thin shadows. The patches marked the position of the windows behind me. And then a shot sounded from the yard, and the ruffians, looking up, saw the cause of the shadows.

The next instant I saw the backs of six running pirates. A dozen muskets roared, but the volley was a second too late; the seamen had forced a way into the yard and were streaming down the road, the revenue officers hanging to their flanks like the bulldogs they were. A moment later, the whole party disappeared into the woods.

XVIII.

By the time I had fully recovered my senses after my terror and my excitement, the officers were straggling back from the wood. I saw that Lemp had a prisoner, and my heart leaped in the hope that it was uncle. I rose unsteadily and ran into the yard, as savage in my hopes as the worst of my erstwhile captors. When, however, I saw that the prisoner was Clout, I regained command of myself, and was properly ashamed of my ferocity.

Lemp proved to be in a furious temper at the escape of the rest of the pirates. His curses were too forceful to recount; and though he applied many of them impartially to all within hearing, most were directed against a person to whom he referred by such names as "old church-goer," "psalm singing busybody," and the like. As the other revenue men joined in this reviling, I concluded that the object of it was not present.

Just when the demonstration was at its height, Clout made a break for freedom. His wrists were manacled, and a sword cut had laid open his left cheek. In spite of these impediments, however, he managed to break away from his guards and, laying about right and left with the heavy handcuffs, to clear a path for himself. It was the desperate effort of a desperate man, and was as futile as desperate. Two yards from us he tumbled over with a bullet in his back, and lay motionless.

"Cheated the gallows, confound him!" growled Lemp, thrusting his smoking pistol into his belt. "Ruggles and Huber, put him under the sod. Rest of you—forward, march!"

I was walking beside Lemp at the head of the column when we entered the inn. The host and maid had crept back during my absence, and were trying to straighten the room. There was a third figure seated on the settle at the further end of the hearth. It proved to be a man, and as he rose and faced us I went speechless. It was Mr. Fenimore.

"They've gotten clear, sir," said Lemp, with a grim inflection in his voice.

Mr. Fenimore started. "Clear!" he cried. "Not captured! Mr. Lemp, Mr. Lemp, I fear you have not been diligent."

The revenue officer grunted.

"You have used due diligence? Well, perhaps I am hasty. There seems to be a providence protecting the scoundrels."

"The providence in this case was one George Fenimore, magistrate," retorted Lemp. "I'm not a smooth spoken man, sir, because I've not lived a smooth spoken life. You'll excuse me for saying that we'd have had the arch rascal in this room now if you hadn't been so obstinate."

"Mr. Lemp, Mr. Lemp!" cried Mr. Fenimore, his hand raised remonstratingly. "Such heat is most unseemly! But there, you are excited, and I condone the disrespect."

Lemp muttered something strangely like "Confound your condoning!" and Mr. Fenimore continued:

"I am a man, Mr. Lemp, who allows no mere physical obstacles to interfere with the performance of his duty. As a magistrate, it was my duty to see that no law was transgressed during this attempted capture. I may say also that, had we apprehended the malefactors, I had intended passing judgment upon them instant, and so giving legality to their immediate punishment. If I trip and, in falling, unfortunately catch the trigger of

my pistol, surely the accident is no justification for what is tantamount to an accusation of complicity with these low ruffians."

This was delivered in a tone betwixt resignation and righteous anger. Had I not known the man, I should have sided with him as one maligned by implication; but knowing him, the hypocrisy of the denial burst the barriers of my voice.

"But what if you *make* yourself trip?" I cried, and stepped forward, choking and sputtering in my anger and in the consciousness of every eye turned in astonishment upon me. "And what if you *deliberately* pull the trigger of your pistol?"

Mr. Fenimore eyed me sedately.

"I—why, it's my little friend!" he cried. "No wonder I did not recognize you. And you are safe! Thank God!"

I shrank away from the man, disgust and repugnance plain, I dare say, on my face.

"Safe? Aye, with no thanks to you! I was in his house, Mr. Lemp," I went on, becoming more excited as the remembrance of the treachery practised upon me worked on my already jangled nerves—"I was in his house, his guest, and he found that I had—that I knew a secret—and he and my uncle and his men planned to murder me."

The officers were grouped on one side of the hearth, with Lemp, tall and pale and thoughtful, at their head. Mr. Fenimore stood with his legs apart, taking snuff at the opposite end of the mantel. I was between the two, worked up to a fever pitch. Back in the room were the host and his wife, open mouthed; and at the doorway were the scullery maid and pot boy, agape at the sight of a bedraggled girl accusing a landed gentleman of a foul crime.

The sight of this audience, as much as Mr. Fenimore's demeanor, calmed me. "He—he's hand and glove with the pirates, Mr. Lemp," I finished lamely.

No one ventured to break the silence this direct accusation caused. So presently Mr. Fenimore dusted a few stray grains from his cravat, and spoke.

"What nonsense is this, boy?" said he.

"The truth!" I flashed.

"The truth!" he returned scornfully.

"The truth, indeed! But there, the Bible bids us be charitable to those who excite our contempt. On what do you base this extravagant slander?"

"My own experience," I said.

"And what is that—your experience? If you be a member of the ungodly company lately cast upon our shores, the rem-

nant of which has but just balked justice, I admit that you are entitled to prate of experience. But is the experience one which will commend you in the eyes of the law, which decrees that all thieves, pirates, and traitors shall die by the rope? I misdoubt it."

He had the whip hand, and knew it. Had I been possessed of an atom of sense, or a dozen more years, I'd never have shown my cards in a way that allowed of the tables being so completely turned on me. Even though the revenue officers might suspect him, Mr. Fenimore was a respectable member of society, while I was a waif, a nobody, the son of a buccancer, and the nephew of another. I could only stand, therefore, dumb and confused, at a loss for an answer to the magistrate's words, yet realizing the necessity of retrieving my lost advantage.

And then Lemp came to my assistance.

"The lad has admitted his connection with the pirates," said he, "and by helping me has earned at least a commutation of sentence, which I shall see is applied to his case."

Unfriendliness was the foundation of the officer's words, and Mr. Fenimore bridled.

"I—" he began tartly; and then, whether from caution or fear of saying too much, he pulled himself together. "Mr. Lemp, I desire you to bring the criminals before me the instant they may be apprehended. Host, my horse;" and, bowing to the company, he stalked away in all the dignity of injured innocence.

Lemp listened as long as the faintest throb of departing hoofs was audible. Then he drew in a long breath, slapped his chest as if to assure himself that a weight was actually removed, and took a long pull at a mug of ale he had called for.

"He's slippery!" he muttered, and added musingly: "Wonder if he meant the shot as a warning to the rogues!"

"Indeed he did," I answered. "I was telling Gospel truth, Mr. Lemp, when I said he tried to murder me. He had Uncle Chris and the men in his barn. He's a sort of agent for them. My father told me he was."

Lemp laid down his mug. "The devil you say! I didn't quite know whether you had the horrors or were off in your upper story. But this agent business exactly fits what I've heard from more than one quarter. 'Backs gentlemen of fortune, and has an interest in their craft'—I got it from a man at Shimmocock only last Saturday, and told the fellow to sleep

it off." He nodded once or twice at his mug. "Tell me what you know, lad, and don't be afraid of detail."

So I went over father's conversation with me in the hut, my meeting Mr. Fenimore, my unbosoming to him, my discovery of the plot to kill me, and my escape from the house. I referred to the cause of my proposed murder as vaguely as possible, though whether Lemp suspected the truth I do not know. He did not, however, press me on this point, and the other part of the narrative bore the imprint of truth, I feel assured. When I had finished he made several notes in a book, questioned me about Dodd and the interior arrangements of the house, and announced that he was tired and was going to bed.

The mere mention of bed sent a delicious sensation through me; and ten minutes later, despite the events of the last four hours, I was asleep, serene in the thought that the day had not been wasted—that I had found a friend who was like to prove valuable if my affairs took a darker turn.

XIX.

BEFORE sun up I was in the public room, scouring the floor for my precious walnuts. The place was not swept yet, and the nuts were all within a radius of five feet from the place where Clout had flung them. I collected and returned them to my pocket, then sought out the pot boy and purchased his Sunday suit—shoes, stockings, hat, and all; and at six was eating breakfast with the officers, again a boy and possessed of my entire fortune.

During the meal I learned with much pleasure that Lemp was to start for the city in an hour. I requested permission to travel under his protection, and not only received his consent, but was allowed to borrow one of his officers' mounts upon which to make the journey.

The brute proved to be rapid—and staid, I'm thankful to say; and we were able to push on at a good pace. The journey proved short, Lemp beguiling the miles with tales of his adventures with smugglers, pirates, and the like. He also questioned me about my early youth, before father took the Barnacle. I told him as much of myself as I dared; and by the time we reached the ferry over the East River I felt as if we had been life-long friends. On the New York shore, after having agreed to dine together at six at the Coffee House in Queen Street, we parted, Lemp to report to his chief, I

to set about the securing of a passage to England. Time was, of course, essential to my escape from the country. Though Lemp's men were still cordoned across Long Island, I had no small fear of uncle's cunning in eluding them. For these reasons I spent the entire day amid the wharfs and ship offices on Water Street, feverishly anxious to despatch my business.

As ill luck would have it, I had missed the monthly packet to London; and though I scoured the city for a craft sailing the next day, the best I could find was a schooner loading tobacco for the Azores and Bristol, and booked to sail the following Thursday week.

One needs must when necessity drives, and I jumped at this opportunity; and, paying the requisite advance on the passage money, was duly entered as passenger on the Wave, three hundred tons burden, Captain Morrell commanding.

I was in great fear all this while that it would be necessary for me to remain in New York as a witness for the prosecution of the buccaneers—when they were caught. The thought of being forced to stay, with Uncle Chris at large, terrified me immeasurably. It was with relief past description, therefore, that I learned from Lemp during dinner that an arrangement had been made for my deposition to be taken before a notary. I thanked him with tears in my eyes. After our meal we went around to Little Dock Street, to Mr. Mynderse, the lawyer, and I signed a written story of my adventure. When I was told that my connection with the case ended there, I could have jumped for joy.

The ten days I was obliged to wait for the sailing of the Wave were dismal past comprehension. As a measure of precaution, I scarcely poked my nose out of doors. Indeed, no criminal ever kept his den more closely than I kept my room.

There were, however, some few odds and ends of business which required my attention. The first and most pressing was the conversion of one of my jewels into gold. In this Mr. Lemp was of invaluable assistance, sending me with a letter of introduction to a jeweler of his acquaintance who, had I been unrecommended, most likely would have set the constables on me. As it was, I received a fair price for the diamond, and was able to purchase a wardrobe suitable to a young gentleman traveling for his health.

At the end of the ninth day Lemp sent me word that the pirates had evaded him,

and seemed to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened on them. To offset this news, an hour later a messenger from Mr. Nehemiah Bird, owner of the Wave, brought the welcome tidings that the schooner would sail the following morning at six of the clock.

I gave the messenger my baggage and went off to the Coffee House, to bid Mr. Lemp farewell. There I told him as much as I dared of the true nature of my uncle's persecution, and of my desire to go abroad. He listened intently, but made no comment other than to wish me luck and a good voyage. We shook hands and I went away, feeling glum enough.

It was scarcely more than dawn when I was ascending the gangplank of the Wave. Early as it was, the crew, from captain to boy, was bustling at work, some swinging in the ratlines, some securing the various cases and coops and barrels which form the deck equipment of an ocean going craft, and others seemingly doing nothing but run about and shout and get in the way of their comrades. Bales of cargo and bundles of rope littered the deck and added to the confusion. That we could sail at the appointed hour seemed an impossibility.

Captain Morrell was a bluff, hearty Devon man with a tanned face and a huge voice.

"Mr. Gilbert, I suppose," said he, as I reached the deck. Upon my acknowledging the name he laughed. "I'd not thought to see a lad, even though Mr. Bird warned me you were not a grayhead. But we'll look after you, sir, and put the roses in your cheeks. Here, Johnson"—to a passing seaman—"pilot Mr. Gilbert to his cabin. I'll do the honors, sir, when we've cleared the Hook."

I thanked the captain, and followed my guide through the litter of ropes, tarpaulins, and ends of unstowed cargo; and so reached the cabin hatch. The cabin proved to be a cozy little room, all blue rep and polished deadlight rims, and lighted, as had been the Good Adventure, by a large skylight directly over the table. Two square stern windows admitted a flood of air and light; and as my cabin opened off the main one, and opposite the captain's, I felt assured of comfort. Nor did a close inspection of my quarters disclose aught to detract from the first favorable impression. My berth was neatly dressed, and the basin and pitcher shone with the effect of much polishing. In a word, I foresaw a most enjoyable thirty days, and was glad I'd missed the packet.

(To be continued.)

The Education of a Prince.

BY S. M. WILLIAMS.

NOW THAT THE DAYS WHEN KINGS DID AS THEY PLEASED HAVE PASSED AWAY FOREVER, THE HEIRS TO THRONES MUST PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR THEIR DUTIES WITH MUCH STUDY AND THOROUGH TRAINING.

THERE are times, no doubt, in the boyhood of the average European prince, when the royal youth, being human as well as royal, wishes that he could set the clock of progress back a few centuries. In the good old days it was not necessary for a king to take his duties any more seriously than he cared to. Sword play was more highly esteemed than skill with the pen, and a very moderate amount of scholarship was enough to win the praise of courtly retainers. The mediæval sovereign might model himself upon that cheerful ruler of ancient Britain, Old King Cole of happy memory, and seldom would there be any to chide him. One of the few things recorded of Old King Cole is that he was "very popular"—wherein, surely, he fulfilled a large part of the duty of a monarch; and no very trying course of education is needed by the prince whose highest ambition is to be a "merry old soul."

But those golden days have passed away. The world has become enlightened, practical, businesslike. The old doctrine of divine right has, to all intents and purposes, disappeared; in few civilized countries could monarchy maintain itself if the people did not find it an institution of utility to the state. In capable hands, a royal scepter may in many ways be a power for good. Incapable hands are not likely to be allowed to hold it for long. The demand is for highly trained kings, just as in other fields of work the demand is for thoroughly educated electricians or financiers.

The result is that a prince who has any prospect of inheriting a crown may be said to be born with school books in his hand as well as a golden spoon in his mouth. He has to pay for his royal honors by submitting to a course of educational sprouts that will sometimes make him envy the ragged urchin playing before the palace gates.

Probably the first king whose progress to a throne was as laborious as peda-

gogues and drill masters could make it was Frederick the Great of Prussia. His severe training was a rare exception in that day. His uncle, George II of England, though the British succession was assured to him from his boyhood, never took the trouble to learn the language of the people he was to rule. Louis XVI, last monarch of France under the *ancien régime*, had tutors, but he spent more time at playing with carpentry and brass work than at his books.

Most heirs to thrones have studied under private tutors rather than in schools and colleges. Only in England, where the great public schools and the universities stand so high in popular prestige, and in Germany, does the opposite custom prevail. Some princes have learned much from their parents. Margharita of Italy and Cristina of Spain, mothers of only sons, worked devotedly to help their boys. It is said that the German Kaiser, with all the irons he keeps in the fire, is seldom too busy to aid a puzzled little Hohenzollern in solving a problem in algebra or unraveling some tangled verb in a foreign language. Queen Victoria often did as much for her grandchildren.

The study of languages forms the principal part of a crown prince's early education, and he generally learns two or three besides his native tongue. He must also receive instruction in naval and military science, in mathematics, in history, in literature, and, later on, in law. Some are taught a trade by which—in theory, at least—they could support themselves in the improbable event of their being called upon to do so. The Crown Prince of Germany is a book binder; the Prince of Wales is a sailor. The King of Italy, it is said, could make his living as a dealer in coins.

THE FUTURE RULER OF GERMANY.

According to those who know him, the German Kaiser's eldest son, who will be

twenty years old on May 6, is the most promising of future kings. He is now an undergraduate at Bonn University, where his father and grandfather studied. Though possessing titles innumerable, a royal household of his own, ample command of money, and every probability of a great future, he leads a quiet, democratic life among his fellow students at Bonn, who take but little notice of his rank.

His boyhood days were spent at the Marmor Palais, in Potsdam, where he was born. In his babyhood the empress, a true German mother and *hausfrau*, never left him to the care of servants. He liked to play soldier, and an old drill sergeant was detailed to teach him how to march and how to respond to military commands. When he was not quite six years old, on the occasion of a state dinner, he was dressed in a Prussian hussar uniform, and allowed to take the place of his father, who was absent. The little fellow marched in, saluted the guests, raised a glass, and proposed the health of his grandfather, who was then in his last illness.

After his sixth birthday, the prince's education began. Major von Falkenhayn was appointed his governor, and for four years he went through the ordinary routine of spelling book and arithmetic. A special allowance of six hundred dollars a year was made for the boy, and out of this sum Major von Falkenhayn had to pay all his expenses, except that he had free board and lodging in his father's house. He had the same holidays as those of the schools in Potsdam. There were regular hours for study, and early rising—six o'clock in summer and

seven in winter—was the strict rule. His father, who had just become emperor, supervised everything, but the boy was made to obey his tutors just as if he were not a prince.

Following the traditions of the Hohenzollern family, on the prince's tenth birthday he was commissioned a second lieutenant of the First Regiment of the Guard. He and his brother, Prince Eitel Fritz, were now sent to the military academy at Ploen, in Holstein, where a little castle called the Park Schloss was set apart for their residence. Their lessons were in private, with a few companions chosen by the emperor, but in drill, athletics, and play they mingled with the two hundred other students. All were on the same footing in study and discipline, save that the princes did not wear the school uniform.

At Ploen the crown prince remained for nearly eight years, leaving the academy just before his eighteenth birthday, to do six months' active service with his regiment. He was now of age, and his father gave him a household of his own, establishing him in a villa called the Cabinetshaus, near the royal castle

at Potsdam. At the end of his military service he was sent to Bonn University. There he entered as a student of law, following three regular courses of law, three of political economy, and some special studies in art and literature. Some of his lectures are given privately in the house he occupies at Bonn, but most of them he takes in public with the other students; nor is any special seat reserved for him in the classrooms. He belongs to the student corps called *Borussia*. This is one of the regular student socie-



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AS A BOY, WEARING HIS FIRST UNIFORM AS AN OFFICER OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

ties, and is not an exclusive affair, in spite of the fact that for the present, while the prince is a member, all other candidates for admission must be approved by the Kaiser.

In general, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm's life is very simple and democratic—prac-

he might row in his college eight—or the 'varsity crew, if he could "make it."

THE TRAINING OF A BRITISH SOVEREIGN.

In striking contrast with the systematic training of the German crown prince is the educational history of the Prince of Wales. The future head of the British Empire has practically never been to school. His knowledge has been gained principally by travel and observation, and most of his tutoring was received on the deck of a man of war. This was not from a spirit of royal exclusiveness, for no prince ever had a more democratic bringing up, but because he was not heir to the throne until comparatively recently, and because he was so fond of ships that had he been kept ashore he would probably have run away to sea.

When he was six years old, Prince George of Wales, as he then was, was placed under the instruction of Canon Dalton, who for six years gave him and his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, regular lessons five hours a day. The canon was assisted by French and German governesses, and at ten the younger prince could speak these two languages fluently. The boys liked their tutor, and got along pretty well in common branches, gradually taking up Latin, higher mathematics, ancient and modern history, and elocution.

But Prince George was determined to go to sea, and the elder brother shared his wish; so when one was twelve and the other fourteen they were sent aboard the training ship *Britannia*. Here they were on a footing of complete equality with their fellow cadets. They studied, skylarked, drilled, and cruised about; then they passed an examination, and were rated as midshipmen in the British navy.

The next step in the education of the two princes was a three years' cruise as midshipmen on *H. M. S. Bacchante*. On shipboard they had to work like other embryo naval officers, going to ship's school and learning navigation. They stood watch day and night, turning out at five o'clock in the morning, and submitting to the regular discipline. As it was an educational trip, every opportunity was given to widen the young princes' knowledge of the different countries they visited.

When they returned to England, the elder brother was sent to Cambridge, but the younger elected to stay in the navy, so there was no more classical schooling for him. He set to work to fit himself for a naval career, and at the age of nine-



THE DUKE OF TURIN AND HIS LITTLE SON, WHO, THE YOUNG KING OF ITALY HAVING NO MALE ISSUE, STAND NEXT IN LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE ITALIAN CROWN.

From a photograph by Schemboche, Turin.

tically the same as that of other sons of good families who study hard. He wears ordinary clothes. He is fond of sports, and introduced polo playing at Bonn. He is very popular with his fellow students. During his last summer vacation he visited England informally, staying at a London hotel frequented by Americans, and went about seeing the sights, much like any other visitor. If he were a Yale student, without rank, he would be taken into the best secret societies; at Oxford

teen, having obtained a first class certificate in seamanship, he was appointed sub lieutenant. In 1892, when his brother's death left him in the direct line of succession to the throne, he was in active service with the rank of commander.

England's future king is undoubtedly a first class naval officer—a statement which in itself is sufficient disproof of any charge of lack of training. He has to a great extent made up his deficiencies in book learning by extensive travel. No other prince has made such long journeys to so many foreign lands. It is a different form of education from that of the other European royalties, but it is perhaps the



PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA, SON OF CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND, AND NEXT HEIR TO THE THRONE.

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.



CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.

From a photograph by Karastojenoff, Sofia.



CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM OF GERMANY AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WEARING HIS FIRST UNIFORM.

From a photograph by Sells & Kuntze, Potsdam.

most effective that could be devised. It is said that the Prince of Wales intends to bring up his three sons in the same way. The world will be their university, and the deck of a man of war their schoolroom.

THE SCHOLAR SOVEREIGN OF ITALY.

No other prince of this generation received so severe a training as the young King of Italy, when he was Prince of Naples and heir to his father's crown. It was commonly reported

that his health was seriously affected by over study, but his parents and his tutors declared that they made a strong man out of a weak boy.

The earlier sovereigns of the house of Savoy had comparatively little classical education, but Queen Margharita determined upon an entirely different system for her only son. She is one of the most learned women in Europe, and from the prince's earliest years she superintended his studies. Assisted by an English governess, Miss Lee, and an Italian army officer, Colonel Osis, she began the boy's training as soon as he could talk. He spoke English at first better than Italian, and his mother taught him French and German. Later in life he learned Russian and Servian from Princess Helène,



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE CZAR'S YOUNGER BROTHER, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

From a photograph by Gorodetsky, Tsarskoe Selo.

of Montenegro, now his queen. Thus he can speak and write six languages.

When Victor Emmanuel was twelve years old he was placed under the control of Colonel Osis and a staff of eight instructors. The governor treated his pupil with extreme severity. When presenting him to his instructors Colonel Osis said: "Gentlemen, do not consider the prince as the son of the king, but as an ordinary pupil. You must not have any special regard for his position. This is the king's order, and I shall be inflexible in seeing that his instructions are carried out."

The boy had indeed a hard time. He never knew what it was to have a holiday. Every day he rose at six and retired at nine in the evening. From seven until seven he was always busy—eight hours for study, and four hours for military drill and physical exercise. On Thursdays he was allowed to lunch with his father and mother, and on Sundays to dine with them; but all other meals were eaten with Colonel Osis and Captain Morelli. He had no playmates, no companions, no boy's fun.

Reprimanding him one day for a mistake, Colonel Osis said: "Remember that the son of a king, like the son of a cobbler, when a fool is a fool." At another time, when the prince had a cold, and the weather was bad, a kind hearted instructor excused him from his customary ride, but Colonel Osis declared: "When the prince becomes king, if he should be obliged to command his army before the enemy, would he not mount his horse if he had a cold?" And the boy rode for an hour in the rain.

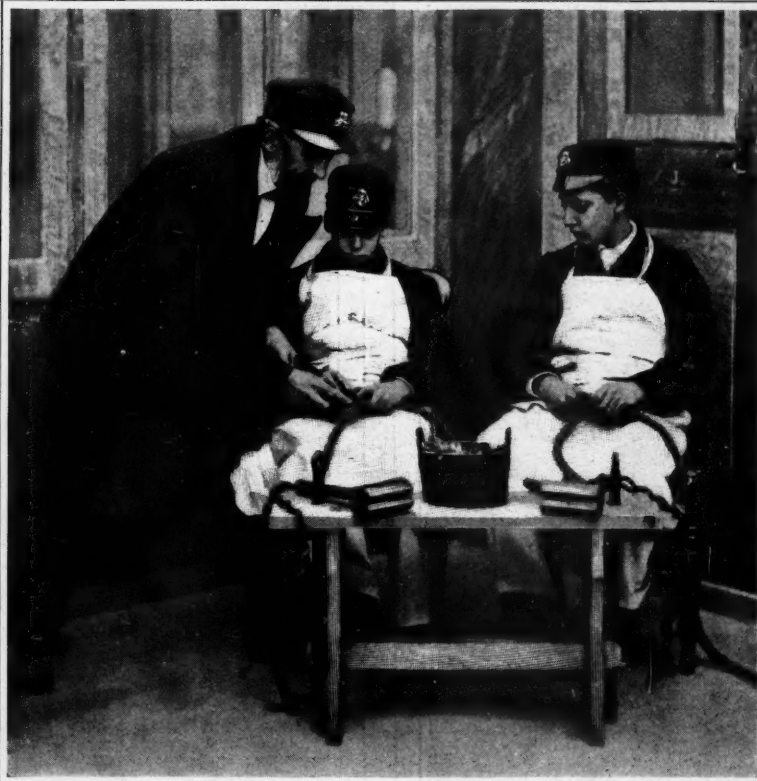
King Umberto always approved the colonel's Spartan severity. Whenever the prince asked his father for anything, he would reply: "We will first hear what your governor has to say about it."

The queen gave her son a mother's loving assistance and encouragement. She learned Latin with him, and kept pace with him in mathematics and physics. The boy studied with eager conscientiousness. One day, before an important examination, he exclaimed: "If I cut a bad figure tomorrow before the examiners, I shall throw myself out of the window!"

At first the prince had an allowance of twenty dollars a month, which was later increased to fifty dollars, besides his small pay as a junior officer in the army. This was his only income until he became of age, and he was obliged to keep exact accounts of every penny expended, to be audited by his governor. His one amuse-

ment was the collection of old coins, and on this he spent all his spare money. It is today his hobby, and his collection, containing more than a hundred thousand

formally assume the throne. He has, however, been king ever since he was born, for his father died nearly six months before the child came into the



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS ELDER BROTHER, PRINCE ALBERT (WHO DIED IN 1892), RECEIVING A LESSON IN SPLICING DURING THEIR SERVICE AS CADETS ON THE TRAINING SHIP BRITANNIA.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

specimens, is one of the finest in the world. Numismatists consider him one of the greatest experts on the subject.

When the prince came of age, his discipline was relaxed, and he traveled about Europe, but his studies still continued in law, political economy, and higher sciences. It will be interesting to watch what will be the practical result of his remarkable education now that the prince sits on the throne of Italy. An able ruler might do much for the country.

THE BOY KING'S TRAINING.

On the 17th of May young Alfonso of Spain reaches the age of sixteen, and will

world. His training has been as laborious and severe as his rather delicate health has permitted. Always in the care of his mother, the queen regent, his education has been superintended by her with the assistance of priests and of Colonel Lariga, an army officer. He knows French and Italian well, and has some knowledge of English and other languages. He has also learned a good deal about history, literature, and some sciences. Riding is his favorite exercise; he has a natural liking for horses. His days, however, have been passed in the ceremonious palaces of Spain, and he has had none of the free, democratic associa-



A BRITISH SAILOR PRINCE—THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A NAVAL CADET.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

tions that have proved so pleasant and profitable to the crown princes of Germany and England. He is said to be much stronger now than in former years, and is described as a bright boy who promises well for the future.

PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.

At the other end of Europe, in the stormy region of the Balkans, there is a little prince who may be a noted figure in future years. This is Prince Boris, aged eight, a handsome, manly little fellow. There is no Bulgarian blood in his veins, for his father, Prince Ferdinand, is

only an adopted king, coming from the Saxe Coburg family of Germany, and his mother, who is dead, was an Italian princess of the Bourbon family; but the young prince was born in Bulgaria, and bears the name of a national hero, so the people of the little state have high hopes for his future.



A GERMAN SOLDIER PRINCE—CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM AT TEN YEARS OLD, UNIFORMED AS A SECOND LIEUTENANT OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF THE GUARD.

From a photograph by Selle & Kuntze, Potsdam.

Prince Ferdinand is a Catholic, as was also the late princess, but the religion of the country is of the Greek church, and there was much controversy over the

royal palace at Sofia a Greek chapel and priests for himself, while in another part there is a Catholic chapel for his father. One of his principal instructors has been



SIX YOUNG HOHENZOLLERN PRINCES, THE SONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR—CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM (IN CENTER OF BACK ROW) AND PRINCES EITEL FRITZ, ADALBERT, AUGUST, OSCAR, AND JOACHIM.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

spiritual instruction of the heir apparent. Finally, to please the Bulgarians, and to conciliate the Czar, who is Boris' god-father, it was decided that the boy should adopt the national faith. He has in the

the Metropolitan Vassili, who is learned not only in church dogmas, but also in languages and literature.

The Bulgarians are a fighting race, and their national existence may be said to

depend on the sword; so it is only natural that Prince Boris should have a military training to fit him to be a great army commander. The court of Sofia, though

father and mother, of some of the bluest blood in the "Almanach de Gotha."

THE EDUCATION OF A ROMANOFF.

Surrounded by a firmly entrenched bureaucracy, and armed, at least in name, with the greatest autocratic power in the world, the young Czar of Russia is an interesting development of modern education. It was impossible for him to imitate his famous ancestor, Peter the Great, who learned naval architecture by working in an English shipyard. Nicholas II has always been hemmed in by a court of extreme exclusiveness, and by fear of revolutionary attack—conditions that are the sad inheritance of autocratic sovereigns. There was no such freedom for him in his own country as rulers of Germany and England enjoy in their youth. All his boyhood days were passed in his father's palaces, where he underwent a course of strictly private instruction. Not that he led the laborious existence of the King of Italy, or the companionless one of the little King of Spain. Simple, affectionate home life behind their guarded doors has always been the custom of the Russian royal family—a strange contrast to the ceremonious official existence which they are compelled to endure in public.

Most educated Russians speak French or German in addition to their own tongue. The Czar had foreign nurses in babyhood, and his English tutor, Mr. Heath, who recently died, was held in high esteem by the entire royal household. Thus the future emperor learned three or four languages almost in infancy. At the age of nine, his systematic education was begun under the charge of General Danilovich, who is now adjutant to the Czar. A course covering thirteen years was laid out, eight years being devoted to general studies and five to finishing work in higher branches. Classics were entirely omitted, modern languages and literature being substituted.

The prince was gradually introduced into the practical workings of the military and civil branches of government, holding offices in both. He was a cavalry commander and a member of the council of the empire at twenty. Then, to give final rounding off to this long course of study, the young man was sent, in 1890, on a tour around Asia, going by sea to Egypt, India, China, and Japan, and touching Russian soil again at Vladivostok, where he cut the first sod for the Siberian railway, the completion of which is the greatest industrial achievement of his own reign.

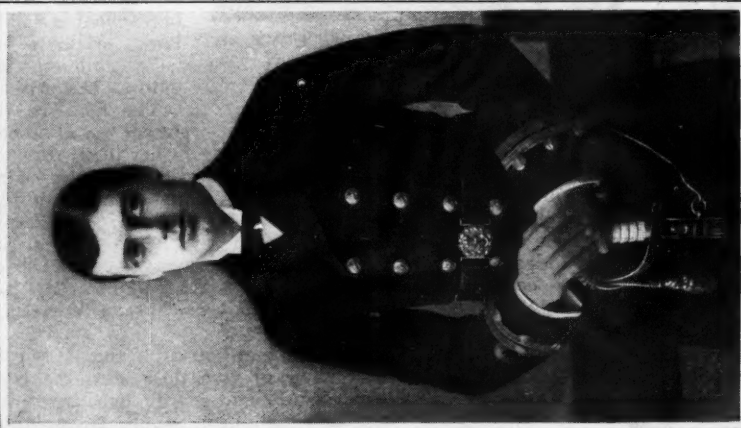
One of the Czar's instructors has given



ABBAS, KHEWIVE OF EGYPT, WHO AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE WAS A PUPIL IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN VIENNA.

From a photograph by Dittrich, Cairo.

small, is very ceremonious, and great attention is paid to etiquette. The little prince's grandmother, Princess Clementine, has undertaken this part of his education, and it is said to be her ambition to give him the most finished manners in Europe. She has found the boy an apt pupil—a fact that may perhaps be explained by his inheritance, from both



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A LIEUTENANT IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S NAVY, AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.
From a photograph by Deamer, London.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AS A MEMBER OF THE COSSACK ESCORT OF HIS FATHER, THE CZAR ALEXANDER.
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.



CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM OF GERMANY AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT BONN UNIVERSITY.
From a photograph by Schaarschüchter, Berlin.

a picture of school life in the palace of the Romanoffs. The pupils were Nicholas, now emperor, then eighteen years old, and heir to the throne; George, aged fourteen, who later died of consumption; Xenia, aged eleven, and Michael, aged eight, the present heir apparent. General Danilovich introduced the instructor. "These young people are your pupils," he said. "Call them by their names, Nicholas, George, Xenia, and Michael."

The whole day was strictly devoted to work, except certain hours reserved for physical exercise. The royal children were held rigidly to their tasks, and the instructor bears testimony that never did he have a more tractable class. Even at meal times their studies formed the topic of conversation, the general taking the opportunity to put them through an informal examination.

The Grand Duke Michael, present heir apparent, is now twenty three. His education was not so thorough as that of his brother Nicholas, but he is a stronger and sturdier man. He is fond of riding, boxing, fencing, and wrestling. There is in his room an American gymnastic outfit, which he uses daily, and he recently told Ambassador Tower that he wished to travel in the United States to learn more by personal observation of the country.

PRINCES OF ASIA AND AFRICA.

It is not only the European royal families that provide the highest education for their future rulers. Japan, now in its first generation of modern civilization, is thoroughly up to date in this respect, as in most others. The proper method of training for the crown prince was one of

the many puzzling questions that arose when western ways were adopted by the Mikado's court. It was decided to abandon the old Japanese system, which hedged about the person of royalty with all sorts of hampering restrictions, and to send the prince to the peers' school in

Tokio as soon as he was old enough. After graduating he continued to attend lectures on history, law, and elementary science given by the best scholars of Japan. Of course he has also had a military training.

There are no colleges in Siam, except those in which priests are trained; so the son of King Chulalongkorn had to go abroad for a modern education. As British influence is dominant in the Land of the White Elephant, it was only natural that the crown prince should be sent to England, where he has spent the last eight years. At first he studied with private tutors; then he passed through the military school at Sandhurst, and now he is an undergraduate at Oxford.

The Khedive of Egypt was at school

in Vienna when his father died. Before that he had had an English tutor—Mr. Butler, an Oxford man—who began his classical education in the palace at Cairo. He had been at the Theresianum in Vienna for five years, and was treated in all respects like the other pupils. His infant son will likewise have a European education.

Thus the royal houses of the old world are striving to give their sons the best possible equipment for the exacting positions they will have to fill, recognizing that incompetence cannot hope to escape undetected in the fierce light that beats about a modern throne.



PRINCE MAHA VAJIRAVUDH, CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM, AT THE TIME WHEN HE BEGAN HIS EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

STORIETTES

A Man of the Service.

I.

SERGEANT TERENCE MCGINNIS was to the service born. His cradle had been an army blanket tacked in a hardtack box, and a bridle bit was the only toy that ever came to him. His earliest recollections were indistinct blurs of blue and flashes of steel, together with the clatter of horses' hoofs.

Later, there were memories of stirring trumpet calls, the rushing of men, and the departure of troops, followed by dreary days and long nights when his mother held him in her arms and crooned tearful lullabies. Then back would ride the troop, with scowling Sioux prisoners, and not infrequently with one or two empty saddles.

So the years passed, the scene changing from one frontier post to another, but the incidents repeating themselves, until at last came the proud day when "Terry," as he was known, with his shoulders squared, his head erect, and his hand upraised, said "I do" to the oath read him by the mustering officer. And that day there came the call of the bugle, the rush of the troopers, and Terry rode at his father's stirrup as the detachment galloped away in pursuit of a marauding band of their natural enemies, the Sioux.

II.

THE retreating Indians were overtaken among the bluffs and buttes of the foothills, but the sudden discovery was a surprise to both parties. Surprised, but not dismayed, the captain grimly gave the order, the bugle sounded the charge, and headlong the men of the service spurred towards the men of the tepees. One volley was fired as the spurs sank, and then the sabers flashed in the autumn sunlight. An answering volley caused a fated few to clutch blindly and fall, and then the shock came.

There was short, hellish work with painted faces at arm's length from the set jaws of the cavalymen. Separated from his father by the maelstrom of death, Terry sought him when the scattering came. He saw him battling with two of

the Sioux, and as he dashed to his aid the father's saber circled and swept one of his opposers into eternity. At the same instant the remaining savage, wearing the feathers of a chief, lunged forward, the point of his spear entered the trooper's breast and showed through his shoulder.

With a horrible scream Terry spurred his horse to renewed efforts. His pistol and carbine were empty, but the saber trembled in the air at arm's length as he closed in. Gathering his muscles, he struck, but his horse staggered and swerved, and the blade, instead of cleaving the painted skull, shaved off an ear and laid open one cheek. The wounded cavalry horse plunged forward to its knees and the boy fell heavily upon his head and shoulder. Such was Terence McGinnis' baptism into the service.

III.

BEFORE the snows had melted in the spring his widowed mother was sleeping beside the fallen soldier, and Terry knew no parent save the service. To it he gave his devotion, and a corporal's chevrons were sewed on his sleeves. Was there a detail wanted to round up an Indian band? Terry was at the commander's quarters begging to be chosen.

The years dropped away; men came to the troop and joyfully welcomed their discharges at the expiration of their enlistment. Terence McGinnis remained. The triple striped chevron of the sergeant adorned his arm, but otherwise he was unchanged. Silent and unquestioning at all times, daring and eager on an Indian trail, he was considered an enigma by officers and men. When the fever put him in the hospital at the fort he raved and babbled constantly—raved of a search to which he had consecrated himself.

When he was convalescent and was pressed for explanations he smiled grimly and jested at his delirium.

Then came the relapse, and again he lay tossing in the burning grasp of fever. With a clatter of hoofs a horse, its flanks dripping blood where the teeth of the spurs had bitten, stopped, panting, before the major's quarters. A ranchman fell from the saddle. Quickly he was carried

into the room, and a glance showed that a bullet had crushed his left elbow. Brandy was forced between his lips.

"The Sioux!" he gasped. "They've burned Wilson's ranch and murdered them all. I broke through; they're making for the hills—" He fainted again.

IV.

ROLLING and muttering on his bed, Sergeant Terence McGinnis was brought suddenly upright by the sharp notes of the bugle's "boots and saddles." Then he lay back again, for the attendant was watching him. A moment later the "assembly" sounded, and a look of cunning came into the sick man's eyes as the hospital orderly ran out to see the cause of the trouble.

The troop was three miles away when the captain, glancing back, saw a strange sight. Coming like the wind was a figure clad in white. Rapidly he gained on the troop, and a murmur from the ranks announced the arrival of Sergeant Terry McGinnis, hatless, barefooted, robed only in his underclothes, with his sidearms buckled about his waist.

"For God's sake, Terry, go back!" shouted the captain as McGinnis galloped to his side and saluted.

The fever was burning the sergeant's cheeks a livid red, and an unnatural brightness was in his eyes.

"I must go with the troop, captain," he replied. "This is a good day for a scrap;" and his laugh was broken with the shivering of fever as he took his old place in the column.

V.

ONWARD they rode, McGinnis sitting his saddle as firmly as of old. By the middle of the afternoon they had found their quarry and opened the fight. The Sioux were in greater numbers than had been expected, and the troopers dismounted and took shelter behind the boulders.

The tide of battle was turning, the reds were beginning to press them, and a rider was sent back to the fort for reinforcements. Sergeant McGinnis fired steadily from his improvised breastworks. Suddenly he dropped his carbine and, raising his head, peered long and intently at a brave who had ridden out from his fellows and was dashing along a few hundred yards distant, shouting defiance.

"Great God!" The captain's face blanched, and a murmur of horror ran along the line behind the rocks.

Sergeant McGinnis had sprung to his horse and was charging straight for the warrior who had defied the men of the service. A shrill, unearthly howl escaped his lips as he drew his saber and pressed his bare heels into the barrel of his mount.

The troop, stung to desperation by the spectacle, waited not for orders, but rushed for their horses and swept after him in a mad, disorganized charge.

The onrushing torrent of horses and men and steel led by the strange looking specter in white struck terror to the souls of the Sioux and they turned to escape, but raging death swept into their midst and engulfed them in a cloud of blue.

When it was over, the captain rode in search of Sergeant McGinnis. He was lying prostrate across the body of the chief whom he had sought.

The skull of the Sioux was cleft to the chin by the saber of McGinnis, but his own life's blood was ebbing from a jagged wound in his breast. The captain lifted his head to his knee and held a canteen to his lips.

"I've—found him—captain," he gasped. "Turn him—over—and you'll—see."

With his foot the captain turned over the Sioux. One ear was missing, and a hideous scar extended along one side of his face.

Sergeant McGinnis looked up and smiled through the mists of death.

"Thank God, sir, my horse didn't stumble this time!"

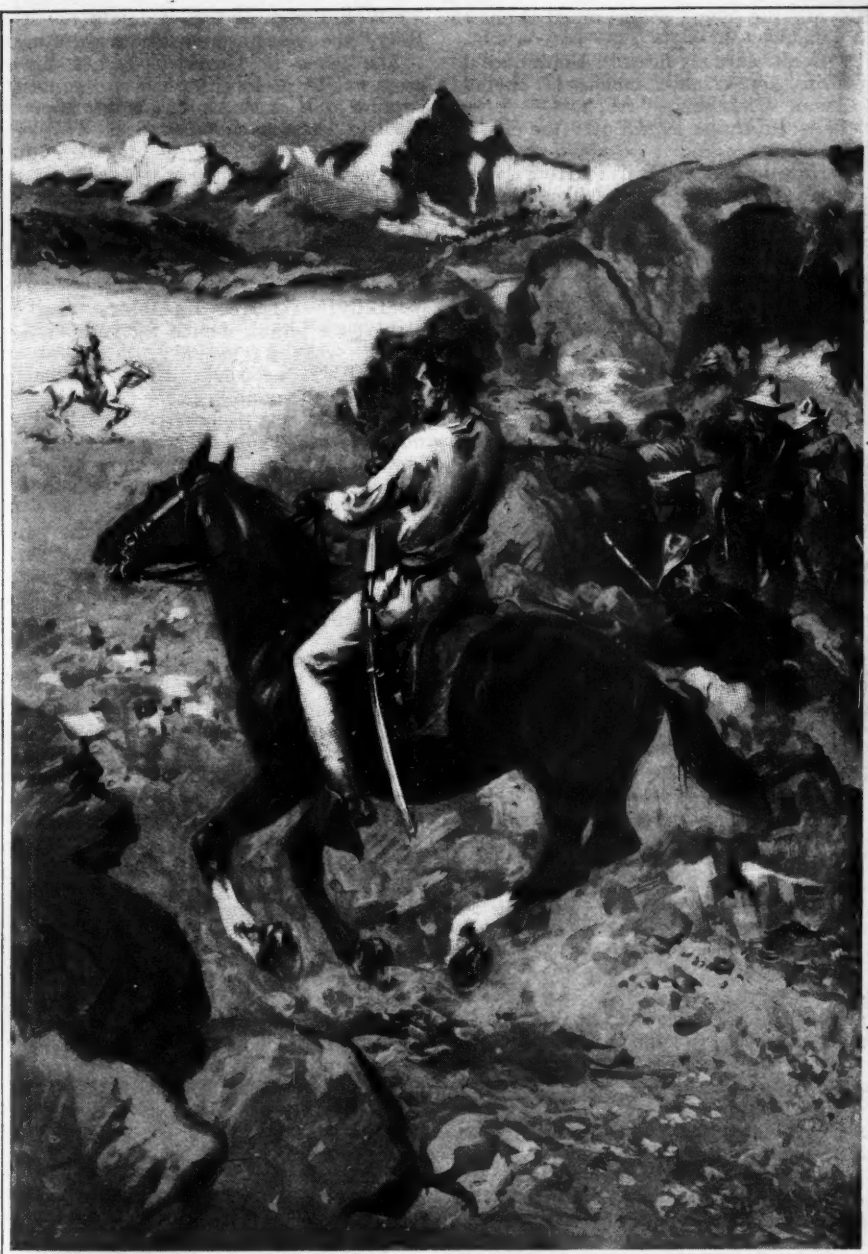
Harold Kramer.

The Doings of David.

I.

ONE summer afternoon a startling scene was observed by Miss McAlpine when she drove from Hillington village into the poorhouse yard for her weekly visit. Creaking Billy, the aged pauper whose days were spent in chasing hens away from the flowers on the lawn, stood in front of the pansy bed brandishing a stick and screaming—an uncouth Ajax in defiance of the lightning. The lightning in the case was Snip, the overseer's colt, eagerly cropping the delicious grass, and at his halter was old man Weckerlin, shaking with rage.

"G'wan out o' here! G'wan out o' here! G'wan!" yelled Billy. He was panting in his fury, and his breathing made the sound which explained his nickname.



A SHRILL, UNEARTHLY HOWL ESCAPED SERGEANT MCGINNIS AS HE DREW HIS SABER AND PRESSED HIS BARE HEELS INTO THE BARREL OF HIS MOUNT.

"You ain't none o' my boss!" sputtered Weckerlin. "No, sir, you ain't. Hold yer tongue, I tell yer."

"Git off o' my grass!" stormed Creaking Billy, and executed a devil may care forward movement of at least three steps.

David, the dog, accompanied him as usual.

"Don't scare my horse! Don't dare do nothin', you creakin' monkey!" shouted old man Weckerlin. "Ah, you——"

Miss McAlpine leaned over the side of her phaeton.

"How do you do, Billy? How do you do, Mr. Weckerlin?" she said pleasantly. "Here's the tobacco for both of you;" and diplomatically she gave Billy's package



DAVID, THE MONGREL WATCH DOG OF A NEW ENGLAND POORHOUSE, WHO SAVED SNIP'S LIFE.

of Durham to Weckerlin, so that the old man was forced to hand it to his enemy.

"Are you ready for our game of dominoes, Billy?" she asked.

"I'm afeared to leave the flowers—reg'lar afeared, ma'am," said Billy, eying Snip significantly.

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Miss McAlpine. "Surely you won't disappoint me after my long ride from the village;" and she drove on to the shed where Oliver Pritchard was waiting to blanket her horse—his proudest moment of the week.

"Those two ridiculous creatures are fighting again," said she.

"Yes, miss." Oliver wiped his hands and took the books she had brought him. "This is a famous place for fights."

"Well, I'm going to play dominoes with Billy," she continued as she turned away.

The game in Creaking Billy's little room was by no means a cheerful contest, in spite of Miss McAlpine's sunny efforts. He was in sour mood, and he growled and wheezed, and glared through the narrow window at the flower beds. Tucked on the dingy wall over the table was a faded and ancient photograph of a woman. Miss McAlpine had often seen it there; it was the likeness of his mother, the old man told her.

"Billy," said Miss McAlpine, "shall I give you a picture frame for your birthday?"

"Huh!" growled Billy sullenly. "Where's the double six?"

"No, no," she declared; "I shall play no more with you till you're in better humor. Why can't you make it up with Mr. Weckerlin?" she went on, rather injudiciously.

Creaking Billy stumped down the passage without a word. Miss McAlpine heard his stick on the stairs and his voice calling for David as he returned to the campaign against his foes on the lawn.

II.

No inmate of the Hillington poorhouse could remember the time when there was not a feud between Creaking Billy and Weckerlin. In point of service, David, the watch dog, was the oldest resident of the town farm; but it is quite certain that David, if he had been able to talk, could not have testified to a single friendly demonstration between these two mysterious and unknown castaways.

Mr. Deming, the overseer, had endeavored in vain to fathom the quarrel; Creaking Billy, whose other name was unknown, hated Weckerlin, Weckerlin hated Billy, and no more was to be said. Every active emotion of the two was summed up in that statement, and to ask either one of them to explain it was as obviously futile as to ask a child why he hates the darkness.

For years Billy had been not only the official custodian of David the dog, but also the protector of Mrs. Deming's flowers against the brigand poultry. Billy's station was a decrepit chair on the lawn, between the pansies and the carnations, where he could execute splendid flanking movements and burst upon the feathered bandits in the rear, throwing them into noisy discomfiture. The great days in Creaking Billy's life were the occasions of these routs. "Made 'em

cackle today, by gum!" he would roar exultantly at the supper table, and detail the engagement at elaborate length.

Mr. Deming came finally to the conclusion that old man Weckerlin was jealous of Billy's responsibility. The superintendent had a three year old colt, by name Snip, and one June morning Weckerlin was formally intrusted with the care of this vivacious animal. Trembling with joy, Weckerlin escorted Snip to a stretch of pasture land near the big white poor-house, and there the man sat on the grass through the entire day, holding a long leading line in his fingers and disdaining dinner, interference, and advice.

III.

Now, that summer in Hillington village was said to have been the driest since 1874. The foliage shriveled, the earth was parched, the grass burned to a sickly brown. Old man Weckerlin hobbled over the farm with black care gnawing at his soul as he hunted out the sparse green stripes of pasturage for Snip, and during the sultry nights he lay awake, calculating desperately the resources of the forage. He was seen in the evenings lugging pails of water to the fields, in a pathetically vain attempt to fight the ravages of the devouring sun.

"Why don't you lead Snip along the driveway and let him eat at the lawn?" suggested Oliver Pritchard, a kindly man, but at that moment unconsciously urged by an evil spirit.

Weckerlin's eyes gleamed, and he stared malevolently down the supper table at Creaking Billy. "Ah, the swine!" muttered old man Weckerlin.

Every day thereafter on the lawn matters went from bad to worse, for Weckerlin's strategy became satanic in its ingenuity. The pinnacle of his invention was surreptitiously to chase the hens upon one side of the flower beds and then, doubling back with marvelous speed, to lead Snip towards the other. Billy raved and squealed, and David became insane, at this maneuver. It was then that Snip's fly bonnet was found slashed and cut to pieces on its hook in the stable. The fly bonnet, devised of wire and a gunny sack, had cost Weckerlin hours of anxious labor.

Then came the morning when Weckerlin pretended to stumble over David, who was accustomed to sleep on a rug at the door of Creaking Billy's bedchamber. The old man raised an incredible clamor: he had taken an awful fall, it was a

mercy he wasn't busted and killed; the dum dog laid there a-purpose, there was a rule agin dogs in the house anyhow. The rule was undeniable, although it had been a dead letter in the case of Billy's friend. In the evening David was led to the stable, howling dismally, and Creaking Billy heard the howls and moistened his tremulous lips as he scowled at old man Weckerlin in the murky lamplight of the sitting-room.

Billy's troubled dreams that night were all of his enemy; he saw the old man's face surrounded by terrific and perilous torments. These visions were unbearable. Creaking Billy moaned and struggled into wakefulness, and there, overspreading the white ceiling of his room, the red glow of the dream fire still remained. He raised himself in the pitiful panic of old age, and limped down the stairs. Oliver Pritchard stood at the foot of them.

"What's matter? What—what—" quavered Billy. "Lemme out, I tell you."

"No," said Pritchard. "It's only the small barn, a-fire on the far end."

Mrs. Deming bustled through the door of the parlor, tying her apron as she spoke.

"Oliver, go help Mr. Deming and the neighbors," she said. "I'll manage things here."

Pritchard hurried to the shed, used in summer as the shelter for a few draft horses. There was a fringe of flame running along the front of the shed's roof, and a man on a ladder was attacking it, one bucketful of water at a time.

"Guess that roof's a goner," cried Deming, stepping out of the short line of bucket passers from the well. "The loft, she's afire clean to the ridge. Guess we'd better let her rip, Caleb, and try to save the big barn anyhow."

Caleb slid to the ground and the crowd of volunteer firemen ran to the main barn, dangerously near to the blazing stable.

IV.

"Is the stock all right?" asked Oliver Pritchard of a bystander.

"Sure, druv 'em out myself."

"Better make certain," Oliver said, advancing to the stable door. A shout of warning stopped him just in time to escape a fluttering cascade of sparks and the heavy fall of charred beams; the roof over the front of the shed had collapsed and the entrance was blocked. Oliver felt his shoulder gripped, and, turning, he saw Creaking Billy. The flames lit

up the old man's ashen face, twitching with excitement.

"Say, where's Dave?" murmured Billy. "Y'know what I mean—David, the dog. Where's the dog, hey?"

"Isn't he with Mr. Deming?" returned Pritchard.

The other shook his head fiercely.

"Well, you'd better go back to the house, Billy. Man alive, you're barefoot and not half dressed. I'll take care of David."

"The dog's in that there shed—that's where he be," said Creaking Billy.

"Can't be!" exclaimed Mr. Deming, running with Pritchard to the back of the smaller building. Mounted on the low pile of debris which cluttered the narrow door was Creaking Billy, trying to clear the entrance.

"Leave off, there, you fool," said Deming. "There ain't anything alive inside, and the whole shebang's going to drop a blazing in a minute."

"Cal'late I'll take a look," grunted Creaking Billy, with his fingers now on the door handle.

He shoved forward, shaking the side wall by his weight, and Mr. Deming anxiously glanced aloft. The door flew open, and the interior of the shed seemed all creeping with fire—except at the opposite corner, where stood the dog in front of a closed box stall, barking with all his might at the curling lines of flame.

"Here, David! Come, David—come, boy!" commanded Deming.

At sight of the men, the dog made for them; then he wheeled and put back to his post, turning his head and whining; then he clambered up with his forefeet against the door of the stall and yelped a sharp summons. It was done in an instant. The heroism of some forgotten Scottish ancestor had come down to David, the mongrel watch dog in New England.

"Come, David, come!" repeated Mr. Deming, not understanding.

"The dog won't leave the horse," said Pritchard.

"I'm a comin', David," cried Billy. "Snip's in the stall!"

"Then we'll have to get him thunderin' quick," called out Deming. "I don't know—those roof beams are bendin'."

A curious look came over Oliver Pritchard's face.

"Hold on, Mr. Deming," said he. "Billy can't disobey David. We'll stand by if anything happens. Let Billy save Weckerlin's horse."

Creaking Billy was already fumbling at

the hasp on the box stall, and David was jumping about the man's legs and barking in a wild and joyful excitement. Out came the colt, snorting with terror; another second, and Snip, David, and the three rescuers were safely beyond the smoking timbers. David marched proudly by Billy's side.

Old man Weckerlin, informed of the colt's rescue, greeted Snip and David and Billy, when the trio passed up the driveway, with a tumultuous and triumphant waving of a quilt. Oliver laughed with solid satisfaction.

V.

"CREAKING BILLY's very bad, miss," said Oliver next time Miss McAlpine called.

"I suppose you've heard all about the fire. Billy tried to do too much in the way of running around and breathing in smoke and so on, and he's pretty sick."

"Poor old thing!" commented Miss McAlpine. "Have you been looking out for him?"

Pritchard grinned.

"No, it's Weckerlin that's nursing him like a doctor."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the young lady. "I must go up stairs at once."

She found Billy in bed and Weckerlin enthroned in a rocking chair close by. The dog David lay on the strip of carpet wagging his tail at intervals.

"Say, here she be, Steve," observed Billy.

"Oh, yes. Yes, here she be," agreed Weckerlin, somewhat unnecessarily. "Jes' wanted to tell you something, Miss McAlpine."

There was a pause punctuated by the beat of the dog's tail on the floor.

"Well, do speak, one of you," laughed the girl.

Billy had an inspiration.

"It's about that there photy frame," he announced solemnly. "You said something about a photy frame last time you was here?"

"Yes, and I have it," Miss McAlpine said.

"He's got a picture for it," burst forth Billy, creaking dreadfully underneath the counterpane.

Miss McAlpine stared at old man Weckerlin, who was groping in his pocket. And staring is not the term to express the demonstration which she made when he produced a photograph. She regarded it as Hamlet did the ghost, raising her eyes to the other portrait on the wall.

"Why, it's—it's the same—as Billy's!" she stammered. "Who is it, Mr. Weckerlin?"

"Mother," said the voice muffled in the pillow.

"Your mother?" Miss McAlpine faced Creaking Billy in despair.

"Our mother!" shouted Billy. "We be brothers, we be."

"And did you know it all along?"

"Known it nigh on to sixty year," answered Weckerlin.

"No one else suspicioned it, though, since '72. What year was it we fell out, Bill?"

"Seventy three," wheezed Creaking Billy Weckerlin—"the year father painted our house in Kansas."

"Well," cried Miss McAlpine, "all I can say is that you have been a pair of idiots."

"It's the doings of David," said old man Weckerlin. "If it hadn't been for him, reckon we'd 'a' been out on Judgment Day."

Edward Boltwood.

A Boomerang Hold Up.

I.

THE Carpenters kept their store open till half past twelve on Saturday night, and they were generally ready enough to sleep till ten next morning after the rush of the last six hours. On this particular Saturday night young Clay Carpenter had had almost everything on his own hands; but by midnight the last haggling farmer had carried his armful of bundles out to his muddy democrat and lifted the lines on his patient team.

"You can go now, Saunders," the young fellow said to the new clerk. "I've got to wind things up before I can leave. Tell dad that unless he's asleep I'll drop in on him with the week's statement before I go to bed."

He heard Saunders moving sleepily about from door to door as he settled down behind the long till counter. He had not got the day's receipts sorted and piled for counting before the tired clerk was out on the village street, climbing the hill to the old Carpenter home, where Clay's father lay ill of the grip.

II.

CLAY rapidly checked over the silver and bills, and slipped them into his pocket in one heavy roll. He had just flung open the day book when he heard the "goods door" click, and somebody

walked in through the dark storeroom. He looked up wonderingly. The unceremonious stranger somehow suggested a railroad man. He was built solidly and heavily, and his face had a sort of oily pallor.

"Navy plug," he said calmly, throwing down a dime.

Clay got it mechanically.

"Ireckon I must be a little after hours," the stranger added genially. "My ticker has the razooos this week. What do *you* make it, friend?"

Clay was carrying his father's heavy gold lever; something told him not to show it. He turned about to glance at the little clock set in the silk twist cabinet. When he turned back again he was looking into the barrel and chambers of a revolver.

The man chuckled. "I guess this is a horse on you, sonny. Now, your next play is to hand me out a few odd bills to wrap this navy plug in; greenbacks are great things to keep it damp and fresh. On second thoughts, I guess you'd better give me all you've got, and any silver you've lyin' round loose, too. That 'll save you makin' up your accounts all over again."

Clay stood staring at him, slowly wetting his tongue on the sides of his mouth. He did not attempt to speak; there was nothing he could say. He tried not to look at the revolver.

"Oh, don't get afeared now. You just stand steady and keep your eye on the canary bird." The man evidently enjoyed it. "It's good for you. It'll make your hair curl. But I mustn't delay your gettin' home to bed any longer 'n I can help; this country store keepin' takes the life out of you, at best. So let's get down to biz."

Clay still stood rooted in front of his stool. He was strangely cool. He remembered that his grandfather, whose forage cap and rusty Gettysburg sword hung over his portrait in the parlor, had known how to act. Had he the same stuff in him? That was one of the things you could never know till the time came. Now the time had come, and he was not afraid. He knew that, but he realized how all but utterly trapped he was. While that long counter was between them, he had no chance whatever.

III.

"OH-H-H, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!" The man expressed his impatience in the voice of a blunt spoken but not ill

natured customer grown somewhat weary of waiting for his change. "There's no use our gawping at each other till Sunday morning. Sling that till free!"

In those last four words there came to the young fellow the one opening he had overlooked. He began to play.

"Maybe you didn't come as soon as you thought you did," he said. He pulled the empty drawer half way out. "There's nothing in it. If you don't believe me, you can come behind and see for yourself."

The man, still keeping him covered, lifted the counter bar, and walked in. Clay waited till he had reached his side, then flung open the till. As the ruffian dropped his eyes, his revolver dropped in time with them, and Clay was upon him! His right hand whipped about the barrel of the weapon, twisted it sideways with a full forearm wrench, and next moment his left fist went home between the staggered blackleg's eyes.

With a torrent of unintelligible oaths, the man blindly tried to return the blow, missed, and then gave both hands to a furious attempt to tear his weapon free. Clay, with clenched teeth, silently locked his left hand beside his right and made his grip of double strength. He was only nineteen, but from the first book up he had played at the rugged game of "catch as catch can." Side by side, leg locked, stumbling and tripping, they dragged and pushed each other along behind the counter and out into the open store.

Then the real struggle began. Neither attempted to use the fist again. It would have been throwing away staying power; and to leave only one hand on the gun would be to take the imminent risk of death. One thing, and one thing alone, could be decisive, and that was the possession of the weapon. The robber's bravado coolness was now a horrible, beast-like ferocity. He would have blown the boy's head off with no more hesitation than he had had in asking for his money.

And Clay realized it. But he realized, too, that while he was still fresh himself, the scoundrel was pegging out. He realized that the lawless may be anything but terrible when forced to rely only on nature's weapons. His jaw set firmer, and his heart swelled in him with exultation. He was beginning to handle his man now!

Across the room, still duskily aglow from the embers of the hickory logs, stood the big box stove. He set his sinewy side against the thug's fat chest, and began to work him over towards it. The man guessed his intention, and held back with

all his strength and weight. They knocked over stools, caromed against crates, and struck heavily on the corners of big goods cases. But foot by foot Clay took him to it, and pressed him at last against the broad, low, reddish gray cast iron side.

The man yelled almost before he could have felt the first singeing pain. "Oh, my Lord, you're burn—"

"Then let go the revolver! Oh, I'll drop it, too, and fight you fair. Let go!"

"I'll see you—ow-w! Oh-h-h!" The man writhed and kicked in a frenzy.

"Let go!"

"Oh, ow-w-w! Heavens a'mighty!"

"Let go!"

The fingers began to loosen.

"Let go!"

Then the hands relaxed, and Clay sent the revolver spinning far up to the front of the store. But the man was free. He dodged about the stove, striking furiously at the boy as he passed.

IV.

CLAY had no time to recover the weapon he had thrown away, but his old target thirty two lay in the corner of the billing desk. The desk stood flanking the open side door through which the man had just flung himself. The boy's hand found it in the first instant's groping; he sped down the steps after the fleeing scoundrel, and out into the clear, cold, moonlit silence of the deserted street. His blood was up with a vengeance now. He was wildly excited, but he did not shout for assistance. He knew he could easily outrun the fellow, and he was going to see the job through, alone.

"I'll get him before he reaches the old toll gate," he said to himself grimly, "and not spurt, either."

He dropped his head and opened his chest to the frosty midnight air; and before they were well through the village he had cut down the man's lead by a half. Five minutes more and he would have him at bay again.

Suddenly the ruffian turned off and dived down Turner's Lane to the river. The ferryman's skiff lay there, with oars in the rowlocks, and there was no other boat for half a mile. The man had studied his ground well. The situation had taken altogether a new complexion. Clay had every need to spurt now.

He began to run like a stag in sight of water, and every second shortened the gap by yards. But the fellow reached the riverside rods ahead of him. He leaped into the skiff and cast loose.

He had only a moment, and it was not enough. The sand and rubble under the keel of the boat and the ragged glass-ice stretching between its bow and the shore held it back.

Snarling like a dog, the burglar reached about into his hip pocket, jerked forth a long clasp knife, and furiously fumbled it open. With a murderous curse he leaped straight up the bank again at the panting boy.

"So you want me to do for you after all, do you——"

Then he stopped, and gaped with mouth open into the old revolver.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of it," Clay laughed crazily, for he was half beside himself. "It'll make your hair curl. But you come a foot nearer, and maybe it'll do a good deal more than that."

V.

HE marched the man back up the village, and halted him in the middle of the road before big Joe Brown's, the blacksmith. For the five minutes it took him to arouse the horseshoer and constable, he kept the thirty two against the man's wincing back.

Big Joe and his brawny apprentice trussed the ruffian's arms behind him with breeching straps.

"I'll hitch up and take him into Hinton town tonight," said the constable. "I wouldn't feel safe to look after him myself, for it's easy to see he ain't any chicken at his line of business."

He turned to the man. "I guess ye're kind of regretful ye tackled the boy, ain't ye? I reckon ye were sort of surprised to find he had a gun of his own."

"If he hadn't had it I'd 'a' cut his heart out and been safe across the river by now," said the fellow.

"Oh!" said Joe thoughtfully, and looked at him for a time. "Ye would 'a,' eh? Well, Clay, it's about as well for ye that ye had that thirty two, and a mighty lucky chance it was loaded."

"It wasn't," said Clay. "It hasn't been since summer; but it seemed to do the business just as well!"

He was thinking of his grandfather's sword, and his heart was big in him.

Arthur E. McFarlane.

Mothers and Fathers.

"RALPH, Ralph!"

"Yes—what is it, Helen?"

"Isn't gas escaping somewhere? Can you smell it?"

"No—no, not at all. You imagine it. Have you been awake long?"

"Ever since the wind died down. It is so still I can't sleep. There—now don't you smell it?"

"You are nervous. Did Roy go to bed early?"

"Before we did; don't you remember? A note came for him and he went up stairs right afterwards."

"Was it from—that girl?"

"I don't know."

"There—I notice it now. I will see where it is."

"I shall come, too."

"Has he spoken of her lately?"

"Yes—night before last. Just for a moment. Oh, curse her!"

"Hush, Helen! You are sure he did not go out again?"

"He might have. The wind was raging so then I couldn't hear. It's so terribly still! Wait for me."

"Won't you stay here?"

"No. It will quiet me to walk about a little. I suppose one of the hall jets is turned on. Try this one by the door."

"It is coming from the other end of the hall, Helen."

"Oh, then it is the one near Roy's room. How strong it is! You go so fast, Ralph, I can't keep up. Walk softly; we don't want to startle Roy. It is worse here—it makes me a little giddy."

"Helen, go back!"

"No! Keep away from Roy's door—you will disturb him. Here, I have found the jet—I knew just where to put my hand. I think it was turned on a little. I can't be sure, but I think it turned. Yes, I am certain it did. Some one must have put it out very carelessly. Now we can go back. Oh, *why* don't you come?"

"Helen, I am going into Roy's room. Wait here if you will, but don't follow."

She replied nothing. The door opened to his touch, letting out a rush of gas. The windows were flung up, and he gasped for breath. Presently his foot struck a chair. She put both palms against the wall and listened. She heard his knee brush against the bed.

"Helen! He isn't in bed; he hasn't been tonight."

"Then he went out! Of course he went out. Now will you come?"

"Dear, he may—be here. I shall have to feel. I cannot strike a light yet."

"Feel?"

"The chairs, the floor. How did he seem to you this evening?"

"More cheerful. Why, you must have noticed, Ralph!"

She came in and began to move slowly along the wall, stopping to grope in front of her with her hands. "I thought several times, 'He is beginning to get over it.' Didn't you notice?"

"I—don't know, dear. There is nothing on this side. I wish you——"

"Ah!"

"What is it, Helen? Speak!"

"No, no! It was nothing—only his coat on a chair. It—startled me. Go on; I'll lean against the window a moment. The gas makes me—don't stop, don't stop!"

"If only I dared light——"

"Ralph, I hear something! There is some one on the stairs. Listen!"

"I don't hear——"

"It is his step. It is Roy! Oh, God, God!"

"Yes, I hear now. Then it was the gale blew his gas out."

"Quick, come away! We mustn't seem——"

"Hush! He will know by your voice. Let me speak."

"Roy, is that you?"

As the voice answered from below she crept back to her room, steadying herself by the wall.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

The Jolly Roger.

I.

SHE came towards him with perhaps a trifle more of gladness in her mien than he had usually been fortunate enough to evoke—and, he fancied, too, with something of reproach.

"If I did not know," he wisely began, "that you have taken my absence as a relief straight from the gods——"

"Certainly," she cut in. "Surely no apologies are necessary."

His smile—wisely again—was inward.

"Yes, you may light one," she laughed. He suddenly realized that he had been fidgeting with his cigarette case. "I know it's the only way to make a man comfortable in one's society."

"Been engaged in weighty business," he explained. "Two of them, in fact. First, furnishing a flat for Robley Davis, who is coming home from slaughter in the Philippines to be sacrificed at the altar."

"You—furnishing a flat!"

"One of the penalties of being considered artistic, you see. Smart little flat—quite wish it were ours——"

She sat up—very suddenly and very straight.

He dropped his cigarette ash into the tray with deliberation. "But then I won't let you say 'No,' and you won't say 'Yes,' and so——"

"Who is Robley Davis?"

"And so I am reduced to furnishing flats for my friends."

"Did I ever meet him?"

"It has gone on for a year and a half now——"

"A year and a half to furnish a flat?"

"Eighteen months of uncertainty and—misery. I wonder why it is," he went on musingly, and she quite realized it was hopeless to stop him now. "I think it is the bird still fluttering for its freedom—you hate a cage, Jean—and you love Love, but won't surrender to him. I think, Jean—yes, I think it's your beautifully pure womanliness."

And now she looked at him, and for an instant the bars were down. Her eyes were bright and she said gently:

"Sometimes I think I almost could love you—that you understand."

But as he leaned towards her the light from the shaded lamp fell upon the lapel of his coat.

She started back.

"What is it? The horrid thing!"

His opportunity was gone—and with it his temper.

"Damn the 'Sons of Pirates'!" he muttered savagely.

"The—what?" She was laughing—amazedly—now. "Let me see it."

He leaned forward sullenly.

II.

SHE fingered the button in his lapel, and laughed again. "On a field sable a skull argent, with marrow bones, crossed. What is it?"

"The 'Jolly Roger.'"

"Charming—and so, I suppose, are its associations."

But he was on the defensive now.

"It's the button of the Honorable Society of the Sons of Pirates. I'm the first president. That's my other arduous labor—organizing, getting the charter put through, and so on."

"You foolish boy! You're eligible for about every society under the sun, and yet you found this barbaric thing!"

"You don't get the point of view"—stiffly. "My great great granddad was a fine old chap, and there were others like him. There was something elemental about all that. We are refining the bigness out of us nowadays—we're puny, and pusillanimous, and weak!"

"You look it."

Six feet of brawn and muscle laughed sheepishly.

"If we have strength, how do we get it? Breathe it in with the natural freedom of our lives—as they did? Hardly! No, we row or we play football, box or play ball. It's all artificial—physical culture included in a college course! And what do we do with it when we get it? Go into law, or art, or business—where there isn't the air to fill our lung space, and where we topple off into consumption or paresis."

"What are the Sons of Pirates going to do about it? Flaunt the Jolly Roger over the seas anew? I don't suppose the yacht will be a safe amusement next summer."

"Should you honor me again, it might be a danger." Then his manner changed utterly; he went on with enthusiasm:

"But it's deeper than all that. Look at our modern ways! Afraid of wearing our hearts upon our sleeves, ashamed of our best thoughts, we frivol—as we have done tonight, and always—we, and all the world—hiding what is left of the eternal truth in us under a mask of badinage."

He leaned across the table.

"Jean, last week I had a false partition torn down at the old house. Behind it I found a chest full of—no, not material riches, but treasure of memories. Did I ever tell you how my great great grandfather, Rufus Standish—'Black Rufus the Pirate,' they called him—on one of his voyages in the southern seas sighted a ship twice the strength of his own and hailed her? It was a terrible game. He lost half his men and was wounded again and again. But he had caught sight of one woman on that ship, and when they grappled and boarded he fought his way to where she stood, too proud to move. The crew rallied round her and fought like men. But Black Rufus was more than man that day. He reached her, and she was but a child in his grasp. At last, covered by his men, he again reached the bulwarks, and, with her in his arms, pitched forward unconscious on his own deck. She nursed him back to health, and married him.

"If there were men in those days, there were women, too. She worshiped Rufus Standish—and well she might."

III.

He stopped, and, taking from his pocket a leathern case, cracked with age, laid it before her. Two miniatures looked up into her own.

The girl bent over them. She started. He—

But he had lifted the ivories from their case, and beneath them lay two other faces—and upon these Time had laid his heavy finger. Yet he had dealt graciously by them, too; for, though the deep black hair and the sunny gold were there both white, though age had traced its lines, out of their eyes still looked—happiness.

"Both died the same day," he said simply. "There were many papers; among them—these."

Still with their circling ribbon undisturbed, he laid a packet of letters before her, stained with age, perhaps with sea water, quaintly written.

"As they left them, I have thought perhaps they meant—if they were ever found—they should be read. But I have not touched them—yet."

As the girl raised her eyes he saw their lashes wet with unshed tears.

Again she drew towards her the pictures—looking at the serene faces of the old, and the fresh, strong faces of the young.

With its new earnestness, its new purpose, the face of the living man across the table bore a striking likeness to the old time buccaneer. The woman of the picture seemed to her as a dream face, a face whose identification eluded her.

She looked up quickly.

"What was her name?"

"I never knew till now. But it is there—etched into the back."

She read the name that was engraved there—"Jeanne Silvestre"—then paused. "Strange!—mine is Jean Sylvester Bryce."

"Yes, you too"—he smiled—"must own your pirate ancestry. We are cousins—many times removed.

"Jean," he added after a moment, "I told you we had grown puny, pusillanimous, weak." I have loved you as fiercely as did old Rufus his captured wife, but I have curbed it, held it in, been patient and—waited. Those old fellows took another way. Our life has changed: the old dash is gone; we can do little now—one doesn't abduct in good society. But, at least, if one had shown—himself! If, like him, one had used his will, taken his own way—perhaps—"

He stretched out his hand and took her own in a grasp which made it ache.

But instead of wincing she smiled bravely back. "No," she said, "not perhaps, but—certainly."

And over his she laid her other hand.

Edward Stratton Holloway.

LITERARY CHAT

A BALLADE OF THE BAFFLED.

My harp to noble themes I string—
 Odes, sonnets, ballads, roundelays;
 I labor o'er the songs I sing,
 I cut and smooth in various ways;
 I polish them for many days,
 But when my Muse's course is run,
 The thoughts seem old, to my amaze—
 There's nothing new beneath the sun!

But still to hope I fondly cling;
 To other fields my spirit strays;
 To me Time yet rewards may bring,
 What though I lose the poet's bays.
 The serial story always pays;
 But when my novel writing's done,
 The tale seems trite, and hope decays—
 There's nothing new beneath the sun.

But I defy fate's buffeting;
 And while my soul ambition sways,
 I do not heed Sir Critic's sting.
 Yet other things my pen essays—
 I try short stories, sketches, plays;
 But ah, when all my plots are spun,
 They seem familiar to the gaze;
 There's nothing new beneath the sun!

ENVOI.

"Dear Editor, your servant prays
 The work he sent has favor won."
 "Declined with thanks"—familiar phrase!
 There's *nothing* new beneath the sun!

THE DOWNFALL OF "SMART"—

The word seems to be following
 "genteel" and "stylish" into the
 limbo of disrepute.

A slang word or phrase is coined—
 more often on the Bowery than on Fifth
 Avenue; it strikes the public taste, wins
 colloquial recognition, and finally estab-
 lishes its place in the language. Then,
 perhaps, it becomes trite and hackneyed;
 people weary of it, and it drops into in-
 nocuous desuetude.

The popular synonyms for "fashion-
 able" seem to have had a particularly un-
 stable career. "Genteel" was long the
 expression in vogue. Two hundred years
 ago Cotton Mather described the colonial
 society of New Haven as "genteel"; a
 century later Jane Austen said that

"there was not a genteel face" in the
 crowd; but who says "genteel" now ex-
 cept in joke?

Then "stylish" had its brief day, and
 "swagger" was coined and met the fate
 it deserved. More lately "smart" be-
 came the accepted word. It was not
 wholly new, for Miss Austen had used it
 in the same sense; but its heyday began
 only within the last ten years or so. Now,
 like so many other fashions, the term has
 spread to the unfashionable, and so has
 sealed its own doom. "The smart set,"
 a phrase that sounded so distinguished
 only the other day, has been overworked
 till it has become positively vulgar.

It is a curious and characteristic inci-
 dent in the movement of our mobile lan-
 guage.

JEFFERSON AS HE WAS—An im- partial study of the strong and the weak points of a famous American.

William Eleroy Curtis, author of "The
 True Thomas Jefferson," presents the
 third President of the United States as
 neither a hero nor a saint, but a man of
 human clay, strong, self-willed, affection-
 ate, industrious, inventive, inconsistent.
 Evidently he admires the famous Virgin-
 ian, and indeed he makes the reader ad-
 mire him, too; but he does not hesitate
 to record adverse criticisms and unfavor-
 able facts. For instance:

It is not true that Jefferson was a
 skilled performer on the violin. He was
 "the worst fiddler in the colony."

Jefferson paid the clergyman who mar-
 ried him to Martha Skelton five pounds,
 but had to borrow twenty shillings from
 him before the day was over.

The "Jeffersonian simplicity" which
 distinguished his Presidency from those
 of Washington and Adams was a pose.
 Up to that time he had been "one of the
 most elegant of gentlemen." As Secre-
 tary of State he had a fine house with
 liveried servants and a French butler, and
 his dinners were social events.

He used to boast that his father came
 from the soil, yet he bought a coat of
 arms at the Heralds' College in London
 and used it frequently.

The apostle of "equality," he once de-

clined to fight a duel because his antagonist was "of inferior social standing."

He could be utterly inconsistent. He wrote to Monroe: "We have more reason to hate England than any nation on earth;" to Lafayette: "England's selfish principles render her incapable of honorable patronage or disinterested coöperation;" to Thomas Law: "No man is more sensible than myself of the just value of the friendship of Great Britain;" and to John Randolph: "I am sincerely one of those who wish for a reunion with the parent country, and would rather be in dependence on Great Britain than on any nation on earth, or than on no nation."

Here are some of Jefferson's opinions:

A lawyer is a person whose trade it is to contest everything, concede nothing, and talk by the hour. God forbid that we should be twenty years without a rebellion.

The Supreme Court of the United States can be compared to a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundation of our government.

There is nothing true in the newspapers except the advertisements.

Mr. Curtis says that Jefferson's family came from "the foot of Snowden, the highest mountain in Great Britain." Snowden (not "Snowden") is by no means the highest mountain in Great Britain. Again, he speaks of "red, or 'gu,' as the heralds write it." Of course the heraldic term is "gules." But if his general knowledge is a little weak, he is well informed on the subject of Jefferson, and he has compiled an interesting book. His material is well arranged, and its value is greatly enhanced by the addition of an adequate index.

THE AMERICAN HOME—An unpublished chapter from "The Successors of Mary the First," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The one hundred and thirteenth cook had just been, carted away by the patrol wagon. Mrs. Hollis stood alone, face to face with the awful problem of getting the supper herself. She broke three sticks of kindling, then pressed her hand to her side and moaned with weariness.

"Hello, mom! You look just like a custard pie," said her daughter gaily from the doorway. "Have food at six thirty sharp. I'm going 'way back to sit down till it's ready." And she disappeared, playing "My Happy Home for You" on her round comb.

"I sometimes think Hazel isn't lady-like. But what can one do?" sighed the mother. She cut the bread and beat up

five eggs for an omelet. Tears of exhaustion stood in her eyes, but she bravely made the tea and poured the water. But when it came to filling the sugar bowl, her spirit failed and she dropped into a chair sobbing.

"My darling," said her husband, gathering her into his arms, chair and all, "I cannot have you wear yourself like this. You shall get a cook in the morning." She drew away from him slightly.

"Oh, if you don't like my cooking!" she said. He did not understand—no man can understand a woman's delicate nerves; but he dimly felt that a barrier had arisen between them.

The next morning Mrs. Hollis, haggard with getting breakfast, walked timidly into an intelligence office. Fifteen scornful females crowded about her. "Get on to the hat!" "Hire me, I don't think!" "Hand her one in the eye!" They were almost upon the shrinking woman when the manageress shouldered her way through.

"Ladies, ladies!" she said. "Give her a chance. Perhaps she isn't so jay as she looks. Now then, putty face, what do you want?"

"A cook," ventured Mrs. Hollis. There was a loud roar of laughter from the fifteen. "She wants a cook!" they shouted. Mrs. Hollis plucked up spirit.

"No, I want nothing from you," she said proudly, and left them silenced and crestfallen. At the bottom of the stairs she sat down for an hour and had nervous prostration.

Hazel was swinging on the gate when she returned.

"Make tracks for the kitchen, mom—I'm hungry," she announced. "You didn't get a cook, of course; you *are* a goat, when it comes to running things."

"Dear me, when I am less worn I think I must reprove Hazel," sighed the mother.

"ULYSSES"—Stephen Phillips' classical drama is a really notable piece of work.

Stephen Phillips may not be, as some think he is, the coming poet—the one living writer of English verse who may attain a place with the great names of the past; but at least he is one of the very few who are doing serious and sustained work, irrespective of the literary fashions of the day. His drama of "Ulysses" is a noteworthy production, not only because classical dramas are rare nowadays, but because it is really excellent poetry.

"Ulysses" is not a dramatization of the *Odyssey*. As Aristotle long ago pointed out, the great Homeric poem consists mainly of episode. Five sixths of its material Mr. Phillips bodily omits; he shows only two scenes of his hero's wanderings—the captivity on Calypso's island and the descent into the lower world. Most of the dramatic action is in the last act, in which *Ulysses* lands on the shores of his native Ithaca, makes his way into his palace in disguise, and slays the intruders who are suing for the hand of his wife; and the curtain falls as he clasps *Penelope* to his breast.

Classical in theme—though Mr. Phillips has freely altered the Homeric story—the drama does not follow the technical rules of the Greek stage as laid down by the great Athenian dramatists, whose plays allowed no change of scene and limited their time of action to a single day. Its treatment suggests Shakspeare rather than Sophocles, with the infusion of a distinct modern flavor. This last is perhaps unpleasantly perceptible in the prologue, which shows the gods assembled on Mount Olympus. *Athene*, the protector of *Ulysses*, and *Poseidon*, his foe, wage a rather undignified quarrel, which is settled by *Zeus*, a still less dignified figure, who dismisses the matter with:

The cup, bright Ganymede! Ah, from the first
The guiding of this globe engendered thirst!

This is not Homer. It might be Omar, but it sounds more like Offenbach.

A HOST OF MINOR POETS—The world would willingly exchange them all for one really great one.

The production of sustained work in verse has quite gone out of fashion, Mr. Stephen Phillips to the contrary notwithstanding; but almost everybody who can manage a pen, or a typewriter, seems to be turning out lyrics and *vers de société*. A little of the product is good, much of it is mediocre, most of it is worse than mediocre; and specimens of all these grades find their way into print. It may be conjectured that the stream of verse that issues from the presses would be seriously diminished if ambitious authors were not willing to pay to see their work "between covers."

Among the recent books of real or alleged poetry are new volumes by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Henley, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Markham, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mrs. Sangster. Less known singers—most of them are

making their first appearance—are Anna Hemstead Branch, Harriet F. Blodgett, Charles Henry Webb, Ray Clarke Rose, Louis Alexander Robertson, Florence Emerson Brooks, and R. E. L. Gibson. And these are but a few of the mighty host of bards who are wooing poetic fame—in most cases, it is to be feared, with little prospect of garnering many shekels or laurels.

~ In the stern, cold, prosaic language of commerce, the market for minor poets is almost hopelessly overstocked.

"THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR"—A new and interesting version of a grand old story.

In all history there is no more dramatic and fascinating chapter than that which tells the story of the campaigns of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa—the memorable struggle in which the Greek and the Persian, the occidental and the oriental, first met in mortal combat. No conflict was ever more stirring in itself, and none had a more decisive bearing upon the subsequent trend of civilization. There are many narratives of the war, and several good ones, from Herodotus to Grote; but no historian need apologize for taking up the subject once more, if—the proviso is, of course, an important one—he can throw new light upon his theme.

A very considerable amount of new light is contributed by Mr. George B. Grundy, lecturer in classical geography at Oxford, in his book "The Great Persian War." It is surprising to learn how inadequate was the local information on which the standard writers of Greek history have based much of their work. Up to ten years ago, Mr. Grundy says, none of the most important battlefields had been surveyed, except the Strait of Salamis, which is given in the British Admiralty charts. Since then Marathon has been mapped by the Germans, and Mr. Grundy himself has surveyed Thermopylæ and Platæa. As the battles fought at these points have given rise to disputes that turn largely on the nature of the scene of action, precise topographical knowledge is indispensable for an authoritative handling of the questions at issue.

It is pleasing to find Mr. Grundy, with all his new theories, testifying to the "extraordinary accuracy" of Herodotus, the first historian of the Persian War; for Herodotus' account of his countrymen's struggle against the mighty eastern empire is one of the most delightful

things in classical literature. The gem of it all, perhaps, is the story of Marathon. Here Mr. Grundy thinks that the Athenians, whose version is recorded by Herodotus, greatly overstated the numerical odds against which they had to fight. He holds that the Persians were perhaps about equal in numbers to the Greeks, and almost certainly not twice as numerous. We think that he underestimates the superiority of the Greek heavy armed soldier to the vassals of the Great King. The phalanx, fighting on suitable ground, was a most formidable weapon, and it is quite easy to believe that the charge of the Athenian spearmen at Marathon might have routed a Persian host several times as large as theirs.

Mr. Grundy finds in the successful movement of the huge army of Xerxes, ten years later, evidence of a "highly effective and highly elaborate system" on the part of the Persian military authorities, who "must have been gifted with that very high form of mental capacity which is able to carry out a great work of this nature." It may be doubted, nevertheless, whether any impressive degree of military skill was required to move the invading host. Many a horde of barbarian warriors has marched from Asia to Europe without any elaborate organization, and it is possible that the movement of Xerxes' levies was almost equally primitive.

There is a story of two tramps whom a traveler met somewhere in central Asia, hundreds of miles from civilization. They said they had heard that the Pacific was somewhere east of them, and they meant to get there. When asked how they proposed to do it, they replied: "Oh, we can walk, and the people will feed us." Many an army has moved on about the same plan—that of Xerxes, in all probability, for one.

AN ACTRESS AUTHOR—Clara Morris puts her theatrical recollections into print.

A few years ago, when Clara Morris was beginning to write for publication, one of her articles was severely criticised by a newspaper writer. The actress wrote him a personal letter in which she frankly acknowledged the justice of his remarks, and explained that she had not yet become used to the pen, so that it was not unnatural if she sometimes said things that ought to be left unsaid. That letter made at least one writer in New York her friend. Wherever her recent auto-

biography is subject to criticism on the ground that it shows an occasional lack of discretion, he likes to quote it in her defense.

Mrs. Harriott can hardly plead inexperience now for any indiscretions, for her work shows that she has gained a great deal of power over her medium of expression. Like so many authors who begin to write late in life, she is prolific, probably for the reason that she writes from a mind richly stored with experiences. She does nearly all of her work in the morning, and frequently accomplishes in one day two or three thousand words—an unusual record, as most writers know.

LIVES OF CROMWELL—Half a dozen new ones have appeared since the great Protector's tercentenary.

It is curious to note how popular interest seems to center, for a time, upon some historical personage, and then to pass to another, without any very convincing reason in either case. Just now there seems to be more or less of a boom in Napoleonic literature; last year Paul Jones held the center of the stage. In England, the millenary of King Alfred called attention to the Saxon monarch, who proved to be rather too shadowy a figure to inspire much enthusiasm. More important in its literary product was the Cromwell revival, which may be dated from the tercentenary of the Protector's birth and the unveiling of his statue at Westminster, with a notable oration by Lord Rosebery. It has given us half a dozen biographies of the republican leader—among them John Morley's, Samuel Rawson Gardiner's, and Theodore Roosevelt's.

Of these Mr. Roosevelt's is the most spirited, and to the ordinary reader the most interesting; Mr. Gardiner's is the most authoritative, for its author was admittedly the foremost master of the history of England under the Stuarts and the Commonwealth.

A TRUE HISTORIAN—The late Samuel Rawson Gardiner and his infinite capacity for taking pains.

Mr. Gardiner's "Oliver Cromwell" was his last book. His death, on the 23rd of February last, was a distinct loss to literature. Many years ago he set himself to study and chronicle an interesting and important period of English history—

from the accession of James I, in 1603, to the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. He had reached the year 1656 when death stopped his labors. Seventeen volumes were the record of his extraordinary industry; two more would have completed his task.

Mr. Gardiner was a historian of the scientific modern school. He wrote in "the dry light of truth." No pains were too great to insure absolute accuracy. He read literally everything that bears upon his chosen period. He ransacked the enormous mass of manuscripts in the British Museum and the Record Office in London; he delved into the archives of Paris, Rome, Brussels, and other foreign capitals, learning to read French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and Swedish as an incident of his work. He never described a battle without first journeying to the spot for a careful inspection of the ground.

Such work, unfortunately, is not a path to wealth, nor even to a livelihood. For years Mr. Gardiner supported himself by lecturing at King's College, in London. He was aided in freeing himself from the routine of teaching, and in devoting his time to research, by Mr. Gladstone, who granted him a modest pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars annually, and later by two Oxford colleges—All Souls and Merton—which successively elected him to fellowships. On the death of Froude, in 1894, the Regius professorship of modern history at Oxford was offered him, but he deemed himself too old to undertake the duties of the position.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Gardiner was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell.

THE VAGARIES OF FAME—Bernard Shaw's success in stage work reminds the public that he was once a novelist.

Years ago, George Bernard Shaw, starting on his literary career, determined to become a novelist. He wrote several novels, and they all failed. Then he became a critic of music and of plays, and achieved a great success. Meanwhile, he had given up the notion of following the novelist's career. Enterprising publishers in this country and in England discovered that those early novels were in existence, and reprinted them. They have not had a sensational success, but at least one of them, "Cashel Byron's Profession," has found many readers. So, by succeeding in one branch of writing, Mr.

Shaw may be said to have forced success in another.

His experience is unusual, and its effect on Mr. Shaw is more astonishing. It has not apparently aroused him from his indifference to the making of fiction, for he is now devoting himself chiefly to writing plays and socialistic pamphlets.

BOOK BOOMING—How sales are pushed by methods that suggest those of the patent medicine business.

Coincident with the recent extravagant success of certain second rate novels there has developed a new form of "book booming"—that of advertising by means of eulogies written by well known people, authors, statesmen, scientists, and clergymen. The fact that clergymen lend themselves to the practice, by the way, very neatly illustrates the difference between the church's present attitude towards fiction and the views that were common a comparatively few years ago, when novel reading used to be denounced from the pulpit.

Up to the time of his death, Gladstone was perhaps the greatest of all boomers of books. A word of praise from him, whether written or merely dropped in conversation, could lift an obscure work into success, both in England and in this country, and could actually make the reputation of an author. It was due to a few words written by Gladstone on a postal card that Harold Frederic, after writing for years with little success, leaped into popularity as the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware." Many other instances might be cited, including the well known experience of Mrs. Humphry Ward with "Robert Elsmere."

At present, however, the recommendations of books by great men have become so common and are so exaggerated that they are losing weight.

VICTIMS OF A DELUSION—The mistaken multitudes who undertake the literary career.

"One of the most unfortunate results of the present booming into success of mediocre writers," a New York publisher remarked the other day, "is the encouragement it gives to men and women, many of them just starting in life, to undertake the literary career. The idea now prevails that literature pays far better than it used to pay, and that it has reached the dignity of a recognized and

lucrative calling. It is true that fortunes are made from authorship, but only by a very few lucky writers, and as a means of livelihood it is probably cultivated with success by an astonishingly small number. Even among those writers who are considered prosperous, a good living is eked out by the practice of journalism, or by work that cannot strictly be regarded as literary.

"How many American authors are there who live by writing novels? I doubt if there are a dozen. And yet there are literally thousands of people in this country who are trying to write novels. Those who become discouraged by failing to secure publication for their first books may, as a rule, be considered lucky; at any rate, they are likely to be discouraged from pursuing an unprofitable vocation. The writers I pity most are those who are persuaded by the publication of one commonplace or feeble book to give up other callings and devote themselves to writing. If we could follow the histories of these people, we should find among them hundreds of tragedies."

LITERATURE AND TRASH—A deal of the latter is perpetrated in the name of the former.

In these days of many books and much reading there has been a great increase in the periodicals devoted to authors and their work. The daily newspapers are multiplying their book supplements, and new literary monthlies—literary in name, at least—are springing up on every hand. Indeed, a great modern department store does not seem to be complete unless it issues its own magazine, with some such title as "The Book Counter" or "The Literary Scrapbook." Some of these periodicals consist largely of such matter as the following:

Amelia Arabella Swimlow, author of "When Love Was Fresh," is still comparatively a young woman, having been born several years subsequent to the conclusion of the War of 1812. She comes of the very best Colonial ancestry, and her father, who was a clergyman at Little Squankum, was a man of rare cosmopolitan culture. She began her literary career at the age of seven, by contributing a poem called "How Sparrows Love to Fight and Eat" to the *Little Squankum Clarion*. Most of her later work has been done for the religious press. It is freely predicted that "When Love Was Fresh" will be the novel of the year. Charles Jackson Jenkins, the eminent literary critic, says that the book is full of the tenderness and vivacity of the true artist.

Those who have been privileged to see Miss Swimlow in her delightful country home are at once

impressed with her charming personality. She says that she finds her best inspiration while roaming through the woods of Little Squankum, where she revels in the sweetest influences of nature's spirit.

In so far as this sort of matter stimulates the public taste for reading, it probably does more good than harm; but it may be doubted whether such weak advertising notices have any real value as literary pabulum.

A MATTER OF METER—And a literary editor's apparent unfamiliarity with Longfellow and Tennyson.

As a sample of the marvelous literary erudition displayed by some of the literary periodicals, there may be cited a communication published in a recent number of the *Bookbuyer*, and the editor's comment thereon. The letter points out the "fact" that Longfellow "never used any rhythms but the iambic and trochaic; nor Tennyson either, except in 'Maud.' Considering," the writer continues, "that Byron, Moore, Holmes, and other poets have used the three syllabled rhythms with beautiful effect, this seems singular." And the editorial comment is that "Longfellow's little poem 'Curfew' is an exception."

As a matter of fact, many of the best known works of both these poets—things that most school children have read—are not in iambic or trochaic meters. Longfellow was particularly fond of hexameters, which he used in "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and other poems. Here are a few other lines picked at random, all containing three syllabled feet:

And the night shall be filled with music.
—"The Day Is Done."

I found again in the heart of a friend.
—"The Arrow and the Song."

Down to the graves of the dead.
—"Rain in Summer."

And the current that came from the ocean.
—"The Bridge."

And these from Tennyson:

Father will come to his babe in the nest.
—"Sweet and Low."

Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
—"To My Grandson."

Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high.—"The Defense of Lucknow."

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Canter and canter away.—"Northern Farmer."

For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.—"The May Queen."

These are only a few of many that might be cited. As a matter of fact, few

poets used a wider variety of meters, or used various meters more effectively, than these two.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD—Her first novel and her latest, and her steady adherence to her literary ideals.

Though "Eleanor" has not been extensively exploited or discussed, it has taken its place among the most popular of all of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels. This seems the more remarkable because it appeared at a time when most readers of fiction were absorbed in the books of the romantic school, and were showing an indifference to works presenting accurate character studies developing really serious themes. That "Eleanor" was one of the most serious works of fiction published in several seasons no one could dispute; it exacted, for an intelligent perusal, the possession of a good deal of brain matter. It has prepared the way for the new novel which Mrs. Ward is known to have finished several months ago, and which will probably be brought out this year.

In spite of temptations to do quick work, Mrs. Ward has steadily maintained her ideals and widened her reputation. She began timidly, as many strong writers do, and her first book is now generally forgotten. It was called "Miss Bretherton," and it dealt with the career of an actress so obviously resembling Miss Mary Anderson that there could be no doubt about the model. Compared with Mrs. Ward's later work, it was an extremely feeble effort; and yet, in spite of its slowness of bulk and its thinness of material, it had a good deal of interest and charm.

TO MR. CARNEGIE—Why not establish some sort of traveling library for country people?

It is part of the general irony of human circumstance that the great book centers are situated where they mean the least to those using them. In the heart of the big cities, with schoolhouses all around, theaters on every corner, lectures advertised on scores of bill boards, and plenty of friends within a five cent car fare—there are the libraries.

Where the nearest school is three miles away through the woods, and the nearest neighbor half a mile down the valley; where the strawberry social given by the Ladies' Aid Society is the community's highest effort to win surcease from care

—there, where books are so sorely needed, literature is represented by the "Farmer's Almanac."

This is, of course, inevitable and in a way proper. Enormous collections of volumes must be where they will reach the largest number of readers—in the cities. But some of Mr. Carnegie's recent gifts and their conditions suggest a movement in the direction of supplying good books to the farming communities. The money he gave to New York last year is to be used to establish many small reference libraries in different sections of the city, so that some day it will not be necessary to journey to Forty Second Street to consult the histories and encyclopedias.

Why could not some philanthropist see the beauty of establishing traveling libraries for the remote rural districts on a rather larger scale than any private enterprise has yet managed? A traveling library of current fiction and biography, used in connection with a small permanent reference library in the district schoolhouse, for instance, might do wonders towards enlivening and enriching life in the country. It might even have its effect in lessening those homicidal and suicidal tendencies on the part of the victims of loneliness which criminologists and alienists periodically discuss so learnedly.

A PLAGUE OF MISPRINTS—Is typographical accuracy going out of fashion?

"It seems to me," said a veteran bookman the other day, "that proofreaders are not so trustworthy nowadays as they used to be. Typographical errors are unduly common in many of the best recent books. In Henderson's 'American Diplomatic Questions,' for instance, I find the sealing schooner Sayward, whose seizure in 1887 caused trouble between our government and Great Britain, called the 'Sawyard.' In the same volume I notice such mistakes as 'Cespedes' for Cespedes, 'Visconti-Venosti' for Visconti-Venosta, 'Gregario' for Gregorio, and 'La Guira' for La Guayra.

"Here, again, in John Richard Green's 'Letters,' my eye is offended by 'Romad' and 'bonies' where there should be 'Roman' and 'bodies,' and by 'aliennum' where such a scholar as Green undoubtedly wrote 'alienum.' But the worst offender that I recall is the fine edition of Robert Louis Stevenson which was put out with a great flourish of trumpets by the Scribners some time ago.

It was marred by dozens of misprinted words.

"I may be hypercritical, but to my mind these little errors are a serious blemish in a volume. The makers of books cannot plead in excuse the need for hurry which is, of course, a condition of the periodical press. But I suppose it is too much to expect the Napoleonic publishers of these days to care about such a trifle as typographical accuracy."

"THE COLONIALS"—A book with a wondrously heroic hero and a most villainous villain.

Among the qualities and accomplishments possessed by *Frank Ellery* at the age of twenty one were absolute fearlessness, entire sincerity, impenetrable reserve, incomprehensible power of outwitting hostile schemers, perfect marksmanship, unsurpassed swordsmanship, strong axemanship, the woodman's cunning, the handwriting expert's lore, the sailor's seamanship, the champion swimmer's art, the literary detective's skill in disguise, unquenchable patriotism, ability to command men, instinctive knowledge of the scientific side of warfare, the manners of a courtier, and the constancy of a poet.

Besides, he possessed a house with more secret passageways and chambers than the ordinary house has rooms, conveniently adjacent to a wharf whence he could practise his swimming whenever the mood or the enemy was upon him. He had also a very remarkable countenance, for his own uncle, brother, and friends had not the vaguest suspicion of his identity when he returned after three years' absence.

From this necessarily incomplete list of *Mr. Ellery's* virtues and attributes, it will readily be seen that he is the hero of a historical romance. It is called "*The Colonials*," and it has a villain as thoroughly equipped with the proper qualifications of the villain as *Mr. Ellery* is with those of the hero. In order that things may be quite equal between them, the villain has also a patent adjustable face, so that the heroine, whom he tries to betray, does not identify him in any way at the end of a twelvemonth.

The scene of the novel is Boston; its time, the beginning of the Revolution. Naturally the burden of the campaign against King George's forces fell upon *Frank Ellery's* shoulders.

The publishers of the novel, in the printed description they very kindly send out to save reviewers the trouble of reading, say that "*The Colonials*" is a great

book of historical fiction, and that our "children's children will read it as a piece of thrilling standard literature, illustrative of an historical period of everlasting human interest." Perhaps.

DUNNE IN NEW YORK—The creator of "Mr. Dooley" may try his hand in a new field.

F. Peter Dunne is said to have undertaken a novel of New York society. For some time past Mr. Dunne has lived in or near the metropolis, working at his "Dooley" articles, noting everything that goes on about him, and making many friends. The continued popularity of the quaint Irish philosopher is an example of what can be made by the judicious husbandry of a single good idea. The first of the "Dooley" sayings had reference to the funeral of Jay Gould, and since then the Hibernian sage has commented every week, always wittily and nearly always with sound common sense, on men and things in the world at large.

Mr. Dunne's latest book is called "*Mr. Dooley's Opinions*" and is appropriately bound in green with a gilt harp on the front cover. It contains about two dozen of the essays which appeared in newspapers throughout the country during last year. Among them is one on the "*Crusade Against Vice*," which he likens to a "creature of such heegeoous mien that th' more ye see it th' better ye like it." Other themes treated are Christian Science, the Schley case, the yacht race, and the Booker Washington incident.

It is enough of them to say that they are fully as good as those which made *Mr. Dooley's* first fame. Yet no doubt there will be readers to complain that they lack novelty, and to wish that Mr. Dunne would try a fresh field.

HOWELLS TO THE RESCUE—Armed with common sense and kindness, he enters the higher education combat.

If the Associations of Collegiate Alumni, the Woman's Suffrage Leagues, the Societies for the Advancement of Women in General and in Particular, do not make William Dean Howells an honorary and most honored member, gratitude is not in them. Wearied, doubtless, as most sane persons have been by the periodically recurring shriek against the "higher" education, and by its companion wail in favor of a feminine training exclusively for wifehood and motherhood,

Mr. Howells comes, wise and temperate, into the fray.

"Why," he asks, "should the girls' colleges educate primarily and chiefly for motherhood? Should the boys' colleges educate primarily and chiefly for fatherhood? The notion seems to be the same in both cases, and in either form a little offensive. It ignores the actual conditions with what seems at the least a touch of cruelty. It is because women have, in the hideously egoistic and erroneous development of our commercial civilization, been obliged to *make* the homes they were bidden keep to, that we now find them the rivals of men, not only in the graces, but in the industries, the arts, the sciences. The part they play has been less chosen than forced upon them by the brutal and entirely man-made conditions of the life prevailing throughout the world ironically calling itself Christendom; and their schools cannot do better than continue to fit them for it, until their brothers can imagine some gentler and juster economy, in which they shall each be chosen a wife by a husband worthy of her, and dwell with him in a home of their common creation, safe from want and the fear of want."

Here are wisdom, moderation, kindness, and rare common sense. And if women are not grateful to him, they deserve even less at the hands of their masculine critics than they receive.

A NICETY OF SPEECH—Which seems to be more generally observed in America than in England.

It would be easy to find plenty of good authorities for such a phrase as "He is given a stick," but almost all careful writers prefer to say: "A stick is given him," or to use some such paraphrase as: "He receives a stick." To use the technical terms of grammar, when the sentence "I give him a stick" is changed into the passive form, the direct objective, "stick," should become the subject of the verb, not the dative objective, "him."

In England this nicety of speech does not seem to be so well observed as in America. Picking up two recent numbers of the best of the British reviews, we note the following:

The admirals who are given command in the next war.

This is from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, edited by W. L. Courtney, a man who represents the best of Oxford culture. In the same periodical, from

the accomplished pen of H. G. Wells, we find:

They cannot be given opportunities or trusted with power.

This, again, is from the *Saturday Review*, a literary weekly which the Century Dictionary cites as an authority:

Count von Bülow was given the opportunity.

It would be hypercritical to call such expressions incorrect. Nevertheless, they are to be avoided, and in this country, at least, they are avoided by the more fastidious. We have even heard them proscribed in the "city room" of a one cent afternoon newspaper—not too often a well of English undefiled.

A MISUSED QUOTATION—Ben Jonson's supposed charge of ignorance against his friend Shakspeare.

Every one knows Ben Jonson's line which says that Shakspeare had little Latin and less Greek; but how many people have read the context from which it is taken? Seldom is a familiar quotation to be found amid more unfamiliar surroundings, and seldom is a quotation commonly used in a way so diametrically opposed to its author's intent. It has been cited again and again by the Baconians to show that Shakspeare was an ignorant fellow; and it has quite generally been admitted as evidence that Jonson regarded his old friend as sadly lacking in education.

Now, as a matter of fact, the well known line is part of what was perhaps the finest and strongest eulogy one poet ever wrote for another. The verses are dedicated "To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakspeare," and address the great dramatist as

Soul of the age!

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

And Jonson proceeds:

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek
For names.

Shakspeare's lack of classical scholarship is cited as an evidence of his marvelous imaginative genius, which Jonson said put him above

The comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth.

The use of any part of these verses in detraction of Shakspeare is an utter distortion of the meaning of his contemporary and comrade who said: "I love the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

The Benevolence of Montana Bill.

HOW A ROCKY MOUNTAIN NAPOLEON RESTORED THE HEALTH OF FOURTEEN INVALIDS FROM THE EAST.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

I.

"SAY, Ike!" cried a vigorous young voice from under the smoke stained fly drop of the grub tent. "Ike!"

Ike crossed his legs. "Wall?" he inquired impassively.

"Reckon you'd better deal me out 'nother hand o' this yere overland trout!" cried the voice from within the tent, half muffled in a mouthful of well fried bacon.

"Appetizin' air, this, for yearlin's," sniffed Ike wearily. Then he raised his voice so as to be heard within. "Any razorback aspirin' for unwholesome feedin' and extra grub in this camp tonight is agoin' to do his own rustlin', I reckon!"

And Timber Line Ike sat back in kingly and defiant ease, turning his gaze to the wine glow that deepened and melted into the cool mountain twilight about the summit of Banded Peak.

A frowzled young head appeared through the flaps of the tent.

"Say, Ike, ain't you kind o' nervous 'bout overworkin' yerself these days?" the indignant head gently inquired.

"Mebbe," said Ike. "But I reckon this yere grub tent ain't no all night restorant!" And he sat back and once more impassively contemplated the white teeth of the Rockies biting up into a crimson watermelon rind of sunlit sky.

"The seemin' razor edge on this yere appetizin' air," he mused aloud, "reminds me some forcible o' one o' Montana Bill's promisin' schemes."

II.

We had all known Montana Bill as a Napoleon gone wrong, and were not unwilling to wait while Ike languidly refilled his old black applewood, and then went on with his yarn.

"It were a horspit'l camp. Reckon Bill had the idee this yere mountain air were jes' the thing for sick folks. He allowed if he ever got his camp goin' full blast, he'd wash enough metal out o' the enterprize to pack a fourteen carat loggin' chain on his vest and have a run East in

a privit car. Bill were always a trifle sangwin.

"Bill's first idee 'bout horspit'l camps were more or less the outcome of a little set to 'tween him and me. Me and a cuss named Wilkins was runnin' the grub tent up on the old Baldwin ranch, and I guess mebbe I got kind o' tired rustlin' extra grub for Bill, for Bill were a reg'lar phenomanum when it come to eatin'. Reckon I had to speak to him some short. When I laid out to him that he et enough to founder a self respectin' cayuse, Bill jes' went on eatin' ca'm and natcheral as ever, and laid it all down to this yere Rocky Mountain air.

"Why, Ike," says he, lappin' up his bacon grease with a hunk o' bread 'bout the size o' your two feet—"Ike, mebbe you won't b'lieve it, but down in Montany," says he, "I were that pernickety 'bout grub I had to fall back on cod liver oil and such stuff, jes' to keep strength up. It's this yere mountain air, Ike. It clean makes a new man of a cuss," says he, pourin' out about a pint o' surup.

"Make a purty good locality for a horspit'l, mebbe?" says I.

"Bill looked at me kind o' solemn for a minit or two. 'Reckon it would, Ike,' says he, cuttin' off another quarter loaf to sop up his surup. For about ten minits he gives his undivided attention to devastatin' the remains of his vittles, bein' one o' these yere thoroughgoin' eaters w'at always browse to the end o' the picket rope. Then he leans back agin the flour barrel and takes up that idee 'bout the horspit'l agin.

"Ike," says he, "there's a uncommon good thing in that horspit'l notion o' yourn."

"Then he draws over by the camp stove, and makes friends with the prune bag, and works out the whole game. He allowed all you had to do was to git a hold of a handful o' humble speerited pack hosses and a campin' outfit. Then you'd have to lay in a tidy little stock o' tea and pork and beans, and stuff of that breed, and then git hold o' some good, enterprisin'

talker w'at 'ul make a corralin' excursion in through the East and round up a couple o' dozen nice congenial invalids hungerin' for the genooine smell of mountain ozone and the simple eatin' o' the untoofered cowboy. 'Why,' says Bill, 'it'd be uncommon like rakin' in good money for takin' a three weeks' picnic. You could jes' jog them invalids up into the mountains on light rations, and keep 'em there three or four days, and then jog 'em down again, cured and grateful. And there you are!'

"Right then and there Bill give me the job o' rustlin' grub for the outfit at a dollar a day. He allowed, however, he'd kind o' like to do all the excursion managin' hisself, being a uncommon sociable and genial cuss by natcher, and specially fitted for them pursoots. He laid out that by the time he'd roped in a good campin' ground somewhere up in the mountains, he'd be able to set off with a fresh batch o' weaklin's ev'ry month durin' the summer, and reckoned he ought to git from four to five dollars a day from each of these yere invalids for board and travelin' expenses. And owin' to the fact that such folks wouldn't be hard on vittles, Bill guessed he ought to clear 'bout twenty dollars a week off each pore maverick w'at this yere mountain climbin' were the means o' headin' back to the priceless trail o' health. Least, this were Bill's idee.

"'Bout the time Bill had et a couple o' pounds o' prunes he had the whole enterprise worked out complete. He were stocked with cussed energy 'bout some things, and in about three shakes of a bronco's tail he were off lookin' up Hank Moore.

III.

"HANK, you'd allow, were the smoothest spoken cow puncher on the Eastern Slope. Hank 'd argue a gopher into climbin' trees, 'f he once set his mind to it.

"Bill rooted him out in the middle of his spring round up, and when this yere horspit'l idee were first laid out before him Hank jes' gave Bill the Chilkoot eye. Hank said he weren't hungerin' to pose as no collector o' decayed humanity for any man. But Bill enlarged on the civilizin' infloocences of a Eastern trip, and the joy w'at would be brought to the sorrowin', and seemed that all fired sangwin and roseate 'bout the scheme that Hank finally allowed mebbe he were some sick o' hangin' round bull pens and brandin' unmannerly steers, and doin' gen'ral low down Siwash work. The outcome of it

were that he finally allowed he might tail in with this horspit'l enterprise, providin' Bill give him so much a head for ev'ry A-one invalid w'at he rounds up for him.

"That were reasonable enough, Bill says, and then lays out his idee for this yere round up some explicit to Hank.

"'Now, I allow, Hank,' says he—'I allow I want A-one invalids. But there's all kinds and manners of invalids, Hank, and I'm buildin' on you roundin' me up jes' the right breed,' says he. 'I ain't thirstin' to do undertakin' bizness on the side, so I docks you forty bucks for ev'ry cuss w'at dies on my hands. And I don't want a walkin' sanitarium full o' low speerited Mohave cranks,' says he, 'w'at 'd drive you to drink b'fore sun up. What I want, Hank, is a nice, cheery collection o' bright and interestin' sick folks, w'at 'll be congenial together,' says he, 'and mebbey kind o' look after theirselves on a pinch.'

"When Hank were dead shore he'd got about the right idee o' w'at Bill wanted, he painted for war by adornin' hisself pertickler swell in a new Stetson and blue flannel, and ambled East.

IV.

"IN something less than two weeks Bill's patients began arrivin'. For a few days Bill were kept busy meetin' 'em with a cheerin' word and a whisky flask, escortin' 'em, when willin', some later over to the 'Alberta Rest' to lick'er up more copious. The lick'erin' weren't at Bill's expense, the same bein' dooly put down, for Bill were a close hand at figgerin'. While waitin' round for his party to fill up, Bill took a consider'ble heap o' pains findin' out the pertickler ailment of each one o' his invalids. He allowed to 'em he weren't a reg'lar medicine sharp with a reg'lar no account sheepskin. But he let 'em know that he'd seen a heap o' doctorin' in his day, 'specially among cattle, and were some qualified to look after sick folks. He got into the free and easy way o' speakin' to 'em as 'my people,' and flutterin' round among 'em uncommon like an old hen.

"Movin' day fin'ly come round, and Bill looked as proud of that cavalcade o' shattered constitootions as though they was all his own offspring. But jes' where Bill got his hooks on the pertickler line o' hoss meat w'at were lined up in that percession o' broken down and mangy speerited pack animals were more 'n me or any man on the Eastern Slope were sayin'.

"Bill himself allowed he'd engaged hosses a trifle on in years, mebbe, but

there were reasons for it. 'A nice low speerited animal,' says Bill, 'ain't goin' to stand round buckin' and rompin', and you can't be too careful,' says he, 'with the shattered nerves of a invalid.'

"The mornin' Bill and me gits this ambulat' sanytarium under way were one of the finest foothill days w'at this yere recollectin' apparatus o' mine kin rope in. There were a warm Ch'nook blowin' down from the hills like a woman breathin' over a sick baby, and it put them invalids o' Bill's into uncommon good speerits.

"I'd laid out to Bill some plain that he were packin' a purty slim three weeks' allowance o' grub up into the hills for a party o' them consider'ble proportions, specially as he'd been talkin' uncommon big 'bout the feedin' he was goin' to give 'em. Bill wouldn't take no stock in my uncalled for misgivin's. Fact is, he got some hostile and pointed out uncommon irritated that these yere parties were all invalids and weren't goin' to be benefited none by overfeedin'. 'It doesn't do an ordinary invalid any good to go round,' says Bill, 'gorgin' like a boa constrictor,' and he calls me a croakin' livered agitator and trots up along the line and gets talkin' eloquent 'bout the natcheral beauties o' the Canadian Rockies.

"When the land agent asked if there were plenty o' game in the parts we were headin' for, Bill told 'em 'bout the mountain goat and the bear steaks they were goin' to have, enlargin' some thoughtless on these yere eatables till he had that whole percession clean waterin' at the mouth. Fact is, Bill had to haul up unexpected for lunch, which kind o' took the speerits out o' him for the rest o' the day, seein' he'd allowed they'd worry along with an early supper o' pork and beans 'bout five in the evening.

"By noon the next day we'd begun to git up into the higher country, and by night we'd camped on Ribbon Crick. The novelty of this yere mountain trailin' had kind o' worn off some with Bill's invalids, and a couple of thunder storms had kind o' taken the nerve out o' them, and Bill seen they were gittin' downright peevish. He also seen that the open air and hoss ridin' had begun to tell on 'em, too, for the way they kept ma rustlin' grub were a saddenin' eye opener to Bill. I could see that pork and beans were also beginnin' to pall on 'em, and that there were shore trouble on the trail ahead. 'Twere 'bout this time the bug collector got out a seven dollar nickel plated fishin' rod and tried the fishin' in Ribbon Crick. I reckon he

landed 'bout two dozen fine rainbow trout in less 'n two hours. When Bill seen these yere fish an idee appeared to git its rope over him all of a heap, and in half an hour he had ev'ry invalid in that party out fishin', and were talkin' of usin' the pork barrel for saltin' down trout.

"'I've always heard tell,' says Bill, smooth as oil, 'that this yere Ribbon Crick were reckoned the healthiest and most saloobrious locality west o' Calgary, and I guess it'd pay us jes' to lay over here a spell.' And Bill kept 'em there feedin' 'em on rainbow trout till they elected a grievance committee and stated some emphatic they weren't consumin' no more fish. Bill said it were mighty disheartenin', 'specially when he were tryin' to pick out the healthy spots for 'em, and demonstrated to 'em that this yere misjudgin' of his motives hurt him a heap. But he were forced to strike camp.

V.

"'Bout this time that mountain air were beginnin' to get its genooin work in on these yere invalids, and Bill couldn't deny they were gittin' huskier and more ravenous ev'ry day, and kickin' more strenuous agin Bill's pork and beans, and makin' disparagin' remarks in gen'ral 'bout my grub rustlin'.

"Bill got kind o' moody and low speerited watchin' good vittles disappearin' that unexpected way, and took to broodin' and bein' all fired dejected 'bout havin' no sickness in camp. We were out a week when Bill fin'ly allowed we didn't have enough provender to see us through another two days' eatin'. The only obvious wagon trail out o' this yere slough seemed for me to trip back with a couple o' the hosses and pack in fresh supplies.

"Owin' to the gen'ral debility of these yere two equestrian mavericks, it took me 'bout three days to make the trip. But soon as I struck camp ag'in I seen something was up.

"'Ike,' says Bill, lookin' me square in the eye, 'Ike, you ain't seen nothin' o' Pinto and Red Bird and Pompey, have you?'

"These yere were three o' Bill's sooper-annuated pack hosses, and I had to own up I hadn't seen head nor tail of 'em. All Bill's invalids stood round sayin' it were uncommon queer.

"'Ike,' says Bill agin, still eyin' me kind o' fishy, 'you ain't chanced to see nothin' of any band o' maraudin' Injins down this yere trail nowheres?'

"I allowed I hadn't.

"'Don't s'pose there's any hoss thieves

secreted in round these yere mountains, Ike?' says Bill agin.

"I laid out to Bill uncommon plain that it weren't likely hoss thieves were lyin' 'wake nights devisin' plans for the nefarious roundin' up o' hosses like Pompey and Red Bird.

"That's no way, Ike, to speak 'bout a faithful old animal friend,' says Bill, mighty solemn and indignant—'a old animal friend w'at my people here were all uncommon attached to. But it's mighty mysterious,' says he, 'for these yere three hosses kind of appear to have stampeded or been stolen, and we're all beginnin' to feel some nervous 'bout 'em.'

"Yes,' says the bug collector, 'for here we are all stranded, grievous short o' provisions.'

"Mebbe,' says the lecturin' feller, 'three of us 'd be willin' to go afoot to this yere place where the boss says game is so plentiful?'

"Bill wouldn't stand for any o' his people goin' round among them mountains afoot. He'd brought these yere friends o' his out for rest and repose, and he wouldn't hear o' no lives bein' endangered that way by violent exertion. 'Me and my friend Ike can walk,' says he, 'and mebbe we can cache the load off one of the hosses round here for the down trip, so we'll have enough animals same as ever.'

"But Bill's invalids wouldn't hear o' no grub bein' left behind in that light and airy fashion.

"I reckon we'll need all the grub we've got,' says the engineer. 'Fact is, where 'd we been this last time if it hadn't been for them three mountain goat you run across?'

"That mountain goat were some tough eatin', though,' says the lecturing feller, sad and regretful like.

"Bill explained some hasty that it were the altitood lowerin' the bilin' point and makin' it hard to give goat a fit and proper stewin' w'at was responsible for its bein' some stringy.

"Mountain goat?' says I, some puzzled, knowin' there weren't goat within fifty miles o' those hills.

"Yes, mountain goat, Ike,' says Bill, kind o' provoked and hostile. 'I had uncommon good luck up the hills when you were trippin' east for grub. Potted three fine goat,' says he. 'It were jes' what my people wanted, and made a good, bracin' feed o' fresh meat for 'em,' says he, 'and kind o' helped me out o' this yere temporary stringency regardin' provisions,' says he, lookin' kind o' shifty in the eye while he were talkin'.

"Bill,' says I, takin' the boss to one side and puttin' it to him straight, 'Bill, you don't mean to allow you've slaughtered these three pore old dumb animals?'

"What dumb animals?' says Bill, gettin' some indignant and tryin' to put on dog.

"Why,' says I, 'them faithful old animal friends w'at we were all so attached to!'

"Jes' cut them insinuations out o' your head,' says Bill. I could see Bill were gittin' desperate sick o' this horspit'l camp and the thankless way these yere low speerited invalids o' his were imposin' on his benevolence.

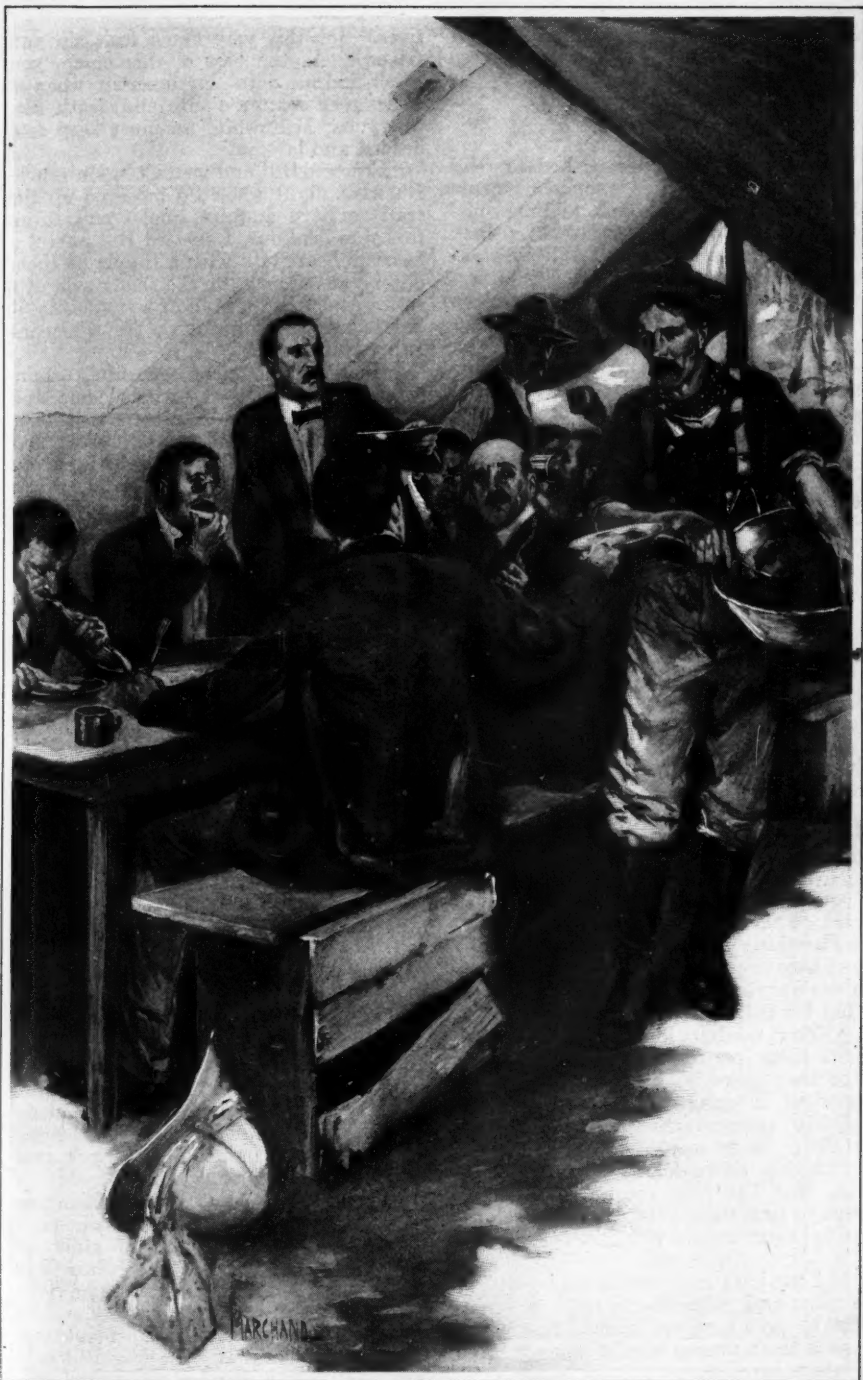
VI.

"Why, Ike,' says he, 'it's downright heartrendin' the way them fourteen hostile imposters w'at were s'posed to be waverin' b'tween life and death fall onto their fodder three times a day. They're eatin' me into the grave, Ike,' says he, 'and they ain't even got no gratitood for the way I've mothered 'em all up through these yere mountains!'

"But I guess if Bill thought these yere ambulin' weaklin's o' his were some voracious at the end o' that first week, he were clear loosed with astonishment second week out. I never seen fourteen invalids pick up faster 'n these yere pork consumin' patients o' Bill's. Got so they et uncommon like April grizzlies. He got so at meal times he couldn't sit there and watch 'em. He jes' had to climb out and walk up and down outside till them fourteen inordinate appetites were appeased, and then he'd sit and look at the sad remains o' them good vittles 'bout the same as a Cree Injin 'll look at a empty whisky barrel.

"It were clear enough all the doin' of that stimulat' Rocky Mountain atmosphere, for the trail had climbed up to a purty good altitood, and that thin air were 'bout as intoxicatin' as champagne. And that hoss killin' bizness, too, were a sort o' boomerang on Bill, for some of the party always had to go afoot, and the way this yere worked up a unwholesome hunger in 'em were shore astoundin'.

"Bill did w'at he could devisin' schemes to keep 'em extra quiet and slothful, but it were like puttin' a badger on a sand hill and tellin' him not to dig. When they weren't playin' games and climbin' unnecessary rocks they were eatin', and when they weren't eatin' they were chuckin' boulders down the gorges or 'tarnally doin' something to work up



"THE INVALIDS WERE GITTIN' HUSKIER AND MORE RAVENOUS EV'RY DAY, AND KICKIN' MORE STRENUOUS AGIN BILL'S PORK AND BEANS."

a more unreasonable appetite. And all along they were jes' hostile enough to see that Bill kept to his contract.

VII.

"COUPLE o' days later he had to send me down for another supply o' grub. When I got back his people told me some gleeful he'd had another streak o' luck and got a mountain goat. Likewise another pack hoss was missin'.

"Bill got me to join him in puttin' up a bluff o' goin' out and browsin' round for big game, and things went draggin' on kind o' ominous and uncertain till one night Bill came scurryin' back to camp with a uncommon scart look on his face.

"Ike," says he some stern, "have you seen any Injins round these parts? Any o' them hostile Stoney Injins, I mean."

"I allowed I had seen a handful o' Stoneys when I was trippin' up with the grub.

"And you never told me, Ike!" says Bill, powerful reprov'in' like.

"Bill, what in thunder be you a drivin' at?" says I, some annoyed, and not seein' jes' w'at hand he were a playin'.

"It were cruel negligent, Ike," says he, shakin' his head, "specially with all these yere invalids o' mine in camp."

"You shorely ain't gittin' scart o' them onery Stoney redskins I allood to?" says I.

"No, Ike, I don't fear for myself," says Bill. "It's these yere innocent and unprotected lives I'm responsible for," says he, lookin' commiseratin' like at his circle o' quakin' invalids drinking in every word. They seen that Bill were hintin' at something shore enough, and the way the whole fourteen o' 'em lay off consumin' supper right then and there were itself a bid for Bill to keep up the game.

"You needn't lose any sleep, Bill, 'bout them pertickler redskins," says I, "for they were that mangy and mean speerited a gang o' degenerate, horn polishin' paupers they wouldn't face a catnip eatin' tomeal!"

"You're shore delooded thereby," says Bill, "for I've been reconnoiterin' sufficient to find these yere redskins are desperit characters, and this yere is a marked camp!"

"You don't mean we're all agoin' to be taken and massacred by these yere redskins?" says the land agent. And there were a most uneasy stirrin' among Bill's fourteen invalids.

"There's no tellin'," says Bill, "there's no tellin' jes' w'at they'll do with the cap-

tives. But this yere game isn't up yet, friends. As the boss o' this camp, you won't find me doin' any desertin' when it comes to a matter o' life and death like this yere. Meanwhile we must keep cool headed and lay low."

"I knowed Bill, and weren't sayin' much. But that night when I'd moseyed up the trail to have a quiet smoke and think this yere deal out, I spotted Bill havin' a heart to heart talk with a couple of them degenerate Stoneys on the shady side of a rock. And I had a kind of a sudden soop-ernatcherall illoomination o' jes' w'at card Bill were playin'.

"'Bout three next mornin', shore enough, Bill wakes the whole camp and announces mighty excited that the Stoneys had raided the hosses and driven 'em off. Bill further pointed out where they were makin' ready for a war dance b'fore descendin' like a avalanche on an unprotected camp of invalids.

"We're outnumbered ten to one," says Bill, "and at sun up they'll most obvious fall on us. You've got a clear trail from the Gap down to Foot's Crossin', and from there you kin strike the railroad 'bout eighteen miles east. My dooty is here. I advise you, my friends, to go while there's time. Don't mind me," says Bill. "I ain't quailin' none. And never mind botherin' 'bout this yere duffel and blankets and sleepin' bags. Life's more precious than this yere triffin' baggage, and I don't want no needless blood on my head. I advise you to go speedy, comrades. It's my dooty to stand here and cover your retreat!"

"The bug collector said it weren't right to leave the boss alone in a game like that.

"It's my clear dooty, friends," says Bill, gittin' out his rifle. And there weren't much delayin' and argufyin' 'bout the point. Bein' somew'at sore on the whole enterprise myself, I agreed to pilot them fourteen loosed tenderfeet down out o' the hills, for a consideration it ain't essential to delay on. Bill put on he were consider'ble hurt at me leavin' him, but fin'ly allowed he were prepared to face the end alone.

"And the last sight I had o' Montana Bill he were standin' on a rock most statuesque, holdin' back 'bout eight or nine underfed Stoney Injins, whose war yellin' were uncommon like these yere Roman mobs in a opery house. I reckon I know the hollow plunk of a blank cartridge when I hear it. The way Bill held back that hostile band o' maraudin' redskins with a magazine full o' blanks were a standin' pride to Montany."

THE STAGE

POETICAL PLAYS IN NEW YORK AND LONDON.

If ever there was a star part written—next to those with which David Belasco has provided Mrs. Carter—it is the lead in "The Twin Sister," the blank verse play from the German which formed the

second offering of the season for the Empire stock company. And Margaret Anglin has risen to the occasion, as she has always done—with the possible exception of *Dora* in "Diplomacy" last spring. Her differentiation of the two



ELEANOR ROBSON, LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW IN "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

sisters is masterly, and throws into utter insignificance every other rôle in the play. Of course, the part is a "fat" one, the others being mere "feeders" to it.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that

Lorraine at Daly's, and thrown up his position rather than play the part, one could hardly blame him. Even *Phœbus* of "Nôtre Dame," weak minded lover as he is, would appear to advantage beside



MARGARET ILLINGTON, PLAYING "FLEUR DE LYS" WITH THE DANIEL FROHMAN STOCK COMPANY IN "NÔTRE DAME."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

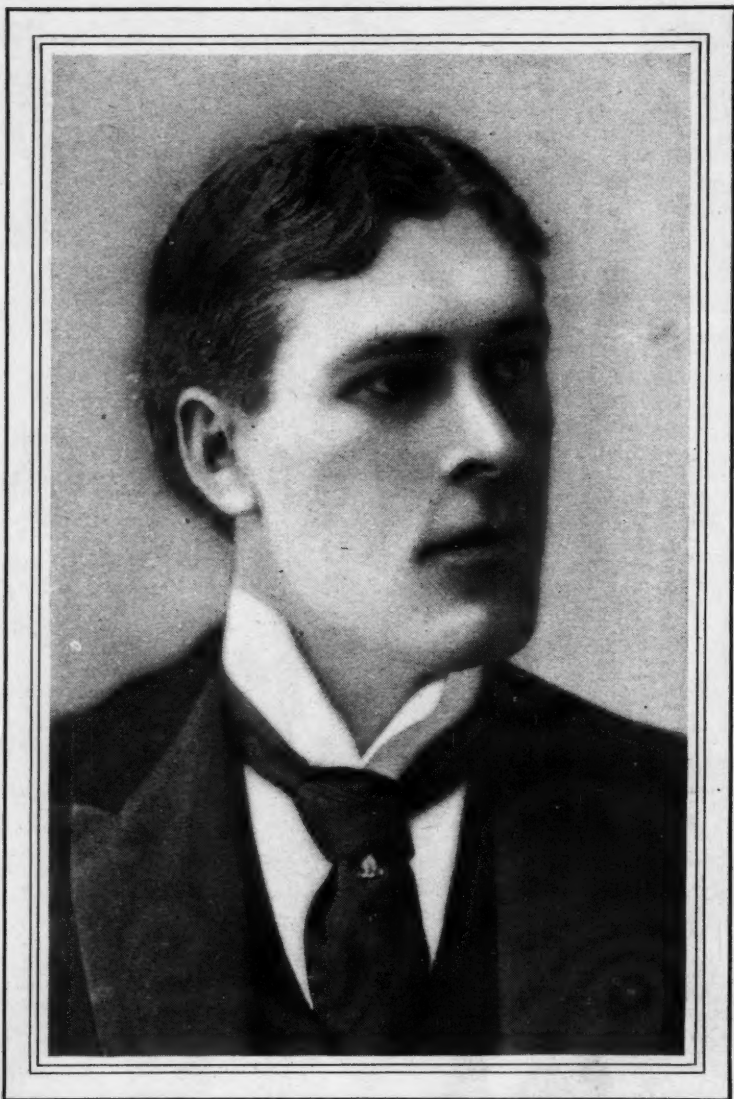
Richman puts up the poorest work he has done. The husband is little better than an idiot, and if the Empire's leading man had followed the example set by Robert

the utter imbecility of *Orlando* in "The Twin Sister." In the wig with which he plays it, Richman looks the part—a man with no mind above fleshly appetite.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, WHO RECENTLY COMPLETED HER FIRST TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES.

From her latest photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.



GEORGE ALEXANDER, THE ENGLISH ACTOR MANAGER, WHO IS SOON TO VISIT AMERICA.

From his latest photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.

Mr. Frohman promises, before his season at the Empire ends, to revive that delicious farcical comedy by Oscar Wilde, "The Importance of Being Earnest." This was first played at the Empire in the spring of 1895, when Henry Miller and Viola Allen headed the stock. George Alexander recently put it back into the bill at the St. James, in London, with most satisfactory results.

Speaking of Alexander, we are almost

certain to see him in this country next season. His American tour has been postponed from year to year for one reason or another—principally from the lack of a suitable play. It is now probable that he will come with a repertory, although he would stand a better chance of financial success with some one strong card, such as Hawtrey found in "A Message from Mars."

George Alexander figures prominently



GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, WHO IS SINGING THE TITLE RÔLE IN "MAID MARIAN" WITH THE BOSTONIANS.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

in the rumors that are rife about the actors whom King Edward may knight at the coming coronation. He is about forty three years old, and his real name is George Gibb Samson. Born at Reading, he began life as a clerk in London; but his nights were devoted to playgoing. He had determined in his heart to become an actor, and his good looks smoothed his path to the accomplishment

of his desire. He was playing in the Robertson comedies—"Caste," "Ours," and so on—when Henry Irving engaged him for the Lyceum. He accompanied the Irving-Terry company to America on one of their early tours. "Dr. Bill" was his first offering as a manager on his own account, at the Avenue.

He opened his present house, the St. James, perhaps the most fashionable of

the West End theaters, with "Sunlight and Shadow," a play by R. C. Carton, which, for some reason, has never been

he has recently mounted the poetical tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," by that rapidly rising young English poet and



ADELE RAFTER, APPEARING AS "ALAN-A-DALE" WITH THE BOSTONIANS IN "MAID MARIAN."

From her latest photograph by White, New York.

exported. It was there, too, that "Liberty Hall," "The Masqueraders," and "John-a-Dreams" first saw the footlights. The theater was renovated three summers ago, and since that time Mr. Alexander's ventures have seemed to miss fire with a strange persistence. Last year he did fairly well with "The Wilderness," and

dramatist, Stephen Phillips. Beerbohm Tree, by the way, was the first London manager in recent years who had the hardihood to bring out a play in verse, with any idea of making it a box office success. "Herod" ran for three months at Her Majesty's last season, and Mr. Tree has lately put on another of Mr.



ETHEL BARRYMORE AS SHE APPEARS IN THE LAST ACT OF "CAPTAIN JINKS," THE CLYDE FITCH COMEDY WHICH HAS SERVED HER FOR TWO SEASONS.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



CLARITA VIDAL, A MEMBER OF THE SEXTET IN NO. 1 COMPANY OF "FLORODORA," WHICH IS NOW ON TOUR, AFTER GIVING FIVE HUNDRED AND FOUR CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Harceau, New York.

Phillips' works, "Ulysses," "Paolo and Francesca" was written in 1899, before either of these two.

Mr. Phillips was born at Somertown, near Oxford, and is the son of a clergyman who is now precentor of Peterborough Cathedral. Young Phillips was first an actor, in the company of his cousin, Frank Benson, where he received a thorough training in the Shakspeare repertory. He gave up the stage to devote himself to literature in 1887. His "Paolo and Francesca" will probably be seen in New York next winter, and there is also a chance that "Herod" may be imported. Whether a city that gives such niggardly support to Shakspeare will turn a willing ear to poetical tragedy from a modern pen, remains to be proven.

Speaking of Shakspeare, Henrietta Crosman gave the metropolis a really fine portrayal of *Rosalind* in the course of her season at the Republic. Miss Crosman seems to be especially successful with plays in which she is called upon to assume male attire. In "As You Like It," the skirts of the first act appear to weigh her down, and keep her in the category of the commonplace; but in the freedom of the Arden forest her natural vivacity was a treat to the beholder. There was none of that mock modesty which some players love to accentuate, and not for years has New York seen so thoroughly enjoyable a performance of the famous comedy. Even Henry Woodruff, the *Orlando*, rose to the occasion and proved his right to the promotion from "Harry" on recent house bills. The play should have had "Du Barry" houses, but being Shakspeare in New York, drew only moderately well.

THE WEAKNESS OF "NOTRE DAME."

Managers seem to have learned a lesson at last. The rush to share a sensation made by somebody else does not pay. This was proven in the case of the "Musketeer" craze, three seasons ago; again by the "Quo Vadis" furore; and this winter once more by the collapse of "Lady Margaret." Amelia Bingham's version of "Frocks and Frills." After the overwhelming hit of Mrs. Carter in "Du Barry," the dramatic journals published advertisements offering other plays dealing with the famous French woman, but buyers seem to have been scarce.

Theatrical purveyors have come to realize that while dramas based on historical episodes may be duplicated, players cannot be. It is Mrs. Carter that people are flocking to the Criterion to see. They



DOROTHY DONNELLY, APPEARING AS "MADAME ALVAREZ" WITH ROBERT EDESON IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."

From her latest photograph by Neuman, New York.

would doubtless flock there just the same were her play's splendid trappings to be cast aside in favor of the modest mount-

at Daly's. Its distinguishing feature is the scenery. Unless it could advertise the original Daly settings, a duplicate



ELSIE LESLIE, PLAYING "GLORY QUAYLE" WITH EDWARD MORGAN IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

ings with which the stars of a bygone generation were forced to put up.

On the other hand, take the new production of Victor Hugo's "Nôtre Dame,"

presentation would stand little chance of success. As a play, the new Paul Potter drama is not to be compared with his "Under Two Flags." The action moves

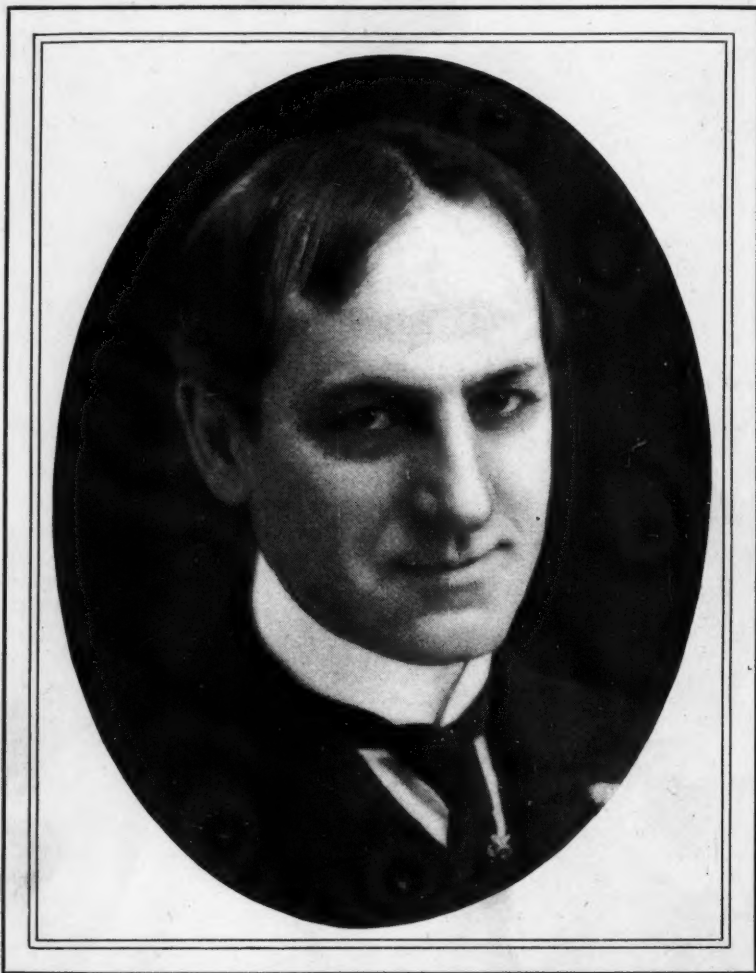


EMMA EAMES, PRIMA DONNA WITH THE MAURICE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

haltingly, and is often unintelligible to one who has not read the novel. The rôle of *Esmeralda* lies altogether out of

son of Grace Van Studdiford. The opera is only a faint reminder of the good things in "Robin Hood," to which it



FRANCIS WILSON, APPEARING AS "SAMMY GIGG" IN "THE TOREADOR."

From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

the line of Hilda Spong, though, under the circumstances, she does wonders with it. Margaret Illington gets the opportunity of her life as *Fleur de Lys*. She began her career only two years ago as the gipsy in "The Pride of Jennico," under her own name, Maud Light.

HITS AND A MISS IN MUSICAL PLAYS.

The pleasantest feature of "Maid Marian" is the maid herself, in the per-

forms the sequel. The wily *Sheriff of Nottingham* is still pursued by the shrewish *Dame Durden*, both played by their original interpreters, the veteran H. C. Barnabee and Josephine Bartlett, sister to Jessie Bartlett Davis. George Frothingham continues to be a very undoggy *Friar Tuck*, while W. H. MacDonald swaggers through the score as *Little John*. There is a new *Alan-a-Dale* in Adele Rafter, who used to sing "Oh, Listen to the Band!" in "A Runaway

Girl." It is a great pity she has not more to do.

The story hinges on *Robin Hood's* determination to go to the Crusades before his marriage. The *Sheriff*, still anxious to marry *Marian* to *Guy of Gisbourne*, circulates the report that *Robin* is disloyal both to her and to his king, and in the second act all the dramatis personæ turn up in the Holy Land.

Miss Van Studdiford hails from that hotbed of artistic talent, Indiana. She began her career in "The Black Hussar" handicapped with the name *Gracia Quive*. It was at the Schiller Theater, Chicago, and she assumed the part of *Minna* on forty eight hours' notice. She was then invited to join the Bostonians, with whom she sang minor parts, next joining *Jefferson de Angelis*. When Henry W. Savage organized the English Opera Company for the Metropolitan last season, Miss *Quive*, who had become Miss Van Studdiford, was engaged as one of the prima donnas. She was distinctly successful, *Martha* and *Marguerite* being among her best rôles.

Francis Wilson need not trouble himself to find a vehicle for next season's use. "The Toreador" will be good for the whole forty weeks on tour. Neither is Lulu Glaser, Wilson's erstwhile leading woman, thinking of a successor to "Dolly Varden," which has been among the very few money makers of a poor season.

In this select list there are two plays that appeal especially to children—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" and "Foxy Grandpa." Mr. Brady had some difficulty in getting time for the latter at a New York house, but the piece turned out to be the proverbial dark horse.

When people heard that the *Foxy Grandpa* cartoons were being made ready for the stage, it seemed as if the threadbare joke about dramatizing the telephone book might shortly become a reality. Joseph Hart, of the old team of Hallen and Hart, bought the right to use the title from the author of the cartoons, and asked R. Melville Baker to write a play around them. Mr. Baker is the son of the late George M. Baker, whose plays for amateurs were printed in *Oliver Optic's Magazine* some thirty years ago.

It seems that Baker had been pestering Hart with manuscripts, and probably the comedian hoped to silence the ambitious playwright by setting an impossible task. But as the author told the *Dramatic Mirror* last August: "I was so anxious to get a hearing that I would have made a play out of *Heinz* fifty seven varie-

ties." He began work heroically, and had made some progress when Hart wrote that he had decided to give up the scheme after all; people were laughing at the bare mention of the thing. But Baker pleaded with him to read the play as far as it was finished. Hart did so, and was so pleased with it that he wrote a score for the "musical snapshot," as it is called. The result was a hit. A host of imitative playwrights have now set to work to dramatize the advertising panels in the Elevated cars.

The part of the lover in "Foxy Grandpa" is played by Clifton Crawford, a young Scot who came to this country two years ago, and who has already distinguished himself by writing the most popular song of last summer, "Mary Green." He is also responsible for the words and music of "De Trop" and "Starlight," two of the prettiest numbers in "Liberty Belles." When he was with "My Lady," he played almost every part in the piece, including three of the women.

A TRIO OF HITS.

After a winter of pretty general discontent with the testing of new material, three plays brought out in New York in an early spring week all caught the popular fancy. All three were of American origin. "Sky Farm," a cross between "Way Down East" and "Lovers' Lane," is utterly illogical in its scheme, but its humor is neatly brought out by the various players, who have been picked, not to support any one star, but because each was specially adapted to his or her particular character. William Collier's new piece, "The Diplomat," is quite incoherent in plot, but affords Collier so many opportunities to get off his droll sayings that it seems likely to repeat the hit of "On the Quiet."

Because Robert Edeson quarreled with Amelia Bingham over the rôle of the stuttering man in "Lady Margaret," which he thought he ought to have, New York saw its third success in that same week; for Mr. Edeson had not planned to start starring in "Soldiers of Fortune" until next autumn. The play, made by Augustus Thomas out of the Richard Harding Davis story, was very well received. It seems to possess just those ingredients necessary to make a metropolitan hit—a dash of society, a touch of war, a sprinkling of business, more than a bit of love, a hint of pathos, and a generous infusion of fun.

Lincoln—Garfield—McKinley.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE EULOGIES OF THREE MARTYRED PRESIDENTS, BANCROFT'S IN 1866, BLAINE'S IN 1882, AND HAY'S IN 1902—AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL COMPARISON.

I.

ON the morning of February 12, 1866—the fifty seventh anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth—there took place what might be called the closing scene of the Civil War. The great men of the nation had gathered in the hall of the House of Representatives to do honor to the memory of the martyred President whose lifework was crowned with the reunion of the North and the South. Lincoln's successor, President Andrew Johnson, sat in front of the Speaker's table. On his right were the Justices of the Supreme Court; on his left, the diplomatic corps and all the members of his Cabinet except Secretary Seward, who was detained by illness. The great hall was filled with Senators and Congressmen, Governors of States and Territories, leading department officials, and officers of the army and navy who had received the thanks of Congress. It was an impressive and almost a solemn scene, but when Lieutenant General Grant came into the hall the quiet of the great assemblage was broken by an unrestrainable burst of applause.

The orator of the day was George Bancroft, and his eulogy of Lincoln was in many ways a remarkable speech—remarkable both for what it contained and for what it omitted. It was historical and political rather than biographical, and it contained almost as much of Bancroft's own opinions as of Lincoln's work and personality. The British and French ministers—who, as the newspapers of the next day recorded, were "attentive listeners"—had to listen to a very bitter attack on the policy of their governments. The orator also paid his attentions to the Pope, who "alone among temporal sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a President, and his supporters as a people, and gave counsels for peace at a time when peace meant the victory of secession." There was also a digression on the political situ-

ation in Mexico, where, Mr. Bancroft declared, the republic that Maximilian had endeavored to subvert "must rise again." This would have been highly gratifying to the Mexican minister, Señor Romero, had he been in the hall; but unfortunately he had arrived there without a card, and had been relentlessly excluded by the doorkeeper.

Mr. Bancroft's eulogy of Lincoln was an eloquent example of the somewhat flamboyant style that the famous historian always affected. The following is a typical extract from it:

Where, in the history of nations, had a chief magistrate more sources of consolation and joy than Lincoln? His countrymen had shown their love by choosing him to a second term of service. The raging war that had divided the country had lulled. His persistent gentleness had conquered for him a kindlier feeling on the part of the South. His scoffers among the grandees of Europe began to do him honor. The laboring classes everywhere saw in his advancement their own. All people sent him their benedictions. At the moment of the height of his fame, to which his humility and modesty added charms, he fell by the hand of the assassin; and the only triumph awarded him was the march to the grave.

Not in vain has Lincoln lived, for he has helped to make the republic an example of justice with no caste but the caste of humanity. The heroes who led our armies and ships into battle—Lyon, McPherson, Reynolds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Foote, Ward, with their compeers—and fell in the service, did not die in vain. They and the myriads of nameless martyrs, and he, the chief martyr, died willingly that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Mr. Bancroft ended his oration by comparing Lincoln with Lord Palmerston, who died a few months later than the martyred President. The comparison was another evidence of Mr. Bancroft's fearlessness in the expression of his personal views. It was so very greatly to the disadvantage of the British statesman that to a reader of the present day its taste may well seem a little questionable. It applied to Lord Palmerston such uncomplimentary epithets as "self possessed," "adroit," "essentially superficial," and

"capable of insolence towards the weak." "He did nothing that will endure," Mr. Bancroft said. "His great achievement, the separation of Belgium, placed that little kingdom where it must gravitate to France"—a forecast which, like many other political prophecies, has been falsified by later events.

II.

On that February morning of 1866 it would have been a bold prophet who would foretell that twice within the next forty years would official Washington again gather to honor the memory of a murdered President. The second celebration took place on February 27, 1882, when Secretary Blaine pronounced a eulogy on his friend and political chief, James A. Garfield. The general aspect of the gathering was similar to that of sixteen years before; yet many changes had taken place in those eventful years. In 1866 only twenty five States had been represented; in 1882 there were thirty eight. The South had long ago returned to its allegiance. Some of the statesmen who had been prisoners of war on parole in 1866 were now honored members of the national legislature.

Bancroft, the orator of the earlier celebration, was present as a distinguished guest. Among those who sat with him were such men as Cyrus W. Field, George William Curtis, and Henry James, Jr. President Arthur was ushered to his seat by Senator John Sherman and Representative William McKinley. These two gentlemen also escorted the orator of the day, Mr. Blaine, who was accompanied by his friends William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Stephen B. Elkins, then of New Mexico; his secretary, Thomas H. Sherman, and his son, Emmons Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's speech was purely biographical, and it was a model of its kind. Not extravagantly eulogistic, it showed Garfield at his very best, as seen by a close personal friend, and as portrayed by a master of oratorical art. The following extract is a fair sample of Mr. Blaine's eloquence:

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony

that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell? What brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties? Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toils and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness. And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unflinching tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

There was only one controversial note in the speech. It would have been a miracle, almost, if Mr. Blaine had succeeded in avoiding it. In speaking of Garfield's connection with the Army of the Cumberland he said that the general "found various troubles already well developed and seriously affecting the value and efficiency of the army." In the newspapers of the following day General Rosecrans pointed out that Garfield had been his chief of staff when in command of the Army of the Cumberland; that if there were serious troubles in the organization it was Garfield's duty to have informed him; that nothing of the sort had ever been reported to him. Mr. Blaine, he concluded, "was wholly misinformed" in the matter.

III.

MR. HAY's eulogy of McKinley, delivered on February 27 of this year, does not suffer in comparison with the speeches of Bancroft and of Blaine. Indeed, while no less spirited and eloquent, it is a more temperate and dignified address than either of them. Compared with Bancroft's, it shows either that our relations with other powers have notably improved, or that our official manners have become more gentle; for no exception could possibly be taken to Mr. Hay's words on McKinley's foreign policy.

His statement of the dead President's character and place in history was sym-

pathetic, able, and striking, as may be seen from the following extract:

For the third time the Congress of the United States are assembled to commemorate the life and the death of a President slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which reappear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes: the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence, of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance, of the criminal; the blamelessness—so far as in the sphere of our existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim.

The man who fills a great station in a period of change, who leads his country successfully through a time of crisis; who, by his power of persuading and controlling others, has been able to command the best thoughts of his age, so as to leave his country in a moral or material condition in advance of where he found it—such a man's position in history is secure. If, in addition to this, his written or spoken words possess the subtle quality which carry them far and lodge them in men's hearts; and, more than all, if his utterances and actions, while informed with a lofty morality, are yet tinged with

the glow of human sympathy, the fame of such a man will shine like a beacon through the mists of ages—an object of reverence, of imitation and love.

It should be to us an occasion of solemn pride that in the three great crises of our history such a man was not denied us. The moral value to a nation of a renown such as Washington's, and Lincoln's, and McKinley's, is beyond all computation. No loftier ideal can be held up to the emulation of ingenuous youth. With such examples we cannot be wholly ignoble. Grateful as we may be for what they did, let us still be more grateful for what they were. While our daily being, our public policies, still feel the influence of their work, let us pray that in our spirits their lives may be voluble, calling us upward and onward.

A notable feature of the celebration of February 27 was the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia, who sat beside President Roosevelt. Probably the only man who took part in all three ceremonies was Senator Allison, of Iowa, who was a Representative in 1866 and a Senator in 1882.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.*

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

XXIII (Continued).

"THE death of Mr. Minchin is, as you know, still a mystery——"

"I didn't know it," interrupted Cutts, who had quite recovered his spirits. "I thought the only mystery was how twelve sane men could have acquitted his wife."

"That," said Langholm, "was the opinion of many at the time; but it is one which we are obliged to disregard, whether we agree with it or not. The case still engages our attention and must do so until we have explored every conceivable channel of investigation. What I want from you, Mr. Cutts, is any information that you can give me concerning Mr. Minchin's financial position at the time of his death."

"It was bad," said Mr. Cutts promptly; "about as bad as it could be. He had one lucky flutter, and it would have been the ruin of him if he had lived. He backed his luck for more than he was worth, and his luck deserted him on the spot. Yes, poor old devil," sighed the sympathetic Cutts; "he thought he was going to make his pile out of hand, but he would soon have been a bankrupt."

"Had you known him for a long time, Mr. Cutts?"

"Not six months. It was down at Brighton we met, quite by chance, and got on talking about Westralians. It was I that put him on to his one good spec. His wife was with him at the time—couldn't stand the woman! She was much too good for me and my missus, to say nothing of her own husband. I remember one night on the pier——"

"I won't trouble you about Brighton, Mr. Cutts," Langholm interrupted, as politely as he could. "Mr. Minchin was not afterwards a partner of yours, was he?"

"Never, though I won't say he mightn't have been if things had panned out differently, and if he had gone back to Westralia with some capital. Meanwhile he had the run of my office, and that was all."

"And not even the benefit of your advice?"

"He wouldn't take it, once he was bitten with the game."

Thus far Langholm had simply satisfied his own curiosity upon one or two points concerning a dead man who had hitherto been little more than a name to him. His one discovery of possible value was that Minchin had evidently died in difficulties. He now consulted some

* Copyright, 1901, by Ernest W. Hornung.—This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

notes jotted down on an envelope upon his way to the City.

"Mr. Minchin, as you are aware," resumed Langholm, "was, like his wife, an Australian by birth. Had he many Australian friends here in London?"

"None at all," replied Mr. Cutts, "that I am aware of."

"Nor anywhere else in the country, think you?"

"Not that I remember."

"Not in the north of England, for example?"

Thus led, Mr. Cutts frowned at his desk until an enlightened look broke over his florid face.

"By Jove, yes!" said he. "Now you speak of it, there *was* somebody up north—a rich man, too—but he only heard of him by chance a day or so before his death."

"A rich man, you say; and an Australian?"

"I don't know about that, but it was out there they had known each other, and Minchin had no idea the man was in England till he saw it in the paper a day or two before his death."

"Do you remember the name?"

"No, I don't, for he never told it to me; fact is, we were not on the best of terms just at the last," explained Mr. Cutts. "Money matters—money matters—they divide the best of friends; and to tell you the truth, he owed me more than I could afford to lose. But the day before the last day of his life he came in and said it was all right, he'd square up before the week was out, and if that wasn't good enough for me I could go to the devil. Of course I asked him where the money was coming from, and he said from a man he'd not heard of for years until that morning, but he didn't say how he'd heard of him then, only that he must be a millionaire. So then I asked why a man he hadn't seen for so long should pay his debts, but Minchin only laughed and swore and said he'd make him. And that was the last I ever heard of it; he sat down at that desk over yonder and wrote to his millionaire there and then, and took it out himself to post. It was the last time I saw him alive, for he said he wasn't coming back till he got his answer, and it was the last letter he ever wrote in the place."

"On that desk, eh?" Langholm glanced at the spare piece of office furniture in the corner. "Didn't he keep any papers here?" he added.

"Yes, but you fellows impounded them."

"Of course we did," said Langholm hastily. "Then you have nothing of his left?"

"Only his pen and a diary in which he hadn't written a word. I slipped them into a drawer with his papers, and there they are still."

Langholm felt disappointed. He had learned so much, it was tantalizing not to learn a little more. If only he could make sure of that millionaire friend of Minchin! In his own mind he was all but sure, but his own mind was too imaginative by half.

Cutts was drumming on the blotting pad in front of him. All of a sudden Langholm noticed that it had a diary attached.

"Minchin's diary wasn't one like yours, was it?" he exclaimed.

"The same thing," said Mr. Cutts.

"Then I should like to see it."

"There's not a word written in it; one of you chaps overhauled it at the time."

"Never mind!"

"Well, then, it's in the top long drawer of the desk he used to use—if my clerk hasn't appropriated it to his own use."

Langholm held his breath as he went to the drawer in question. In another instant his breath escaped him in a sigh of profound relief. A "Universal Diary" (for the year before) was there, sure enough; and it was attached to a pink blotter precisely similar to that upon which Mr. Cutts still drummed with idle fingers.

"Anything more I can show you?" inquired that worthy humorously.

Langholm was gazing intently, not at the diary, but at the pink blotting paper. Suddenly he looked up.

"You say that was the last letter he ever wrote in your office?"

"The very last."

"Then—yes—you can show me a looking glass, if you have one."

Cutts had a small one on his mantelpiece.

"By the Lord Harry," said he, handing it, "but you tiptop 'tecs are a smart lot!"

XXIV.

LANGHOLM went north next morning by the ten o'clock express from King's Cross. He had been but four nights in town, and not four days, yet to Langholm they might have been weeks, for he had never felt so much and slept so little in all his life. He had also done a good deal; but it is the moments of keen sensation that make up the really crowded

hours, and Langholm was to run the gamut of emotions before this memorable week was out.

He had bought magazines for his journey, but he could concentrate his mind on nothing, and only the exigencies of railway traveling kept him off his legs. Luckily for Langholm, however, sleep came to him when least expected, in his cool corner of the corridor train, and he only awoke in time for luncheon before the change at York.

His tired brain was vastly refreshed, yet still he could not concentrate it, even on the events of these eventful days. He was still in the thick of them. Proportion was as yet impossible, and a consecutive review the most difficult of intellectual feats. Langholm was too excited, and the situation too identical with suspense, for a clear sight of all its bearings and potentialities; and then there was the stern self discipline, the determined bridling of the imagination, in which he had not yet relaxed.

Once in the night, however, in the hopeless hours between darkness and broad day, he had seen clearly for a while and there and then pinned his vision down to paper. It concerned but one aspect of the case, and this was how Langholm found that he had stated it, on taking out his pocketbook during the final stages of his journey:

PROVISIONAL CASE AGAINST ———

1—Was in Sloane Street on the night of the murder, at a hotel about a mile from the house in which the murder was committed. This can be proved.

2—Left hotel shortly after arrival towards midnight, believed to have returned between two and three, and would thus have been absent at very time at which crime was committed according to medical evidence adduced at trial. Exact duration of absence from hotel can be proved.

3—Knew M. in Australia, but was in England unknown to M. till two mornings before murder, when M. wrote letter on receipt of which ———

came up to town (arriving near scene of murder as above stated, about time of committal). All this morally certain and probably capable of legal proof.

4—"So then I asked why a man he hadn't seen for so long should pay his debts, but M. only laughed and swore and said he'd make him." C. could be subpoenaed to confirm, if not to simplify, this statement to me, with others to effect that it was for money that M. admitted having written to "a millionaire."

5—Attended Mrs. M's trial throughout, thereafter making her acquaintance and offering marriage without any previous private knowledge whatsoever of her character or antecedents.

POSSIBLE MOTIVES.

——— is a human mystery, his past life a greater one. He elaborately pretends that no part of that past was spent in Australia.

M. said he knew him there, also that "he'd make him"—pay up!

Blackmail not inconsistent with M's character.

Men have died as they deserved before today for threatening blackmail.

POSSIBLE MOTIVE FOR MARRIAGE.

Atonement by the guilty to the innocent.

As Langholm read and reread these precise pronouncements, with something of the detachment and the mild surprise with which he occasionally dipped into his own earlier volumes, he congratulated himself upon the lucid interval which had produced so much order from the chaos that had been his mind. Chaotic as its condition still was, that orderly array of impression, discovery, and surmise bore the test of conscientious reconsideration. And there was nothing that Langholm felt moved to strike out; but, on the other hand, he saw the weakness of his case as it stood at present; and was helped to see it by the detective officer's remark to him at Scotland Yard:

"You find one (old Australian) who carries a revolver like this, and you prove that he was in Chelsea on the night of the murder, with a motive for committing it, and we shall be glad of his name and address."

Langholm had found the old Australian who could be proved to have been in Chelsea, or thereabouts, on the night in question; but the pistol he could not hope to find, and the motive was mere surmise.

And yet, to the walls of the mind that he was trying so hard to cleanse from prejudice and prepossession—to school, indeed, to an inhuman fairness—there clung small circumstances and smaller details which could influence no one else, which would not constitute evidence before any tribunal, but which weighed more with Langholm himself than all the points arrayed in his notebook with so much primness and precision.

There was Rachel's vain appeal to her husband: "Find out who is guilty if you want people to believe that I am not." Why should so natural a petition have been made in vain to a husband who, after all, had shown some solicitude for his wife's honor, and who had the means to employ the best detective talent in the world? Langholm could only conceive one reason: there was nothing for the husband to find out, but everything for him to hide.

Langholm remembered the wide eyed way in which Steel had looked at his wife before replying, and the man's embarrassment grew automatically in his

mind. His lips had indeed shut very tight, but unconscious exaggeration made them tremble first.

And then the fellow's manner to himself, his defiant taunts, his final challenge! Langholm was not sorry to remember the last; it relieved him from the moral incubus of the clandestine and the underhand; it bade him go on and do his worst; it set his eyes upon the issue as between himself and Steel, and it shut them to the final possibilities as touching the woman in the case.

So Langholm came back from sultry London to a world of smoke and rain, with furnaces flaring through the blurred windows, and the soot laid with the dust in one of the grimmest towns in the island. He soon shook both from his feet, and doubled back upon the local line to a rural station within a mile and a half of his cottage. This distance he walked by muddy ways, through the peculiarly humid atmosphere created by a sky that has rained itself out and an earth that can hold no more, and came finally to his dripping garden by the wicket at the back of the cottage.

There he stood to inhale the fine earthy fragrance which atoned somewhat for a rather desolate scene. The roses were all washed away. William Allen Richardson clung here and there, in the shelter of the southern eaves, but he was far past his prime, and had better have perished with the exposed beauties on the tiny trees. The soaking foliage had a bluish tinge; the glimpse of wooded upland, across the valley through the gap in the hedge of Penzance briars, lay colorless and indistinct as a faded print from an imperfect negative.

A footstep crunched the wet gravel at Langholm's back.

"Thank God you've got back, sir!" cried a Yorkshire voice in devout accents; and Langholm, turning round, met the troubled face and tired eyes of the woman next door, who kept house for him while living in her own.

"My dear Mrs. Brunton," exclaimed Langholm, "what on earth has happened? You did not expect me earlier, did you? I telegraphed the train I was coming by yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, yes, it isn't that, sir! It's—it's the poor young gentleman——"

And her apron went to her eyes.

"What young gentleman, Mrs. Brunton?"

"Him that you saw in London an' sent all this way for change of air! He wasn't fit to travel half the distance.

I've been nursing him all night and all day, too."

"A young gentleman, and sent by me?" Langholm's face was blank until a harsh light broke over it. "What's his name, Mrs. Brunton?"

"I can't tell you, sir. He said he was a friend of yours, and that was all before he took ill. He's been too bad to answer questions all day. And then we knew you'd soon be here to tell us."

"A foreigner, I suppose?"

"I should say he was, sir."

"And did he really tell you I had sent him?"

"Well, I can't say he did, not in so many words; but that was what I thought he meant. It was like this, sir," continued Mrs. Brunton, as they stood face to face on the wet gravel: "just about this time yesterday I was busy ironing, when my nephew, the lad you used to send with letters, who's here again for his summer holidays, comes to me an' says, 'You're wanted.' So I went, and there was a young gentleman looking fit to drop. He'd a bag with him, and he'd walked all the way from Upthorpe station, same as I suppose you have now; but yesterday was the hottest day we've had, and I never yet saw living face so like the dead. He had hardly life enough to ask if this was where you lived, and when I said it was, but you were away, he nodded and said he'd just seen you in London; and he was sure he might come in and rest a bit. Well, sir, I not only let him do that, but you never will lock up anything, so I gave him a good sup o' your whisky, too."

"Quite right," said Langholm; "and then?"

"It seemed to pull him together a bit, and he began to talk. He wanted to know about all the fine folks roundabout, and where they lived, and how long they'd lived there. At last he made me tell him the way to Normanthorpe House, after asking any amount of questions about Mr. and Mrs. Steel; it was hard work not to tell him what had just come out, but I remembered what you said before you went away, sir, and I left that to others."

"Good!" said Langholm. "But did he go to Normanthorpe?"

"He started, though I begged him to sit still while we tried to get him a trap from the village; and it near cost him his life, if it doesn't yet. He was hardly out of sight when we seen him come staggering back with his handkerchief up to his mouth and the blood dripping through his fingers into the road."

"A hemorrhage!" cried Langholm.

"Yes, sir, that was the very word the doctor used; and he says if he has another it'll be all up. So you may think what a time I've had! If he's a friend of yours, sir, I'm sure I don't mind. In any case, poor gentleman——"

"He is a friend of mine," said Langholm quickly, "and we must do all we can for him. I will help you, Mrs. Brunton. You shall have your sleep tonight. Did you put him into my room?"

"No, sir, your bed wasn't made, so we popped him straight into our own; and now he has everything nice and clean and comfortable as I could make it. If only we can pull him through, poor young gentleman, between us!"

"God bless you for a good woman!" said Langholm. "It will be His will and not your fault if we fail. Yes, I should like to see the poor fellow, if I may."

"He is expecting you, sir. He told Dr. Sedley he must see you the minute you came, and the doctor said he might. No, he won't know you're here yet, and he can't have heard a word, for our room's at the front o' the house."

"Then I'll go up alone, Mrs. Brunton, if you won't mind."

Severino was lying in a high, square bed, his black locks tossed upon a spotless pillow no whiter than his face. A transparent hand came from under the bed clothes to meet Langholm's outstretched one, but it fell back upon the sick man's breast instead.

"Do you forgive me?" he whispered in a voice both hoarse and hollow.

"What for?" smiled Langholm. "You had a right to come where you liked. This is a free country, Severino."

"But I went to your hotel—behind your back!"

"That was quite fair, my good fellow. Come, I mean to shake hands, whether you like it or not."

And the sound man took the sick one's hand with womanly tenderness; and so sat on the bed, looking far into the great dark sinks of fever that were human eyes; but the fever was of the brain, for the poor fellow's hand was cool.

"You do not ask me why I did it," came from the tremulous lips at last.

"Perhaps I know."

"I will tell you if you are right."

"It was to see her again—your kindest friend—and mine," said Langholm gently.

"Yes! It was to see her again—before I die!"

And the black eyes blazed again.

"You are not going to die," said Langholm, with the usual reassuring scorn.

"I am—soon—on your hands, I only fear. And I have not seen her yet!"

"You shall see her," said Langholm tenderly, gravely. He was rewarded with a slight pressure of the emaciated hand; but for the first time he suspected that all the scrutiny was not upon one side—that the sick youth was trying to read him in his turn.

"I love her!" at last cried Severino in rapt whispers. "Do you hear me? I love her! I love her! What does it matter now?"

"It would matter to her if you told her," rejoined Langholm. "It would make her very unhappy."

"Then I need not tell her."

"You must not, indeed."

"Very well, I will not. It is a promise; and I keep my promises; it is only when I make none——"

"That's all right," said Langholm, smiling.

"Then you will bring her to me?"

"I shall have to see her first, and the doctor."

"But you will do your best? That is why I am here, remember! I will tell the doctor so myself."

"I will do my best," said Langholm as he rose.

A last whisper followed him to the door:

"Because I worship her!"

XXV.

"I AM glad you have come back," said Dr. Sedley with relief. "Of course eventually he will require trained nursing, either here or somewhere else. There is only one end to such a case; but it need not come yet, unless he has another hemorrhage. I understand you offered him your cottage while you were away, but there was some muddle, and he came before they were ready for him? It was like your kindness, my dear fellow, only never you send another consumptive to the northeast coast! As to his seeing any ladies who like to look him up, by all means, only one at a time, and they mustn't excite him. Your return, for example, has been quite enough excitement for one day, and I should keep him very quiet for the next twenty four hours."

The doctor had called within an hour of the return of Langholm, who repeated

these stipulations up stairs, with his own undertaking in regard to Rachel. He would write that night and beg her to call the following afternoon. No, he preferred writing to going to see her, and it took far less time. But he would write at once; and as he went down stairs to do so then and there, Langholm asked himself whether an honorable man could meet the Steels again without reading to their faces the notes that he had made in London and conned in the train.

This letter written, there was a small pile of them awaiting attention on top of the old bureau; and Langholm sat glancing at proofs and tearing up press cuttings until he needed a lamp. The letter that he kept to the last looked like one of the rare applications for his autograph which he was not too successful to welcome as straws which showed the wind of popular approval. In opening the envelope, however, he noticed that it bore the Northborough postmark, also that the handwriting was that of an illiterate person and his very surname misspelled. The contents were as follows:

NORTHBOROUGH,
August 18, 189-

MR. LANGHAM, SIR :

I here as you are on the tracks of them that murdered Alexander Minchin, if you want to know of them that had a *Reason* for doing it I can give you the straight Tip.

I have been out to your place tonight, but you are only due home tomorrow night, therefore I will be your way again tomorrow night, but will only come to the crossroads as your old girl look suspicious last night and this is on the strick Q. T.

Till tomorrow night then at the crossroads near your place, from nine to ten tomorrow night, when you will here of something to your advantage.

Believe your's faithfully,

JOHN WILLIAM ABEL.

Langholm could not guess who this man Abel might be, but idly imagined him one of the innumerable drinking drones who stood about the street corners of Northborough from morning till night throughout the year. This one might have more information than the common run, with perhaps more cunning to boot. Langholm deemed it discreet not to mention the matter to his dear "old girl" of disrespectful reference, who served him an excellent supper at eight o'clock; but little better than an hour later, having seen the invalid once more and left him calm and comfortable for the night, the novelist sallied forth to meet his unknown correspondent.

It was a dark night, for the rain was by no means over, though not actually falling at the moment; and the cross-

roads, which lay low, with trees in all four angles, was a dark spot at full moon. As he approached with caution, rapping the road with his stick in order to steer clear of the ditch, Langholm wished he had come on his bicycle for the sake of the light he might have had from its lamp; but a light there was, ready waiting for him, though a very small and feeble one; for his illiterate correspondent was on the ground before Langholm, with a cutty pipe in full blast.

"Name of Langholm?" said a rather rollicking voice, with a rank puff and a shower of sparks, as the cautious steps followed the rapping stick.

"That's it," said Langholm; "and if yours is Abel I received your letter."

"You did, did you?" cried the other, with the same jovial familiarity. "And what do you think of it?"

The glowing pipe lit a wild brown beard and mustache, thickly streaked with gray, a bronze nose, and nothing more. Indeed, it was only at each inhalation that so much stood out upon the surrounding screen of impenetrable blackness. Langholm kept his distance, stick in hand, his gaunt figure as invisible as the overhanging trees; but his voice might have belonged to the most formidable of men.

"As yet," said he, "I think very little of either you or your letter. Who are you, and what do you mean by writing to me like that?"

"Steady, mister, you do know my name!" remonstrated the man, in rather more respectful tones. "It's Abel, John William, and as much at your service as you like if you take him proper; but he comes from the country where Jack isn't the dirt under his master's feet, and you're no master o' mine!"

"I don't want to be, my good fellow," rejoined Langholm, modifying his own manner in turn. "Then you're not a Northborough man?"

"Not me!"

"I seem to have heard your voice before," said Langholm, to whom the wild hair on the invisible face was also not altogether unfamiliar. "Where do you come from?"

"A little place called Australia."

"The devil you do!"

And Langholm stood very still in the dark; for now he knew who this man was, and what manner of evidence he might furnish, and against whom. The missing links in his own secret chain—what if these were about to be given to him by a miracle, when he had discovered so much

already by sheer chance? It seemed incredible; yet his instinct convinced Langholm of the nature of that which was to come. Without another word he stood until he could trust himself to speak carelessly; while the colonist made traditional comparisons between the old country as he found it and the one which he wished he had never left.

"I know you," said Langholm when he paused. "You're the man I saw 'knocking down your check,' as you called it, at an inn near here called the Packhorse."

"I am," cried the fellow, with a sudden savagery; "and do you know where I got the check to knock down? I believe he's a friend of yours; it's him I've come to talk to you about tonight; and he calls himself Steel!"

"Isn't that his real name?" asked Langholm quickly.

"Well, for all I know, it is. If it isn't, it ought to be!" added Abel bitterly.

"You knew him in Australia, then?"

"Knew him? I should think I did know him! But who told you he was ever out there? Not him, I'll warrant!"

"I happen to know it," said Langholm, "that's all. But do you mean to tell me that it was Mr. Steel to whom you referred in your letter?"

"I do so!" cried Abel, and clinched it with an oath.

"You said 'they.'"

"But I didn't mean anybody else."

Langholm lowered his voice. Neither foot nor hoof had passed or even sounded in the distance. There was scarcely a whisper of the trees; an ordinary approach could have been heard for hundreds of yards, a stealthy one for tens. Langholm had heard nothing, though his ears were pricked. And yet he lowered his voice.

"Do you actually hint that Mr. Steel has or could have been a gainer by Mr. Minchin's death?"

Abel pondered his reply.

"What I will say," he declared at length, "is that he might have been a loser by his life."

"You mean if Mr. Minchin had gone on living?"

"Yes—amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?"

"You are not thinking of—of Mrs. Steel?" queried Langholm, after pausing in his turn.

"Bless you, no! She wasn't born or thought of, so far as we was concerned, when we were all three mates up the bush."

"Ah, all three!"

"Steel, Minchin, and me," nodded Abel, as his cutty glowed.

"And you were mates?"

"Well, we were and we weren't; that's just it," said Abel resentfully. "It would be better for some coves now if we'd all been on the same footin' then. But that we never were. I was overseer at the principal out station—a good enough billet in its way—and Minchin was overseer in at the homestead. But Steel was the boss, damn him—trust Steel to be the boss!"

"But if the station was his?" queried Langholm. "I suppose it was a station?" he added, as a furious shower of sparks came from the cutty.

"Was it a station?" the ex overseer echoed. "Only about the biggest and the best in the blessed back blocks—that's all! Only about half the size of your blessed little old country cut out square! Oh, yes, it was his all right; bought it for a song after the bad season, fifteen years ago, and sold it in the end for a quarter of a million, after making a fortune off of his clips alone! And what did I get out of it?" demanded Abel furiously. "What was my share? A beggarly check same as he gave me the other day, and not a penny more!"

"I don't know how much that was," remarked Langholm; "but if you were not a partner, what claim had you on the profits?"

"Aha! That's tellings," said Abel, with a sudden change both of tone and humor. "That's what I'm here to tell you, if you really want to know! Rum thing, wasn't it? One night I turn up, like any other swaggy, humping bluey, and next week I'm overseer on a good screw—I will say that—and my own boss out at the out station. Same way, one morning I turn up at his grand homestead here—and you know what! It was a check for three figures. I don't mind telling you. It ought to have been four. But why do you suppose he made it three? Not for charity, you bet your boots! I leave it for you to guess what for!"

The riddle was perhaps more easily soluble by an inveterate novelist than by the average member of the community. It was of a kind which Langholm had been inventing for many years.

"I suppose there is some secret," said he, taking a fresh grip of his stick in sudden loathing of the living type which he had only imagined hitherto.

"Ah, you've hit it!" purred the wretch.

"It is evident enough, and always has been, for that matter," said Langholm coldly. "And so you know what his secret is?"

"I do, mister."

"And did Mr. Minchin?"

"He did."

"You would tell him, of course?"

The sort of scorn was too delicate for John William Abel, yet even he seemed to realize that an admission must be accompanied by some form of excuse.

"I did tell him," he said, "for I felt I owed it to him. He was a good friend to me, was Mr. Minchin; and neither of us was gettin' enough for all we did. That was what I felt; to have his own way, the boss 'd ride rough shod over us both, and he himself only—but that's tellings again. You must wait a bit, mister! Mr. Minchin hadn't to wait so very long, because I thought we could make him listen to two of us, so one night I told him what I knew. You could 've knocked him down with a feather. Nobody dreamed of it in New South Wales! No, there wasn't a hand on the place who would have thought it o' the boss! Well, he was fond of Minchin, treated him like a son, and perhaps he wasn't such a good son as he might have been. But when he told the boss what I told him, and made the suggestion that I thought would come best from a gent like him—"

"That you should both be taken into partnership on the spot, I suppose?" interrupted Langholm.

"Well, yes, it came to something like that."

"Go on, Abel; I won't interrupt again. What happened then?"

"Well, he'd got to go, had Mr. Minchin! The boss told him he could tell who he liked, but go he'd have to; and go he did, with his tail between his legs, and not a word to anybody. I believe it was the boss who started him in Western Australia."

"Not such a bad boss," remarked Langholm drily; and the words set him thinking on his own account for a few moments. "And what happened to you?" he added, abandoning reflection by an effort.

"I stayed on."

"Forgiven?"

"If you like to put it that way."

"And you both filed the secret for future use!"

"Don't talk through your neck, mister," said Abel huffily. "What are you drivin' at?"

"You kept this secret up your sleeve to

play it for all it was worth in a country where it would be worth more than it was in the back blocks. That's all I mean."

"Well, if I did, that's my own affair."

"Oh, certainly. Only, you came here in order, I suppose, to sell this secret to me?"

"Yes, to sell it."

"Then, you see, it is more or less my affair as well."

"It may be," said Abel doggedly. And his face was very evil as he struck a match to relight his pipe; but before the flame came Langholm had stepped backwards, with his stick, that no superfluous light might fall upon his thin wrists and half filled sleeves.

"You are sure," he pursued, "that Mr. Minchin was in possession of this precious secret at the time of his death?"

"I told it him myself. It isn't one you would forget."

"Was it one that he could prove?"

"Easily."

"Could I?"

"Anybody could."

"Well, and what's your price?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Nonsense! I'm not a rich man like Mr. Steel."

"I don't take less from anybody—not much less, anyhow!"

"Not twenty, in hard cash?"

"No; but look here, mister, you show me thirty and we'll see."

The voice drew uncomfortably close. And there were steps upon the crossroads at last; they were those of one advancing with lumbering gait, of another stepping nimbly backward. The latter laughed aloud.

"Did you really think that I would come to meet the writer of a letter like yours, at night, in a spot like this, with a single penny piece in my pocket? Come to my cottage, and we'll settle there."

"I'm not coming in!"

"To the gate, then. It isn't three hundred yards from this. I'll lead the way."

Langholm set off at a brisk walk, his heart in his mouth. But the lumbering steps did not gain upon him; a muttered grumbling was their only accompaniment; and in a minute they saw the lights. In another minute they were at the wicket.

"You really prefer not to come in?"

There was a sly restrained humor in Langholm's tone.

"I do, and don't be long."

"Oh, no, I shan't be a minute."

There were other lights in the other

cottage. It was not at all late. A warm parallelogram appeared and disappeared as Langholm opened his door and went in. Was it a sound of bolts and bars that followed? Abel was still wondering when his prospective paymaster threw up a window and reappeared across the sill.

"It was a three figure check you had from Mr. Steel, was it?"

"Yes, yes—but not so loud!"

"And then he sent you to the devil to do your worst?"

"That's your way of putting it."

"Well, I do the same—without the check!"

And the window shut down with a slam, the hasp was fastened, and the blind pulled down.

XXVI.

THE discomfiture of this ruffian did not affect the value of the evidence which he had volunteered. The creature was well served for his spite and his cupidity; and the man of peace and letters, whose temperament shrank from contention of any kind, could not but congratulate himself upon an incidental triumph for which it was impossible to feel the smallest compunction.

Moreover, he had gained his point. It was enough for him to know that there was a certain secret in Steel's life upon which the wretch Abel had admittedly traded, as his superior Minchin had apparently intended to do before him. Only those two seemed to have been in this secret, and one of them still lived to reveal it when called upon with authority. The nature of the secret mattered nothing. Here was the motive without which the case against Steel must have remained incomplete. Langholm added it to his notes—and trembled!

He had compunction enough about the major triumph which now seemed in certain store for him. The larger it loomed, the less triumphant and the more tragic was its promise. And, with all human perversity, an unforeseen and quite involuntary sympathy with Steel was the last complication in Langholm's mind. He had to think of Rachel in order to harden his heart against her husband; and that ground was the most dangerous of all. It was strange to Langholm to battle against *that* by the bedside of a weaker brother fallen in the same fight.

Yet that was where he spent the night. He had scarcely slept all the week. It was a comfort to think that this vigil was a useful one.

Severino slept fitfully, and Langholm had never a long stretch of uninterrupted thought; but before morning he had decided to give Steel a chance. It was a vague decision, dependent on the chance that Steel gave him when they met, as meet they must. Meanwhile, Langholm had some cause for satisfaction with the mere resolve; it defined the line that he took with a somewhat absurd but equally startling visitor, who waited upon him early in the forenoon, in the person of the chief constable of Northborough.

This worthy had heard of Langholm's quest, and desired to be informed of what success, if any, he had met with.

Langholm opened his eyes.

"It's my own show," said he.

"Would you say that if you had got the man? Surely it would be our show then?" wheezed the chief constable, who was enormously fat.

"It would be Scotland Yard's," admitted Langholm, "perhaps."

"Unless you got him up here!" suggested the fat official. "In that case you would naturally come to me."

Langholm met his eyes. They were very small and bright, as the eyes of stout men often are, or as they seem by contrast with a large, crass face. Langholm fancied he perceived a glimmer of his own enlightenment, and instinctively he lied.

"We are not likely to get him up here," he said. "This is about the last place where I should look."

The chief constable took his departure with a curious smile. Langholm began to feel uneasy; his unforeseen sympathy with Steel assumed the form of an actual fear on his behalf. Severino was another thorn in his side. The Italian knew that Rachel had been written to, and fell into a fever of impatience and despair because the morning did not bring her to his bedside. She was not coming at all. She had refused to come—or her husband would not allow it. So he must die without seeing her again!

The man was as unreasonable as sick men will be; nothing would console him but Langholm's undertaking to go to Normanthorpe himself after lunch and plead in person with the stony hearted lady or her tyrannical lord. This plan suited Langholm well enough. It would pave the way to the "chance" which he had resolved to give to Rachel's husband.

That resolve was not weakened by successive encounters, first with a policeman near the entrance gates, next with a trespasser whom Langholm rightly took for

another policeman in plain clothes, and finally with the Woodgates on their way from the house. The good couple welcomed him with a warmth beyond his merits.

"Oh, what a mercy you have come!" cried Morna, whose kind eyes discovered a tell tale moisture. "Do please go up and convince Mrs. Steel that you can't be rearrested on a charge upon which you've already been tried and acquitted!"

"But of course you can't," said Langholm. "Who has put that into her head, Mrs. Woodgate?"

"The place is hemmed in by police!"

"Since when?" asked Langholm quickly.

"Only this morning."

Langholm held his tongue. So the extortioner Abel, outwitted by the amateur policeman, had gone straight to the professional force! The amateur had not suspected him of such resource.

"I don't think this has anything to do with Mrs. Steel," he said at last; "in fact, I think I know what it means, and I shall be only too glad to reassure her if I can."

But his own face was not reassuring, and Hugh Woodgate told him so plainly in the first words which the vicar contributed to the discussion.

"I have been finding out things—I have not been altogether unsuccessful—but the things are rather on my mind," the author explained. "How does Steel take the development, by the way?"

"As a great joke!" cried Morna, with indignation; her husband was her echo both as to words and tone; but Langholm could only stare.

"I must see him," he exclaimed decisively. "By the way, once more, do you happen to know whether Mrs. Steel got a letter from me this morning, Mrs. Woodgate?"

"Yes, she did," answered Morna at once. Her manner showed that she knew something of the contents of the letter.

"And is she not going to see that poor fellow?" he asked.

"At once," said Morna, "and I am going with her. She is to call for me with the phaeton at three."

"Do you know anything about him, Mrs. Woodgate?"

"All!"

"Then I can only commend him to the sympathy which I know he has already. And I will talk to Mr. Steel while you are gone."

The first sentence was half mechanical. That matter was off Langholm's mind, and in a flash it was fully occupied with

the prospect before himself. He lifted the peak of his cap, but instead of remounting his bicycle, he wheeled it very slowly up the drive. The phaeton was at the door when Langholm also arrived, and Rachel herself ran out to greet him on the steps—tall and lissome, in a light colored driving cloak down to her heels, and a charming hat; yet under it a face still years older than the one he wore in his heart, though no less beautiful in its distress.

"I hardly dare ask you!" she gasped, her hand trembling cruelly in his. "Have you found out—anything at all?"

"A little."

And he opened his hand so that hers must drop.

"Oh, but anything is better than nothing! Come in and tell me—quick!"

"Bravo!" added an amused voice from the porch.

It was Steel, spruce and serene as ever, a pink glow upon his mobile face, a pink flower in his reefer jacket, a jaunty Panama straw covering his white hairs, and buckskin shoes of kindred purity upon his small and well shaped feet. Langholm greeted him in turn, and trusted that the tremors which had been instantly communicated to his own right hand might not be felt by the one it was now compelled to meet.

"I came to tell Mr. Steel," said Langholm a little lamely.

"Excellent!" murmured that gentleman, with his self complacent smile.

"But am I not to hear also?" demanded Rachel.

"My dear Mrs. Steel, there is very little to tell you as yet. I only wish there was more. But one or two little points there are—if you would not mind my first mentioning them to your husband?"

"Oh, of course!"

There was no pique in the tone. There was only disappointment—and despair.

"You manage a woman very prettily," remarked Steel, as they watched the phaeton diminish down a drive like a narrow Roman road.

"You are the first who ever said so," rejoined the novelist, with a rather heavy sigh.

"Well, let us have a cigar and your news. I confess I am interested. A stroll, too, would be pleasanter than sitting indoors, don't you think? The thickest walls have long ears, Langholm, when every servant in the place is under notice. The whole lot? Every mother's son and daughter of them. It is most amusing; every one of them wants to

stay and be forgiven. The neighbors are little better; the excuses they have stooped to make, some of 'em! I suppose they thought that we should either flee the country or give them the sanguinary satisfaction of a double suicide. Well, we are not going to do either one or the other; we are agreed about that, if about nothing else. And my wife has behaved like a trump, though she wouldn't like to hear *me* say so; it is her wish that we should sit tighter than if nothing had happened, and not even go abroad, as we intended. So we are advertising for a fresh domestic crew, and we dine at Ireby the week after next. It is true that we got the invitation before the fat fell into the fire, but I fancy we may trust the Invernesses not to do anything startling. I am interested, however, to see what they do do. It is certain to be an object lesson to the countryside, including our not absolutely unworthy selves."

During this monologue the pair had strolled afield with their cigars, and Langholm was beginning to puff his furiously. At first he had merely marveled at the other's coolness; now every feeling in his breast was outraged by the callousness, the flippancy, the cynicism, of his companion.

There came a moment when Langholm could endure the combination no longer. Steel seemed disposed to discuss every aspect of the subject except that of the investigations upon which his very life might hang. Langholm glanced at him in horror as they walked. The broad brim of his Panama hat threw his face in shadow to the neck; but to Langholm's heated imagination, it was the shadow of the rope and of the black cap that he saw out of the corners of his eyes. It was the shadow that had lit upon the wife the year before, happily to lift forever; now it was settling upon the husband.

Langholm was not listening to Steel; without ceremony he interrupted at last.

"I thought you came out to listen to me."

"My dear fellow," cried Steel, "and so, to be sure, I did! Why on earth did you let me rattle on? Let me see—the point was—ah, yes! Of course, my dear Langholm, you haven't really anything of any account to tell? I considered you a Quixote when you undertook your quest, but I shall begin to suspect a dash of Munchausen if you tell me you have found out anything in the inside of a week!"

"Nevertheless," said Langholm grimly, "I have."

"Anything worth finding out?"

"I think so."

"You don't mean to tell me you have struck a clue?"

"I believe I can lay hands upon the criminal," said Langholm as quietly as he could. But he was the more nervous man of the two.

The other simply stood still and stared at his incredulity. The stare melted into a smile. "My dear fellow!" he murmured in a mild blend of horror and reproof, as though it were the fourth dimension that Langholm claimed to have discovered. It cost the discoverer no small effort not to cry out that he could lay hands on him then and there. The unspoken words were gulped down, and a simple repetition substituted at the last.

"I could swear to him, myself," added Langholm. "It remains to be seen whether there is evidence enough to convict."

"Have you communicated with the police?"

"Not yet."

"They seem to have some absurd bee in their helmet down here, you know."

"They don't get it from me."

It was impossible any longer to doubt the import of Langholm's earnest and rather agitated manner. He was doing his best to suppress his agitation, but that strengthened the impression that he had indeed discovered something, which he himself honestly believed to be the truth.

There was an immediate alteration in the tone and bearing of his host.

"My dear fellow," he said, "forgive my levity. If you have really found out anything, it is a miracle; but miracles do happen now and then. Here's the lake, and there's the boathouse behind those rhododendrons. Suppose you tell me the rest in the boat? We needn't keep looking over our shoulders in the middle of the lake."

For an instant Langholm dreamed of the readiest and the vilest resource. In another, he not only remembered that he could swim, but felt the insidious sympathy for this man which a darker scoundrel had sown in his heart. It had grown there like Jonah's gourd; only Steel's flippancy affected it; and he was far from flippant now. Langholm signed to him to lead the way, and in a very few minutes they were scaring the wild fowl in mid water, Steel sculling from the after thwart, while Langholm faced him from the crimson cushions.

"I thought," said the latter, "that I would like to tell you what sort of evi-

dence I could get against him before—before going any further. I—I thought it would be fair.”

Steel raised his bushy eyebrows the fraction of an inch. “It would be fairest to yourself, I agree. Two heads are better than one, and—well, I’m open to conviction still, of course.”

But even Langholm was not conscious of the sinister play upon words; he had taken out his pocketbook, and was nervously turning to the leaves that he had filled during his most sleepless night in town.

“Got it all down?” said Steel.

“Yes,” replied Langholm, without raising his eyes; “at least, I did make some notes of a possible—and I think a very damning—case against the man I mean.”

“And what may the first point be?” inquired Steel, who was gradually drifting back into the tone which Langholm had resented on the shore; he took no notice of it now.

“The first point,” said Langholm slowly, “is that he was in Chelsea, or at least within a mile of the scene of the murder, on the night that it took place.”

“So were a good many people,” remarked Steel, smiling as he dipped the sculls in and out, and let his supple wrists fall for the feather, as though he were really rowing.

“But he left his—he was out at the time!” declared Langholm, making his amended statement with all the meaning it had for himself.

“Well, you can’t hang him for that.”

“He will have to prove where he was, then.”

“I am afraid it is you who will have to prove a little more first.”

Langholm sat very dogged with his notes. There had been a pause on Steel’s part; there was a thin new note in his voice. Langholm was too grimly engrossed to take immediate heed of either detail, or to watch the swift changes in the face which was watching him. And there he lost most of all.

“The next point is that he undoubtedly knew Minchin in Australia——”

“Aha!”

“That he was and is a rich man, whereas Minchin was then on the verge of bankruptcy, and that Minchin only found out that he was in England thirty six hours before his own death, when he wrote to his old friend for funds.”

“And you have really established all that!”

Steel had abandoned all pretense of

rowing. His tone was one of admiration, in both senses of the word; and his dark eyes seemed to penetrate to the back of Langholm’s brain.

“I can establish it,” was the reply.

“Well, I think you have done wonders; but you will have to do some more before they will listen to you at Scotland Yard. What about a motive?”

“I was coming to that; it is the last point with which I shall trouble you for the present.” Langholm took a final glance at his notes, then shut the pocketbook and put it away. “The motive,” he continued, meeting Steel’s eyes at last, with a new boldness in his own—“the motive is self defense. There can be no doubt about it; there cannot be the slightest doubt that Minchin intended blackmailing this man, at least to the extent of his own indebtedness in the city of London.”

“Blackmailing him?”

There was a further change of voice and manner; and this time nothing was lost upon Langholm.

“There cannot be the slightest doubt,” he reiterated, “that Minchin was in possession of a secret concerning the man in my mind, which secret he was determined to use for his own ends.”

Steel sat motionless, his eyes upon the bottom of the boat. It was absolutely impossible to read the lowered face; even when at length he raised it, and looked Langholm in the eyes once more, the natural inscrutability of the man was only more complete than ever.

“So that is your case!” said he.

And even his tone might have been inspired either by awe or by contempt, so truly rang the note between the two.

“I should be sorry to have to meet it,” observed Langholm, “if I were he.”

“I should find out a little more,” was the retort, “if I were you!”

“And then?”

“Oh, then I should do my duty like a man—and take all the emoluments I could!”

The sneer was intolerable. Langholm turned the color of a brick.

“I shall!” said he, through his mustache. “I have asked your advice; there will be no need to ask it again. I shall make a point of taking you at your word. And now do you mind putting me ashore?”

A few rain drops were falling when they reached the landing stage; they hurried to the house, to find that Langholm’s bicycle had been moved from the place where he had left it.

"Don't let anybody trouble," he said, ungraciously enough, for he was still smarting from the other's sneer. "I can soon find it for myself."

Steel stood on the steps, his midnight eyes upon Langholm, the glint of a smile in those eyes, but not the vestige of one upon his lips.

"Oh, very well," said he. "You know the side door near the billiard room? They have probably put it in the first room on the left; that is where we keep ours—for we have gone in for them at last. Good by, Langholm; I hope you'll remember my advice."

And that no ceremony should be lost between them, the host turned on his heel and disappeared through his own front door, leaving Langholm very angry in the rain.

But anger was the last emotion for such an hour; the judge might as well feel exasperated with the prisoner at the bar, the common hangman with the felon on the drop. Langholm only wished that he could rest content in so primitive and so single a state of mind. He knew well that he could not, and that a subtle contest lay before him, his own soul the arena. In the mean time let him find his bicycle, and get away from this dear and accursed spot. Dear it had been to him, all that too memorable summer; but now of a surety the curse of Cain brooded over its cold white walls and deep set windows like sunken eyes in a dead face.

Langholm found the room to which he had been directed; in fact, he knew it of old. And there were the two new Beeston Humbers; but their lustrous plating and immaculate enamel did not shame his own old disreputable roadster, for the missing machine certainly was not there.

(To be concluded.)

He was turning away when the glazed gun rack caught his eye. Yes, this was the room in which the guns were kept. He had often seen them there. They had never interested him before. Langholm was no shot. Yet now he peered through the glass—gasped—and opened one of the sliding panels with a trembling hand.

There on a nail hung an old revolver, out of place, rusty, most conspicuous; and at a glance as like the relic in the Black Museum as one pea to another. But Langholm took it down to make sure. And the maker's name upon the barrel was the name that he had taken at the Black Museum. It was the last of the cardinal points postulated by the official who had shown him round.

He was leaving like a thief—more and more did Langholm feel himself the criminal—when the inner door opened and Steel himself stood beaming sardonically upon him.

"Sorry, Langholm, but I find I misled you about the bicycle. They had taken it to the stables. I have told them to bring it round to the front."

"Thank you."

"Sure you won't wait till the rain is over?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, won't you come through this way?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, all right! Good by, Langholm; remember my advice."

It was an inglorious exit that Langholm made; but he was thinking to himself, was there ever so inglorious a triumph? He knew not what he had said; there was only one thing that he did know. But was the law itself capable of coping with such a man?

THE LIGHTSHIP.

ALONE upon the sea I stand,
Where tireless billows round me roll,
And lift a lantern in my hand
To mark the hidden shoal.

Whatever mood may rule the sky,
One solitary, constant star
Burns in the darkness here on high
To warn the ships afar.

Glad the farewell they take of me
Bound outward on the fields of foam;
And glad the welcome when they see
My light that leads them home!

Frank Dempster Sherman.